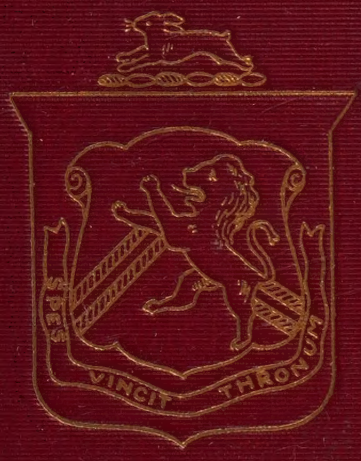
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To John Blaauw, Esq.,

with best wishes from
the Editor, John H. Williams

Tacoma, January 1914.

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IN TACOMA HARBOR.

From painting by Sidney Lawrence, by courtesy of Mrs. George Browne.

"We had rounded a point, and opened Puyallup Bay, a breadth of sheltered calmness, when I was suddenly aware of a white shadow in the water. What cloud, piled massive on the horizon, could cast an image so sharp in outline, so full of vigorous detail of surface? No cloud, but a cloud compeller. It was a giant mountain dome of snow, swelling and seeming to fill the aerial spheres as its image displaced the blue deeps of tranquil water. * * * Of all the peaks from California to Fraser River, this one before me was royalest. Mount Regnier Christians have dubbed it in stupid nomenclature, perpetuating the name of somebody or nobody. More melodiously the siwashes call it Tacoma."

—*The Canoe and the Saddle, Chapter III.*

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THE CANOE *and* THE SADDLE

or KLALAM and KLICKATAT

By THEODORE WINTHROP

TO WHICH ARE NOW FIRST ADDED HIS

WESTERN LETTERS AND JOURNALS

Edited, with an Introduction and Notes,
By JOHN H. WILLIAMS
Author of "The Mountain that Was 'God'," "The Guardians of the Columbia," etc.

WITH SIXTEEN COLOR PLATES AND MORE
THAN ONE HUNDRED OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

TACOMA
JOHN H. WILLIAMS
1913

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TO

ELIZABETH WINTHROP JOHNSON

NIECE OF THEODORE WINTHROP

WHO KNEW AND LOVED HIM IN HER CHILDHOOD

"Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!"

229970

Indian Graveyard on the Cowlitz River; Illustrating Canoe Burial.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

Theodore Winthrop's celebrated romance of frontier adventure has been out of print for some years, but the frequent calls for a new edition, properly illustrated, testify to its abiding charm and value. In undertaking such an edition, I have felt that a book which seems destined to remain the chief classic of our early Northwest deserves most careful editing and very generous illustration. The reprint here presented, with its addition of the author's letters and journals, covering his entire stay on the Pacific Coast, and with illustrations selected from a wide field, will doubtless appeal to an even larger circle of readers than that which welcomed "The Canoe and the Saddle" on its first appearance, fifty years ago.

In annotating the author's text, my aim has been, without overloading the volume, to give such explanations and such quotations from the authorities as may be needed to render the book wholly intelligible to distant readers, who may know nothing of the Siwash and his home, and little of Northwestern history. The illustrations are of several sorts. First of all, the book is a picture of the great stage set by Nature for the drama of state-building. Hence many of the pictures are of noble scenery. That the book might show Winthrop's route from Western to Eastern Washington, as well as the famous "Citizens' Road" which so greatly interested him, I made a trip during the last summer across the Naches Pass with an expert photographer. We were fortunate in obtaining a number of remarkable views of a region never before photographed,— views of mountain, canyon and forest that will aid readers to travel with Winthrop through a wonderful district now almost unvisited.

But "Canoe and Saddle" is more than a nature book. As a brilliant snap-shot picture of frontier conditions, I have tried to illustrate it very largely from historical sources. The pictures of Indian life and historic places and persons will be found unusually full and valuable. In the table of illustrations, care has been taken to give credit to those who have kindly aided me in collecting these interesting pictures of pioneer days and leaders.

I am greatly indebted to the author's family for their kindness in placing his letters and journals at my disposal. Thanks are also due to General Hodges and Colonel Allen for their reminiscences, printed

at the end of this volume; to Mr. George H. Himes, secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, Portland; Mr. W. H. Gilstrap, of the Washington State Historical Society and Ferry Museum, Tacoma, and Mr. E. O. S. Scolefield, of the Provincial Library and Museum, Victoria, B. C., for the valuable assistance they have given me in collecting illustrations and verifying data. The New York Public Library, which owns the Winthrop MSS., has kindly supplied desired fac-similes. The American Museum of Natural History, in New York, and the National Museum, Washington, D. C., have contributed many illustrations of Indian life and antiquities. I have quoted freely, with acknowledgment, from the two most important works dealing with the early years of our State,— General Hazard Stevens's life of his father and Mr. C. A. Snowden's history,—and am also under obligations to these authors for counsel and aid in many other ways. Dr. C. M. Buchanan, of the Tulalip Agency, has greatly increased the value of the book by his advice in matters of Indian philology and lore.

Save for a few typographical errors and obvious repetitions which Winthrop would doubtless have corrected himself had he lived to edit his manuscript, the text of "Canoe and Saddle" is reprinted in its original form. The spelling is not always that of to-day, especially in the matter of Indian names; but its quaintness is worth more than conformity to modern standards. The spelling of Indian words was, of course, a phonetic go-as-you-please in his time, and has not yet become so clearly settled as to give us established forms for more than a fraction of such words. Thus in the text and notes will be found half a dozen different spellings for "Naches," with almost as many for other words. Until the publications of our Government adopt a standard, uniformity in these words cannot be hoped for. In the notes, I have used the forms which seem to be supported by the best current usage, but have not attempted to make over the spelling of the several contributors to the volume.

It has seemed desirable to preserve Winthrop's own title, "Klalam and Klickatat." I have therefore used it in connection with the title substituted by the original publishers. The design on the cover of the volume is the coat of arms of the Winthrop family.

Tacoma, Oct. 15, 1913.

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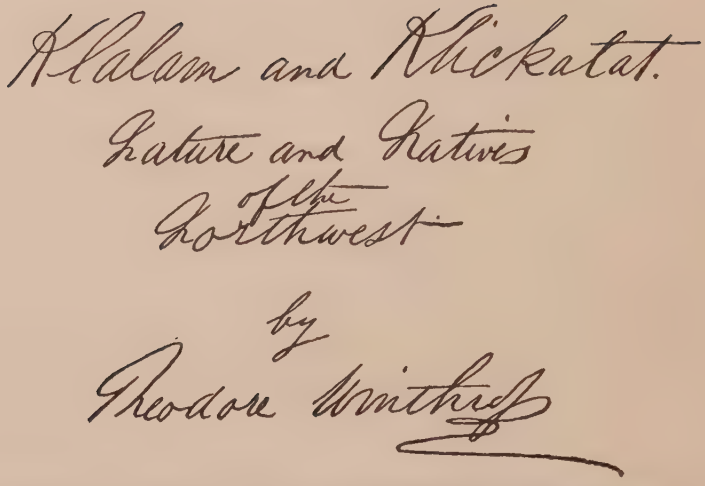

Fac-simile of Winthrop's Title. This was changed by the publishers to "The Canoe and the Saddle."

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"The sweat-house cure for the measles was one of the principal factors that brought on the Whitman massacre in 1847. Just prior to the massacre, the Indians at the mission and near by broke out with the measles, and Dr. Whitman administered medicine to them. They would take the medicine, then go into their sweat-houses, remain as long as they could stand the heat, and then plunge from the sweat-houses into the icy cold waters of the Walla Walla river, and bob up dead. Hence Dr. Whitman was accused of poisoning them."

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THE DALLES, OREGON, IN 1865 - - - 292
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Photograph by Geo. M. Weister. Copyright.

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* Save for a few reproductions of old wood-cuts, these are from drawings by Judson T. Sergeant and William A. Bull from originals or photographs.

and versatile man. To his pencil we owe the well-known picture of Fort Vancouver, facing page 250. He accompanied Governor Stevens on his treaty-making expeditions, acting both as artist and as interpreter; and on these occasions sketched the great Indian leaders. Unlike most contemporary artists who attempted to depict the Indians, he made no attempt to dress them up in conventional war-paint and feathers. His drawings preserve for us all the prominent chiefs of the Columbia River tribes, of whom we have no other portraits. Some of them, notably this one of Ow-hi, admirably suggest the character of the subjects, as described by Winthrop and other writers. Gen. Hazard Stevens has very kindly placed these portraits at my disposal, and I have reproduced such of them as show the chiefs mentioned by Winthrop, with a few other leaders also prominent in the Indian War of the Fifties.

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This house, at Inati on Hood's Canal, was forty by two hundred feet in size. The late Myron Eells, who spent many years among the Skokomish Indians, describes the Potlatch as follows:

"The Potlatch is the greatest festival the Indian has. 'Potlatch' is a Chinook word, and means 'to give.' The central idea of it is a distribution of gifts by a few persons to the many present whom they have invited. It is generally intertribal, from four hundred to two thousand persons being present. From one to ten thousand dollars in money, blankets, guns, canoes, cloth, and the like are given away. Three Potlatches have been held at Skokomish within fifteen years, and during the same time, as far as I know, the tribe have been invited to nine others.

"The giving is carried to an extreme. In order to obtain the money to give, they deny themselves so much for years, live in old houses and in so poor a way, that the self-denial becomes an enemy to health, civilization and Christianity. If they would take the money, improve land, build good houses, furnish them, and live decently, it would be far better."

After showing how the Potlatches commonly led to orgies of gambling, red and black tamanoüs, and drunkeness, Mr. Eells continues: "When some Alaska Indians, seeing the prosperity which the Christian Indians of that region had acquired, asked what they must do to become Christians, the reply was: 'First, give up your Potlatches.' It was felt that there was so much evil connected with them that they and Christianity could not flourish together. Among the Twanas, while they are not dead, they are largely on the wane. Among the Clallams, they still flourish."—*Ten Years of Missionary Work Among the Indians of Skokomish, by Rev. M. Eells, Boston*, 1886.

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From photograph about the time of the Civil War. By courtesy of Col. Allen.

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By courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

YAKIMA SCULPTURED AND INLAID STONE PIPE 137
Made of steatite with wooden stem. One-half natural size. From Smith's "Archaeology of the Yakima Valley."

GEN. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN - - - 143
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Photograph by Harlan Smith. By courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

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From a drawing by Gustave Sohon. By courtesy of Gen. Hazard Stevens. "Kamiahkan of the Yakimas, was easily the greatest chief present," says Snowden of Governor Stevens's treaty council at Walla Walla. "He was to the tribes west of the Rocky Mountains what Pontiac and Tecumpseh had been to their people on the eastern side, in their time."—*Snowden; History of Washington, III 296.*

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By courtesy of American Museum of Natural History, New York. One-half natural size.

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Yours with much love to all

Theo. Winthrop

INTRODUCTION.

WINTHROP IN THE NORTHWEST.

Sixty years ago this last August, an incident touched with the color of new lands and new eras took place on the west slope of the Cascades. In a camp of red-shirted frontiersmen, two young men lay under the same blanket, and talked half the night away in the enthusiasm of youth for the inspiring things planned and doing in the new Territory of Washington. The little community on Puget Sound, with few resources save the courage of inexperience, had undertaken to break the barriers which barred recruits for their commonwealth by building a highway across the range to the Columbia River Valley. And here was the little band of intrepid men sent out to achieve this incredible feat.

One of the youths bivouacking under the stars, although only twenty-two, was the competent engineer and chief of the road-makers. His guest was a wayfarer, unknown but not unwelcome, who had strayed into their camp by the Greenwater at nightfall. The visitor shared their evening meal, joined in their camp-fire jollity, and divided their leader's bed of hemlock boughs. With sunrise, he was up and away, riding fast across the great Naches Pass to meet soldier friends at old Fort Dalles on the Columbia, and thence to hasten eastward, "over the lonely land," as he tells us, to his home on the Atlantic. They parted fast friends, host and guest; but neither knew the name of the other. No visiting cards circulated in the forest of the Greenwater. "It was not etiquette in those days on the frontier," writes the now venerable road-builder, "to ask a name when not voluntarily given;" and he did not learn the identity of the young genius he had entertained unawares until, ten years later, he saw the hospitable Boston tilicum and the marvelous snoring of the hooihut-builders set forth on the flashing pages of "The Canoe and the Saddle."

The pleasant story, with its amusing suggestion of frontier custom, carries us back to the last stage of the westward march of our nation. What Winthrop saw here in 1853, and interpreted, was the opening scene in the final act of a drama in which his own forefathers had greatly played their parts two centuries before. The English colonists annexed the Atlantic Coast to Britain by conquering homes for themselves in the wilderness. So now Americans seized the Pacific Northwest, not by

armed force, or purchase, or any skill of statecraft, but by the hardihood of the often despised "settler."

The modern study of history is mainly an examination of popular movements. We are discovering that states are founded less by professional statesmanship than by the noiseless impulses of the masses. This has been the story of the entire American advance across the continent. But for the unnoticed migration of the Scotch-Irish settlers into Kentucky and Tennessee before and during the Revolution, Great Britain would probably now occupy the land from the Ohio to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. There would have been no Louisiana Purchase by President Jefferson; no Mississippi Valley states; no great commonwealths beyond the Rockies. A few thousand humble emigrants changed the programme of nations.

What happened in the East was repeated here. While the statesmen at Washington slept, and Britain's great commercial arm, the Hudson's Bay Company, was left to rule the Northwest, Oregon was won for the United States by the dirt-tanned pioneer and his ox-team. Without Oregon, we should doubtless have no Pacific Coast to-day. But Oregon, won, made California inevitable. And now the Oregonians, pushing across the Columbia, had planted the seeds of a new state on Puget Sound. The Territory of Washington had just been created by Congress. Its first Governor, brave and capable Stevens, was coming across the plains and mountains, surveying the route of a northern transcontinental railway. It was a time of great dreams and equal deeds. Let us not mistake the pioneers for backwoodsmen. In the scattered handful inhabiting the new Territory were men strong enough to build a state, and fine enough to stand together for some remarkable enterprises in public service.

One such expression of community effort was this road-building which our author stumbled upon in the Cascades. In its half-humorous but wholly sympathetic way, his book rightly makes much of it. The "Citizens' Road" is entitled to be remembered less for the service it actually rendered than as an example of pluck and resourcefulness against apparently insuperable difficulties. When the delay and red tape of Captain George B. McClellan held back even the paltry sum of $20,000 which Congress had voted to build a hundred miles of mountain highway, the struggling settlers decided with amazing nerve to undertake it with their own money and labor. The Boston Hooihut is an epitome of the history of the West.

This West, with its promise of great forces and its freedom from threadbare conventions, made a powerful appeal to the young seeker after a career. "The free life these men lead," he says of his friends of the Army, "has great charms for me." And again: "This Oregon is a

noble country! It offers a grand field for a man who is either a world in himself, or can have his own world about him."

Looking back sixty years, it may now be said that Winthrop was probably better fitted to study and portray the West than any other Eastern man who attempted to describe it. He came prepared to understand and value it. His books and still more his private letters and journals show him wholly free from that tenderfoot superiority of tone

THEODORE WINTHROP.

found in most of the contemporary writings of Eastern men who visited the frontier. His personal charm, even more than the letters of introduction which he brought, made him welcome among the leaders in the new settlements. The few still living who knew him tell of his magnetism. They recall the jovial appreciation with which he met alike the hardships and the inspiration of the frontier.

But what especially fitted Winthrop to depict the West was his profound and well-reasoned Americanism. In an age when sectionalism was fast driving toward civil war, his point of view is broadly

national. His pride in his country as a whole had only been deepened by education and foreign travel. He had come home from Europe feeling the value to humanity of the struggle and opportunities presented by the conquest of the new continent. In the rough battle with the forest, in the stumpy farms on the little clearings, in the crude road that would link the infant settlements with the outside world, he recognized the very processes that had laid strong the foundations of the republic to which later he so gladly gave his life. Ungainly as was the present, this descendant of the great governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut saw in it the promise of a splendid and beneficent future.

"These Oregon people," he says, "carrying to a new and grander New England of the West a fuller growth of the American idea, under whose teaching the man of lowest ambitions must still have some little indestructible respect for himself, and the brute of most tyrannical aspirations some little respect for others; carrying there a religion two centuries farther on than the crude and cruel Hebraism of the Puritans,— with such material, that Western society, when it crystallizes, will elaborate new systems of thought and life. It is unphilosophical to suppose that a strong race, developing under the best, largest, and calmest conditions of nature, will not achieve a destiny."

Most of our writers in the years preceding the Civil War were either occupied with sectional discussions and local traditions, or were looking to Europe and the past for their inspiration. Hawthorne knew no America save that of New England. Emerson sat aloof on the heights of his philosophy. Longfellow's lyre was tuned to the key of mediaeval romance. Whittier was absorbed in the great slavery contest. Lowell was winning fame with his political ballads. For fiction, our people read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and reprints of the English novelists. Our literature had not yet discovered the West. Winthrop's Western books, "The Canoe and the Saddle" and "John Brent," minted new ore.

I recall a meeting with George William Curtis more than twenty years ago, memorable to me because the talk turned to Winthrop, who had been one of my boyhood heroes, and I was delighted to hear about him from one who had known him so well. Some chance remark recalled his name, and Curtis's face lighted. "Ah, there was a man we could ill spare!" he cried. "Winthrop's death was as great a loss to American literature as was that of Keats to English poetry. He was far ahead of his time in thinking continentally. Cut off before his prime, his books, brilliant as they are, are the books of a young man. But he had vision and power, and had he lived to improve his art, I have always believed that he might have become the strongest, because the most truly American, of our writers."

Much more was said of his friend's genial, thoughtful personality; of his brave defiance of ill health, and of his brilliant talk that ranged from philosophy to puns, and from the heated politics of the East to stories of the frontier. But I shall never forget the feeling with which the great editor told of Winthrop's faith in his country, and of his conviction, when the war clouds broke over Sumter, that in all his varied experiences Life had been fitting him for some part in building the free and United America that was to come.

It is this nationalism that gives "The Canoe and the Saddle" a place quite unique among our books of humor and adventure. As a story of travel among the mountains and forests, it was the first of a long line of books that turned the eyes of the country westward to our great scenery. As a spirited yet truthful contemporary picture of the Indian and pioneer epoch, it records an important era which is fast passing into history; and this service is greatly broadened by the letters and journals now added. But it is more than a travel book, and more than an historical document. It is both a picture and a prophecy. Its especial value for its own day and ours is in its faith in the democracy that was to weld all the sections into a nation.

Perhaps his finest expression of that faith is in his poem, "The East and the West," written shortly before the Civil War, first published in the Atlantic in 1863, and reprinted in the fascinating Memoir by his sister:*

"We of the East spread our sails to the sea,
You of the West stride over the land;
Both are to scatter the hopes of the free
As the sower sheds golden grain from his hand.

* * * * * * *

"And you, through dreary and thirsty ways
Where rivers are sand, and winds are dust;
Through sultry nights and feverish days
Move westward still, as the sunsets must;

"Where the scorched air quivers along the slopes,
Where the slow-footed cattle lie down and die,
Where horizons draw backward, till baffled hopes
Are weary of measureless waste and sky.

"Yes! Ours to battle relentless gales,
And yours the brave and patient way;
But we hold the storms in our trusty sails,
And for you the life-giving fountains play.

"There are stars above us, and stars for you,
Rest on the path and calm on the main;

* "The Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop, Edited by his Sister" (Mrs. Laura Winthrop Johnson), New York, 1884.

Storms are but zephyrs when hearts are true,
We are no weaklings, quick to complain.
* * * * * * *
"Man is nobler than men have been,
Souls are vaster than souls have dreamed,
There are broader oceans than eyes have seen,
Noons more glowing than yet have beamed."

Winthrop's visit to the Northwest gave full play to a love of action that was fundamental in his character. This trait counterbalanced his inherited tendency to introspection, perhaps inevitable in a youth whose veins carried the blood of that redoubtable theologian Jonathan Edwards, as well as of the Dwights and Woolseys of Yale; it saved him, no doubt, from morbidness, and made him the sane, healthy-minded young American that he was. Like many another serious and precocious lad of that period, he had kept a diary during his college career, putting into it, after the fashion of his years, much religious self-analysis. In this journal, soon after his graduation from Yale in 1848, when he was nineteen, he reproached himself for a "selfish boyhood" in which he "did little but read novels," and "had doubts about free will!" But in the same pages we see the other side of his character: "Labor!" he says, "labor is the great thing. I have learned that no effort is thrown away." And now, ten years later, he wrote with keen appraisal of values about the West, where labor was indeed "the great thing," and where academic speculation had as yet no place.

"It is a stout sensation," he says, putting the code of the frontier into words that show his sympathy, "to meet masculine, muscular men at the brave point of a penetrating Boston hooihut,— men who are mates,— men to whom technical culture means naught,— men to whom myself am naught, unless I can saddle, lasso, cook, sing, and chop; unless I am a man of nerve and pluck, and a brother in generosity and heartiness. It is restoration to play at cudgels of jocoseness with a circle of friendly roughs, not one of whom ever heard the word bore,— with pioneers who must think and act, and wrench their living from the closed hand of Nature."

This visit also intensified a mental bent that had found expression even in the games of childhood, when he and his brother William, both of whom were later to respond to Lincoln's first call for troops, used to take the parts of soldiers. Nothing on the frontier interested him more than the work of the Army, in its preservation of public order and its dealings with the Indians. His stay here brought him in touch with many brilliant young officers who were then helping to lay the foundations of new states. He notes the opportunity for self-expression offered by the Army life; he accompanies a detachment to Fort Dalles;

he regrets that he cannot join the McClellan reconnaissance of the Cascade passes, and help find a practicable route for the much-wanted railway. In this interest we may see the hand of destiny pointing him forward to the eager sacrifice of Great Bethel; and it is impossible not to feel that, had he lived for other battles, his daring, energy and capacity for leadership must have made him an exceptionally useful volunteer officer.

Winthrop was fortunate, while on the Coast, to know the fine and able men whom the Hudson's Bay Company placed in charge of its "forts" in the West. Ogden, Tolmie and Huggins at once gave him their confidence and friendship; and through their eyes he was enabled to get a different view-point from that of the settler. To them especially he was indebted for much information about the Indians and their speech, matters to which he gave close study, and which fill many pages of his book as well as of his letters and diaries. The Indian interested him, not as a subject for sentimentalism, but as a human being, primitive but still endowed with the same instincts and capacities as his white brother, and sadly subject to the same limitations.

Our author risked his life with the Red Men, and probably would have lost it but for the presence of McClellan and his soldiers in the Cascades. He squared the account by making his native guides the subjects of character studies unexcelled in the pages of American humor. The bibulous Duke of York and Loolowcan the Frowzy, as figures in his siwash Odyssey, inspired a mock-heroic style that is both original and enjoyable. I have yet to hear of a reader who can find a dull page in that story of Indians sophisticated by the white man's blankets and whiskey. Even the Chinook Jargon, deadliest of stupidities, yields its amusement for this jester, to whom nothing human was foreign.

Winthrop's life has been well told by his sister, in the Memoir already mentioned, and by George William Curtis, in his delightful appreciation prefixed to Winthrop's novel of New York life, "Cecil Dreame." It is the story of an impressionable youth, molded by the influences of an admirable home, by outdoor life and study of nature, and by foreign travel. At Yale he took honors in languages, history and philosophy; was mediocre in mathematics, but distinguished himself even then as a writer. Graduation was followed by a year of further study, in which he read widely and well; but a sickly constitution drove him into the open, and he went abroad for two years, visiting most of Europe, learning its languages fluently, studying its art, and gathering in Switzerland, Italy and Greece that appreciation of natural beauty that was to serve him so well in his pictures of our western mountains.

On his return to America in 1852, he entered the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, then engaged in carrying fortune-

seekers to California via Panama, and we soon find young Winthrop at the Isthmus. From there ill health drove him north, and after a brief stay in San Francisco, which he well described in his letters, his wanderings brought him to the Northwest. Here his stay on the Columbia was prolonged unexpectedly, by reason of illness, and to this accident we owe the visit to Puget Sound and the resulting book.

The few years that followed were of little note,— the years of a youth trying to find the career that he knows to be his, first at the law and then at literature. Illness still hampered him, but in spite of it, he wrote much, rewrote most of it with care, but published practically nothing. In the spring of 1861, his famous short story, "Love and Skates," was accepted by Lowell for the *Atlantic*, and there is a rumor that "John Brent" was accepted by one publisher on condition that Winthrop omit the closing incident, since it would offend pro-slavery readers. This he refused to do, preferring to abide his time. In "John Brent" he says with what is evidently an autobiographic significance: "Observation is the proper business of a man's third decade; the less a spokesman has to say about his results until thirty, the better, unless he wants to eat his words, or to sustain outgrown formulas. Brent discovered this, and went about the world still pointless, purposeless, minding his own business, getting his facts." Even Curtis, as I am informed, did not know Winthrop as an author when he wrote his exquisite sketch of Winthrop as a man and friend.

Then came the call of great issues for which he had been waiting. At the first opportunity for service to his country, he left the widowed mother and his sisters, and went to the front with the celebrated Seventh Regiment of New York. When that regiment returned after its brief defense of the capital, he remained as military secretary to General Benjamin F. Butler, commanding at Fortress Monroe. The rest is soon told: how, in his eagerness to serve, he sought to rally the wavering lines in the engagement at Great Bethel, on June 10, 1861, and fell with a bullet through his heart. He was then thirty-two years old. Only two years before, as if Death had already marked him, Winthrop had written:

> "Let me not waste in skirmishes my power,—
> In petty struggles,— rather in the hour
> Of deadly conflict may I nobly die!
> In my first battle perish gloriously.
>
> "No level life for me, no soft smooth seas,
> No tender plaintive notes of lulling breeze;
> I choose the night, so I may feel the gale,
> Even though it wreck me on my foamy trail."

THE CANOE AND THE SADDLE

The shore line drew a cincture of pines across the broad base, where it faded unreal into the mist. The same dark girth separated the peak from its reflection, over which my canoe was now pressing, and sending wavering swells to shatter the beautiful vision before it.

Kingly & alone stood this majesty — without any visible comrade or consort, though far to the north and the south, its brethren and sisters dominated their realms each in isolated sovereignty, rising above the pine-darkened Sierra of the Cascade mountains, above the stern chasm where the Columbia, Achilles of rivers, sweeps short lived and jubilant to the sea, above the lovely vales of the Willamette and Usupqua. Of all the peaks from California to Frazer's River, this one before me was royalest. Int Regnier, Christians have dubbed it in shiped nomenclature, perpetuating the name of somebody or nobody. More melodiously the Swashes call it Tacoma — a generic term also applied to all snow peaks

FAC-SIMILE OF WINTHROP'S MANUSCRIPT.
Page 36.

CROSSING THE BAR AT THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA.

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THE CANOE AND THE SADDLE.

I.

AN ENTRANCE.

A wall of terrible breakers marks the mouth of the Columbia, Achilles of rivers.

Other mighty streams may swim feebly away seaward, may sink into foul marshes, may trickle through the ditches of an oozy delta, may scatter among sand-bars the currents that once moved majestic and united. But to this heroic flood was destined a short life and a glorious one,—a life all one strong, victorious struggle, from the mountains to the sea. It has no infancy,—two great branches collect its waters up and down the continent. They join, and the Columbia is born to full manhood. It rushes forward, jubilant, through its magnificent chasm, and leaps to its death in the Pacific.

Through its white wall of breakers Captain Gray, with his bark, the Columbia, first steered boldly to discover and name the stream. I will not invite my reader to follow this example, and buffet in the wrecking uproar on the bar. The Columbia, rolling seaward, repels us.

Let us rather coast along northward, and enter the Northwest by the Straits of Fuca, upon the mighty tides

of an inland sea. We will profit by this inward eddy of ocean to float quietly past Vancouver Island, and land at Kahtai, Port Townsend, the opening scene of my narrative.

The adventures chronicled in these pages happened some years ago, but the story of a civilized man's solitary onslaught at barbarism cannot lose its interest. A drama with Indian actors, in Indian costume, upon an Indian stage, is historical, whether it happened two hundred years since in the northeast, or five years since in the northwest corner of our country.

PORT TOWNSEND IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES.

II.

A KLALAM GRANDEE.

The Duke of York was ducally drunk. His brother, King George, was drunk — royally. Royalty may disdain public opinion, and fall as low as it pleases. But a brother of the throne, leader of the opposition, possible Regent, possible King, must retain at least a swaying perpendicular. King George had kept his chair of state until an angular sitting position was impossible; then he had subsided into a curvilinear droop, and at last fairly toppled over, and lay in his lodge, limp and stertorous.

In his lodge lay Georgius Rex, in flabby insensibility. Dead to the duties of sovereignty was the King of the Klalams.* Like other royal Georges, in palaces more regal than this Port Townsend wigwam, in realms more civilized than here, where the great tides of Puget Sound rise and fall, this royal George had sunk in absolute wreck. Kings are but men. Several kings have thought themselves the god Bacchus. George of the Klalams had imbibed this ambitious error, and had proved himself very much lower than a god, much lower than a man, lower than any plebeian Klalam Indian,— a drunken king.

In the great shed of slabs that served them for palace sat the Queen,— sat the Queens,— mild-eyed, melancholy, copper-colored persons, also, sad to say, not sober. Etiquette demanded inebriety. The stern rules of royal indecorum must be obeyed. The Queen Dowager had suc-

*As to the spelling of Indian names, see Preface.

cumbed to ceremony; the Queen Consort was sinking; every lesser queen,—the favorites for sympathy, the neglected for consolation,—all had imitated their lord and master.

Courtiers had done likewise. Chamberlain Gold Stick, Black Rod, Garter King at Arms, a dozen high functionaries, were prostrate by the side of prostrate majesty. Courtiers grovelled with their sovereign. Sardanapalus never pre-

Mask used in Tribal Dances and Religious Ceremonies. From near Bremerton, Wash.

sided, until he could preside no longer, at more tumble-down orgies.

King, royal household, and court, all were powerless; and I was a suppliant here, on the waters of the Pacific, for means of commencing my homeward journey toward the Atlantic. I needed a bark from that fleet by which King George ruled the waves. I had dallied too long at Vancouver Island, under the hospitable roof of the Hudson's Bay Company, and had consumed invaluable hours in making a detour from my proper course to inspect the house, the saw-mill, the bluff, and the beach, called Port Townsend. These were the

last days of August, 1853. I was to meet my overland comrades at the Dalles of the Columbia on the first of September. Between me and the rendezvous were the leagues of Puget Sound, the preparation for an ultra-montane trip, the passes of the Cascades, and all the dilatoriness and danger of Indian guidance. Moments now were worth days of common life.

Therefore, as I saw those winged moments flit away unharnessed to my chariot of departure, I became wroth, and, advancing where the king of all this region lay, limp, stertorous, and futile, I kicked him liberally.

Yes! I have kicked a king!

Proudly I claim that I have outdone the most radical regicide. I have offered indignities to the person of royalty with a moccasined toe. Would that that toe had been robustly booted! In his Sans Souci, his Œil de Bœuf, his Brighton Pavilion, I kicked so much of a first gentleman of his realm as was George R., and no scalping-knife leaped from greasy seal-skin sheath to avenge the insult. One bottle-holder in waiting, upon whose head I had casually trodden, did indeed stagger to his seat, and stammer truculently in Chinook jargon, "Potlatch lum! — Give me to drink," quoth he, and incontinently fell prone again, a poor, collapsed bottle-holder.

But kicking the insensible King of the Klalams, that dominant nation on the southern shores of Puget Sound, did not procure me one of his canoes and a crew of his braves to paddle me to Nisqually,* my next station, for a blanket apiece and gratuities of sundries. There was no help to be had from that smoky barn or its sorry inmates, so regally nicknamed by British voyagers. I left them

*Fort Nisqually, the Hudson's Bay Company's great trading post on Puget Sound, near the mouth of the Nisqually River, and a few miles west of the present city of Tacoma, played a noteworthy part in early Northwestern history. It was founded in 1833, and at the time of Winthrop's visit, twenty years later, did a large business with the Indians both west and east of the Cascades, as well as with the white settlements

lying upon their dirty mats, among their fishy baskets, and strode away, applying the salutary toe to each dignitary as I passed.

Fortunately, without I found the Duke of York, only ducally drunk. A duke's share of the potables had added some degrees to the arc of vibration of his swagger, but had not sent it beyond equilibrium. He was a reversed pendulum, somewhat spasmodic in swing, and not constructed on the compensation principle,— when one muscle relaxed, another did not tighten. However, the Duke was still sober enough to have speculation in his eyes; and as he was Regent now, and Lord High Admiral, I might still, by his favor, be expedited.

It was a chance festival that had intoxicated the Klalams, king and court. There had been a fraternization, a

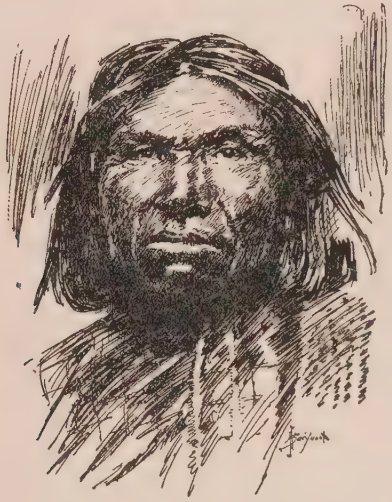
from San Francisco to Alaska. The buildings were roomy, one-story houses of logs, the principal ones set within a large stockade, which was strengthened for defense with blockhouses, well stocked with firearms and commanding the surrounding plain. The United States government, in 1869, paid the Hudson's Bay Company and its subsidiary, the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, $650,000 for their interests here, thus ending the story of Great Britain's attempt to hold the Northwest as a game preserve.

In 1853, although its fur trade was soon to be cut down by the settlements, the "Fort" was still the most important commercial center in the new Territory. The head factor was Dr. William Fraser Tolmie, and his assistant, Edward Huggins,— both men of sterling character and much respected by the American settlers.

"Nisqually," often assumed to be an aboriginal Indian word, is merely an Indian adaptation of a white man's phrase. Like many others in the vocabulary of the Northwest, this word owes its origin to the French-Canadian servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. Observing the flat countenances and pug noses of the natives on the upper Sound, the half-breed *voyageur* called these savages *nez carré*. The Indians, probably thinking this a term of honor, appropriated it; and being unable, like the Chinese, to pronounce the letter r, called themselves "nez kalli." This sounded to English and American ears, and soon got into written speech, as "Neskwalli" (Gibbs) or "Nisqually." The Nisqually Indians were a family of small tribes inhabiting the south and east shores of the Sound. The Nisqually River gets its name from them.

"Siwash" is another Indian appropriation of a name given in contempt by the *coureur des bois*. Little did the Indian suspect, in adopting the Canadian's *sauvage*, that he was dubbing himself a "savage." In due time, his defective pronunciation of the word got current as "Siwash."

powwow, a wahwah, a peace congress with some neighboring tribe,—perhaps the Squaksnamish, or Squallyamish, or Sinahomish, or some other of the Whulgeamish, dwellers by Whulge,—the waters of Puget Sound.* And just as the festival began, there had come to Port Townsend, or Kahtai, where the king of the Klalams, or S'Klalams, now reigned,



THE "DUKE OF YORK."

a devil-send of a lumber brig, with liquor of the fieriest. Orgies followed; a nation was prostrate.

The Duke was my only hope. Yet I must not betray

*Winthrop's Indian names illustrate his general accuracy and painstaking interest in the Red Man and his language. His examples here are fair specimens, phonetically rendered, of the gutteral clatter of siwash tribal names. There was, of course, no written Indian language, and each student of the dialects had to guess at the best way to spell the Indian words. "Squaksnamish," more commonly "Squaksamish," means the tribe of "Squak," which appears on our present-day maps as "Issaquah." "Squallyamish" was the current name for the tribe of Nisqually, also shortened by the Indians into "Squally," a form which Winthrop frequently uses. "Sinahomish" is a variant for the more common name of the important tribe of "Snohomish." Gibbs (*Pacific Railway Report*, I., 436) uses the same form. "Whulgeamish" is not found

eagerness. A dignitary among Indians does not like to be bored with energy. If I were too ardent, the Duke would grow coy. Prices would climb to the unapproachable. Any exhibition of impatience would cost me largess of beads, if not blankets, beyond the tariff for my canoe-hire. A frugal mind, and, on the other hand, a bent toward irresponsible pleasure, kept the Duke palpably wavering. He would joyfully stay and complete his saturnalia, and yet the bliss of more chattels, and consequent consideration, tempted him. Which shall it be, "lumoti" or "pesispy,"—

in other books, and may have been coined by Winthrop from the authentic word "Whulge," in the fashion of other tribal names which he heard in current use. Deans (*American Antiquarian*, VIII., 41, 1886) gives the term "Whullemooch," meaning "Dwellers on Puget Sound," and says that this is "the national name of the various tribes on the northwest coast of Washington.

For "Whulge," as the Indian name of Puget Sound, Winthrop also had ample authority. The form he uses is merely a somewhat softened rendering of that in use among most of the tribes on the Sound. Dr. Charles M. Buchanan, the scholarly superintendent of the Tulalip Indian Agency, reservations, and schools, and a lifelong student of the Indian dialects and lore, writes me:

"Your informant, Jerry Meeker (an educated Puyallup Indian), is correct, both as to his information and his pronunciation. He says 'Whulch' and I say 'Hwulch,' the only difference being that I aspirate the word a little more strongly than does he. I prefer this to 'Whulge,' though even this latter is only slightly removed from 'Hwulch.' Your informant, Meeker, is correct also as to the meaning of the word, i. e., 'salt water,' in contradistinction to 'k'oh' or 'drinking water,' 'fresh water.' 'Hwulch' is generally used in this vicinity to indicate the neighboring salt water, that is, Puget Sound. If Mr. —— believes the word is not in general use, he is much mistaken. The Indians, however, do not give it so soft or gentle a pronunciation as 'Whulge.' They say 'Hwulch,' as if to rhyme with 'gulch.'"

Dr. Buchanan has furnished me with a copy of the treaty made by Governor Stevens on January 22, 1855, at "Muckl'te oh, or Point Elliott," with the Indians of northwestern Washington. This document mentions the following tribes: "Dwamish, Suquamash, Sk tahl-mish, Samahmish, Smalh kahmish, Skopeahmish, St-kah-mish, Snoqualmoo, Skaiwha-mish, N'Quentl-ma-mish, Sk-tah-le-jum, Stoluck-wha-mish, Snoho-mish, Skagit, Kik-i-allus, Swin a mish, Squin ah-mish, Sah ku mehu, Noo-wha-ha, Nook wa-chah mish, Mee see-qua-guilch, Cho bah-ahbish, and other allied and subordinate tribes and bands."

After reading this list, one feels that Chas. Nordhoff hardly exaggerated the matter when, on visiting the territory in 1873, he opined that the Northern Pacific Railway had selected Tacoma as its terminus because it was "one of the few places on the Sound whose name did not inspire horror and disgust."

INTERIOR OF A CHINOOK LODGE.

Rude slab houses similar to this were not uncommon among the tribes of the West Coast. As Winthrop reports, they sometimes had bunks on the sides.

bottle or blanket? revel and rum, or toil and toilette?—the great alternative on which civilization hinges, as well among Klalams as elsewhere. Sunbeams are so warm, and basking such dulcet, do-nothing bliss, why overheat one's self now for the woollen raiment of future warmth? Not merely warmth, but wealth,—wives, chiefest of luxuries, are bought with blankets; with them canoes are bought, and to a royal highness of savages, blankets are purple, ermine, and fine linen.

Calling the Duke's attention to these facts, I wooed him cautiously, as craft wooes coyness; I assumed a lofty indifference of demeanor, and negotiated with him from a sham vantage-ground of money-power, knowing what trash my purse would be, if he refused to be tempted. A grotesque jargon called Chinook is the lingua-franca of the whites and Indians of the Northwest. Once the Chinooks were the most numerous tribe along the Columbia, and the first, from their position at its mouth, to meet and talk with strangers. Now it is all over with them; their bones are dust; small-pox and spirits have eliminated the race. But there grew up between them and the traders a lingo, an incoherent coagulation of words,—as much like a settled, logical language as a legion of centrifugal, marauding Bashi Bazouks, every man a Jack-of-all-trades, a beggar and blackguard, is like an accurate, unanimous, disciplined battalion. It is a jargon of English, French, Spanish, Chinook, Kallapooya, Haida, and other tongues, civilized and savage. It is an attempt on a small scale to nullify Babel by combining a confusion of tongues into a confounding of tongues, —a witches' caldron in which the vocable that bobs up may be some old familiar Saxon verb, having suffered Procrustean docking or elongation, and now doing substantive duty; or some strange monster, evidently nurtured within the range of tomahawks and calumets. There is some danger that the beauties of this dialect will be lost to literature,

"Carent quia vate sacro."

The Chinook jargon still expects its poet. As several of my characters will use this means of conveying their thoughts to my reader, and employ me only as an interpreter, I have thought it well to aid comprehension by this little philological preface.

My big talk with the Duke of York went on in such a lingo, somewhat as follows:—

"Pottlelum mitlite King Jawge; Drunk lieth King George," said I. "Cultus tyee ocook; a beggarly majesty that. Hyas tyee mika; a mighty prince art thou,—pe kumtux skookoom mamook esick; and knowest how robustly to ply paddle. Nika tikky hyack klatawah copa Squally, copa canim; I would with speed canoe it to Squally. Hui pesispy nika potlatch pe hui ikta; store of blankets will I give, and plenteous sundries."

"Nawitka siks; yea, friend," responded the Duke, grasping my hand, after two drunken clutches at empty air. "Klosche nika tum tum copa hyas Baasten tyee;* tender is my heart toward thee, O great Yankee don. Yaka pottlelum—halo nika—wake cultus mann Dookeryawk; he indeed is drunk—not I—no loafer-man, the Duke of York. Mitlite canim; got canoe. Pe klosche nika tikky klatawah copa Squally; and heartily do I wish to go to Squally."

Had the Duke wavered still, and been apathetic to temptation of blankets, and sympathetic toward the joys of continued saturnalia, a new influence now brought to bear would have steadied him. One of his Duchesses, only duchessly intoxicated, came forth from the ducal lodge, and urged him to effort.

"Go, by all means, with the distinguished stranger,

*The first American vessels to visit the north coast were commonly from Boston. Hence the Chinook jargon designated all Americans as "Boston men." Similarly, the coming of Vancouver and other English navigators during the reign of George III. gave the jargon the phrase "King George men" for all Britishers.

my love," said she, in Chinook, "and I will be the solace of thy voyage. Perchance, also, a string of beads and a pocket-mirror shall be my meed from the Boston chief, a very generous man, I am sure." Then she smiled enticingly, her flat-faced grace; and introduced herself as Jenny Lind, or, as she called it, "Chin Lin." Indianesque, not fully Indian, was her countenance. There was a trace of tin in her copper color, possibly a dash of Caucasian blood in her veins. Brazenness of hue was the result of this union, and a very pretty color it is with eloquent blushes mantling through it, as they do mantle in Indian cheeks. Her forehead was slightly and coquettishly flattened by art, as a woman's should be by nature, unless nature destines her for missions foreign to femininеness, and means that she shall be an intellectual roundhead, and shall sternly keep a graceless school, to irritate youthful cherubim into original sinners. Indian maids are pretty; Indian dames are hags. Only high civilization keeps its women beautiful to the last. Indian belles have some delights of toilette worthy of consideration by their blonde sisterhood. O mistaken harridans of Christendom, so bountifully painted and powdered, did ye but know how much better than your diffusiveness of daub is the concentrated brilliance of vermilion stripes parting at the nose-bridge and streaming athwart the cheeks! Knew ye but this, at once ye would reform from your undeluding shams, and recover the forgotten charms of acknowledged pinxit.

At last, persuaded by his own desires and the solicitations of his fair Duchess, the Duke determined to transport me. He pointed to a grand canoe on the beach,— that should be our Bucentaur, and now he must don robes of ceremony for the voyage. For, indeed, both ducal personages were in deshabille. A dirty shirt, blue and short, was the Duke's chief habiliment; hers, a shirt longer, but no cleaner.

Within his palace-curtains now disappeared the second grandee of the Klalams, to bedeck himself. Presently I

lifted the hanging mat that served for door to his shed of slabs, and followed him. His family and suite were but crapulous after their less than royal potations. He despatched two sleepy braves to make ready the canoe, and find paddles.

"Where is my cleanest shirt, Chin Lin?" he asked.

"Nika macook lum; I buy grog with um," replied the Duchess.

"Cultus mamook; a dastardly act," growled the Duke, "and I will thwack thee for't."

Jenny Lind sank meekly upon the mud-floor, and wept, while the Duke smote her with palm, fist, and staff.

"Kopet! hold!" cried I, rushing forward. "Thy beauteous spouse has bought the nectar for thy proper jollity. Even were she selfish, it is uncivilized to smite the fair. Among the Bostons, when women wrong us, we give pity or contempt, but not the strappado." Harangues to Indians are traditionally in such lofty style.

The Duke suffered himself to be appeased, and proceeded to dress without the missing article. He donned a faded black frock-coat, evidently a misfit for its first owner in civilization, and transmitted down a line of deformed wearers to fall amorphous on the shoulders of him of York. For coronet he produced no gorgeous combination of velvet, strawberry-leaves, and pearls; but a hat or tile, also of civilization, wrinkled with years and battered by world-wandering, crowned him frowzily. Black dress pantaloons of brassy sheen, much crinkled at the bottom, where they fell over moccasins with a faded scarlet instep-piece, completed his costume. A very shabby old-clo' Duke. A virulent radical would have enjoyed him heartily, as an emblem of decay in the bloated aristocracy of this region. Red paint daubed over his clumsy nose, and about the flats surrounding his little, disloyal, dusky eyes, kept alive the traditional Indian in his appearance. Otherwise he might have been taken for a decayed priest turned bar-tender, or a colporteur of tracts on spiritualism, or an ex-constable

pettifogger in a police court. Commerce, alas! had come to the waters of Whulge, stolen away his Indian simplicity, and made him a caricature, dress, name, and nature. A primitive Klalam, clad in skins and undevoured by the flames of fire-water, he would have done well enough as a type of fish-fed barbarism. Civilization came, with step-mother kindness, baptized him with rum, clothed him in discarded slops, and dubbed him Duke of York. Hapless scarecrow, disreputable dignitary, no dukeling of thine shall ever become the Louis Philippe of Klalam revolutions. Boston men are coming in their big canoes over sea. Pikes* have shaken off the fever and ague on the banks of the muddy Missouri, and are striding beyond the Rockies. Nasal twangs from the east and west soon will sound thy trump of doom. Squatters will sit upon thy dukedom, and make it their throne.

Tides in Whulge, which the uneducated maps call Puget Sound, rush with impetus, rising and falling eighteen

*The word "Pikes" was long current in the West for the rougher element among the frontiersmen. Nordhoff found it still in common use in the early seventies. It has now become obsolete, except as a survival among the remaining pioneers. The fact that many disorderly characters came from the several Pike Counties in the Mississippi Valley States must bear the blame for this undiscriminating use of the county name as a description of the big-talking, tobacco-spitting, and semi-lawless variety of bipeds, not unknown to other counties than Pike.

"America is manufacturing several new types of men. The Pike is one of the newest. He is a bastard pioneer. With one hand he clutches the pioneer vices; with the other he beckons forward the vices of civilization. It is hard to understand how a man can have so little virtue in so long a body, unless the shakes are foes to virtue in the soul, as they are to beauty in the face.

"He is a terrible shock, this unlucky Pike, to the hope that the new race on the new continent is to be a handsome race. I lose that faith, which the people about me now have nourished, when I recall the Pike. He is hung together, not put together. He inserts his lank fathom of a man into a suit of molasses-colored homespun. Frowzy and husky is the hair Nature crowns him with; frowzy and stubby the beard. He shambles in his walk. He drawls in his talk. He drinks whiskey by the tank. His oaths are to his words as Falstaff's sack to his bread. I have seen Maltese beggars, Arab camel-drivers, Dominican friars, New York Aldermen, Digger Indians; the foulest, frowziest creatures I have ever seen are thorough-bred Pikes."—*Winthrop: John Brent.*

or twenty feet. The tide was rippling winningly up to the stranded canoes. Our treaty was made; our costume was complete; we prepared to embark. But lo! a check! In malignant sulks, King George came forth from his malperfumed lodge of red-smeared slabs. "Veto," said he. "Dog am I, and this is my manger. Every canoe of the fleet is mine, and from this beach not one shall stir this day of festival!"

Whereupon, after a wrangle, short and sharp, with the Duke, in which the King whipped out a knife, and brandished it with drunken vibrations in my face, he staggered back, and again lay in his lodge. Had he felt my kick, or was this merely an impulse of discontented ire?

How now? Could we not dethrone the sovereign, and confiscate his property? There are precedents for such a course. But savage life is full of chances. As I was urging the soberish Duke to revolutionary acts, or at least to a forced levy from the royal navy, a justifiable piracy, two canoes appeared rounding the point.

"'Come unto these yellow sands,' ye brass-colored braves," we cried. They were coming, each crew roving anywhither, and soon, by the Duke's agency, I struck a bargain for the leaky better of the two vessels.

No clipper that ever creaked from *status quo* in Webb's shipyard, and rumbled heavily along the ways, and rushed as if to drown itself in its new element, and then went cleaving across the East River, staggering under the intoxicating influence of a champagne-bottle with a blue ribbon round its neck, cracked on the rudder-post by a blushing priestess,—no such grand result of modern skill ever surpassed in mere model the canoe I had just chartered for my voyage to Squally. Here was the type of speed and grace to which the most untrammelled civilization has reverted, after cycles of junk, galleon, and galliot building, —cycles of lubberly development, but full of instruction as to what can be done with the best type when it is reasoned

CLALLAM AND TILLAMOOK TWINED BASKETS.

out or rediscovered. My vessel was a black dug-out with a red gunwale. Forty feet of pine-tree had been burnt and whittled into a sharp, buoyant canoe. Sundry cross-pieces strengthened it, and might be used as seats or backs. A row of small shells inserted in the red-smeared gunwale served as talismans against Bugaboo. Its master was a withered ancient; its mistress a haggish crone. These two were of unsavory and fishy odor. Three young men, also of unsavory and fishy odor, completed the crew. Salmon mainly had been the lifelong diet of all, and they were oozier with its juices than I could wish of people I must touch and smell for a voyage of two days.

In the bargain for canoe and crew, the Duke constituted himself my courier. I became his prey. The rule of tea-making, where British ideas prevail, is a rough generalization, a spoonful for the pot and one for each bibber. The tariff of canoe-hire on Whulge is equally simple,—a blanket for the boat and one for each paddler. The Duke carefully included himself and Jenny Lind among the paddling recipients of blankets. I ventured to express the view that both he and his Duchess would be unwashed supernumeraries. At this he was indignant. He felt himself necessary as impresario of the expedition.

"Wake closche ocook olyman siwash; no good that old-man savage," said he, pointing to the skipper. "Yaka pottlelum, conoway pottlelum; he drunk, all drunk. Wake kumtux Squally; no understand Squally. Hyas tyee Dooker-yawk, wake pottlelum,—kumtux skookoom mamook esick, pe tikky hyack klatawah copa Squally; mighty chief the Duke of York, not drunk, understand to ply paddle mightily, and want to go fast to Squally."

"Very well," said I, "I throw myself into your hands. My crew, then, numbers six, the three fishy youths, Olyman siwash, Jenny Lind, and yourself. As to Olyman's fishy squaw, she must be temporarily divorced, and go ashore; dead weight will impede our voyage."

"Nawitka," responded the Klalam, "cultus ocook olyman cloocheman; no use that oldman woman." So she went ashore, bow-legged, monotonous, and a fatalist, like all old squaws.

"And now," continued the Duke, drawing sundry greasy documents from the pocket of that shapeless draggle-tail

QUEEN VICTORIA: One of the Wives of the "Duke of York."

coat of his, "mika tikky nanitch nika teapot; wilt thou inspect my certificates?"

I took the foul papers without a shudder,—have we not all been educated out of squeamishness by handling the dollar-bills of civilization? There was nothing ambiguous in the wording of these "teapots." It chanced sometimes, in days of chivalry, that spies bore missions with clauses sinister to themselves, as this: "The bearer is a losel vile,—have you never a hangman and an oak for him?" The Duke's testimonials were of similar import. They were

signed by Yankee skippers, by British naval officers, by casual travellers,—all unanimous in opprobrium. He was called a drunken rascal, a shameless liar, a thief; called each of these in various idioms, with plentiful epithets thrown in, according to the power of imagery possessed by the author. Such certificates he presented gravely, and with tranquil pride. He deemed himself indorsed by civilization, not branded. Men do not always comprehend the world's cynical praise. It seemed also that his Grace had once voyaged to San Francisco in what he called a "skookoom canim copa moxt stick; a colossal canoe with two masts." He did not state what part he played on board, whether cook, captain, stowaway, or Klalam plenipo to those within the Golden Gate. His photograph had been taken at San Francisco. This he also exhibited in a grandiose manner, the Duchess, Olyman siwash, and the three fishy siwashes examining it with wonder and grunts of delight.

Now it must not be supposed that the Duke was not still ducally drunk, or that it was easy to keep him steady in position or intention. Olyman siwash, also, though not patently intoxicated, wished to be,—so did the three unsavory, hickory-shirted, mat-haired, truculent siwashes. Olyman would frequently ask me, aside, in the strange, unimpassioned, expressionless undertone of an Indian, for a "lumoti," Chinook jargon for *la bouteille*, meaning no empty bottle, but a full. Never a lumoti of delay and danger got Olyman from me. Our preparations went heavily enough. Sometimes the whole party would squat on the beach, and jabber for ten minutes, ending always by demanding of me liquor or higher wages. But patience and purpose always prevail. At last, by cool urgency, I got them all on board and away. Adieu Port Townsend, town of one house on a grand bluff, and one saw-mill in a black ravine. Adieu intoxicated lodges of Georgius Rex Klalamorum! Adieu Royalty! Remember my kick, and continue to be h'happy as you may.

III.

WHULGE.

According to the cosmical law that regulates the west ends of the world, Whulge is more interesting than any of the eastern waters of our country. Tame Albemarle and Pamlico, Chesapeake and Delaware, Long Island Sound, and even the Maine Archipelago and Frenchman's Bay, cannot compare with it. Whulge is worthy of the Scandinavian savor of its name. Its cockney misnomer should be dropped. Already the critical world demands who was "Puget," and why should the title be saved from Lethe and given to a sound. Whulge is a vast fiord, parting rocks and forests primeval with a mighty tide. Chesapeakes and the like do very well for oyster "fundums" and shad-fisheries, but Whulge has a picturesque significance as much greater as its salmon are superior to the osseous shad of the east. Some of its beauties will appear in this my voyage.

I sat comfortably amidships in my stately but leaky galley, Bucentaur hight for the nonce. Olyman siwash steered. The Duke and Duchess, armed with idle paddles, were between him and me. The fishy trio were arranged forward, paddling to starboard and port. It was past noon of an August day, sultry, but not blasting, as are the summer days of that far Northwest. We sped on gallantly, paddling and spreading a blanket to the breeze.

The Duke, however, sogered bravely, and presently called a halt. Then, to my consternation, he produced a "lumoti" and passed it. Potations pottle-deep ensued.

MOUNT BAKER FROM PORT TOWNSEND.

Admiralty Inlet and Whidbey Island in foreground.

"Kulshan, misnamed Mount Baker by the vulgar, is an irregular, massive, mound-shaped peak, worthy to stand a white emblem of perpetual peace between us and our brother Britons. * * * Its name I got from the Lummi tribe at its base, after I had dipped in their pot at a boiled-salmon feast. As to Baker, that name should be forgotten. Mountains should not be insulted by being named after undistinguished bipeds."

—*Chapter III.*

Each reveller took one sixth of the liquor, and, after the Duke's exhaustive draught, an empty bottle floated astern. A general stagger began to be perceptible among the sitters. Their paddling grew spasmodic.

After an interval I heard again a popping sound, not unknown to me. A gurgle followed. I turned. The Duke was pouring out a cupful from his second bottle. He handed me the cup and lumoti for transmission to the fishy, forward. This must stop. I deposited the bottle by my side and emptied the cup into Whulge. Into an arm of the Pacific in the far Northwest I poured that gill of fire-water. Answer me from the northeast corner, O Neal Dow, was it well done?

Then raged the siwashes all, from Olyman perched on high and wielding a helmsman paddle aft, to a special blackguard in the bow with villain eyes no bigger than a flattened pea, and a jungle of coarse black hair, thick as the mane of a buffalo bull. All stowed their paddles and talked violently in their own tongue. It was a guttural, sputtering language in its calmest articulation, and now every word burst forth like the death-rattle of a garroted man.

Finally, in Chinook, "Kopet; be still," said the Duke. "Keelapi; turn about," said he.

They brandished paddles, and, whirling the canoe around, tore up the water violently for a few strokes. I said nothing. Presently they paused, and talked more frantically than before. Something was about to happen.

Aha! What is that, O Duke? A knife! What are these, O dirty siwashes? Guns are these, flint-locks of the Hudson's Bay pattern. "Guns for thee, O spiteful spiller of enlivening beverage, and capturer of a lumoti. Butchery is the order of the day!"

"Look you, then, aborigines all. I carry six siwash lives at my girdle. This machine—mark it well!—is called a six-shooter, an eight-inch navy revolver, invented by

Col. Sam Colt, of Hartford, Conn. God bless him! We are seven, and I should regret sending you six others to the Unhappy Hunting-Grounds of the Kicuali Tyee, *Anglice* Devil, the lowermost chieftain. Look down this muzzle as I whisk it about and bring it to bear on each of you in turn. Rifled you observe. Pleasant, well-oiled click that cylinder has. Behold, also, this other double-barrelled piece of artillery, loaded, as you saw but now, with polecat-shot, in case we should see one of these black and white objects skulking along shore. Unsavory though ye be, my Klalams, I should not wish to identify you in your deaths with that animal."

Saying this, with an air of indifference, but in expressive pantomime, I could not fail to perceive that the situation was critical. Three drunken Indians on this side, and two and a woman on that, and I playing bottle-holder in the midst,—what would follow? Their wild talk and threatening gestures continued. I kept my pistol and one eye cocked at him of the old clo', the teapots, and the daguerreotype; my other eye and the double-barrel covered the trio in the bow. This deadlock lasted several minutes. Meantime the canoe had yielded to the tide, and was now sweeping on in a favorable course.

At last the Duke laid down his knife, Olyman siwash his gun, the three fishy ones theirs, and his Grace, stretching forth an eloquent arm, made a neat speech. Fluency is impossible in few-worded Chinook jargon, but brevity is more potent.

"Hyas silex nika; in wrathful sulks am I. Masatche nika tum tum copa mika; bitter is my heart toward thee. Wake cultus tyee Dookeryawk; no paltry sachem, the Duke of York. Wake kamooks, halo pottlelum; no dog, by no means a soaker. Ancoti conoway tikky mamook iscum mika copa Squally,—alta halo; but now, all wished to conduct thee to Squally; now, not so. Alta nesika wake tikky pesispy, pe shirt, pe polealely, pe kaliaton, pe hiu ikta,—

tikky keelapi; now we no want blankets and shirts and powder and shot and many traps,—want to return. Conoway silex,—tikky moosum; all in the sulks,—want to sleep."

Whereupon, as if at a signal, all six dived deep into slumber,—slumber at first pretended, perhaps to throw me off my guard, perhaps a crafty method of evading the diffi-

Makah Squaw Gathering Fagots.

culty of a reconciliation, and the shame of yielding. So deep did they plunge into sham sleep, that they sunk into real, and presently I heard the gurgle of snores.

While they slept, the canoe drifted over Whulge. Fleet waters bore me on whither they listed, fortunately whither I also listed, and, if ever the vessel yawed, a few quiet strokes with the paddle set her right again. The current drew me away from under shore, and to the south, through distancing haze of summer, the noble group of the Olympian

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Mountains became visible,—a grand family of vigorous growth, worthy more perfect knowledge. They fill the southern promontory, where Whulge passes into the Pacific, at the Straits of Fuca. On the highest pinnacles of this sierra, glimmers of perpetual snow in sheltered dells and crevices gave me pleasant, chilly thoughts in that hot August day. After the disgusting humanity of King George's realms, and after the late period of rebellion and disorganization, the calming influence of these azure luminous peaks, their blue slashed with silver, was transcendent.

So I sat watchful, and by and by I heard a gentle voice, "Wake nika moosum; I sleep not."

"Sleepest thou not, pretty Duchess, flat-faced one, with chevrons vermilion culminating at thy nose-bridge? Wilt thou forgive me for spilling thy nectar, Lalage of the dulcet laugh, dulcet-spoken Lalage? Would that thou wert clean as well as pretty, and had known but seldom the too fragrant salmon!—would that I had never seen thee toss off a waterless gill of fire-water! Please wake the Duke."

The Duke woke. Olyman woke. Woke Klalams one and all. Sleep had banished wrath and rancor. All grasped their paddles, and, soon warming with work, the fugleman waked a wild chant, and to its stirring vibrations the canoe shook and leaped forward like a salmon in the buzz of a tideway.

We careered on for an hour. Then I suggested a pause and a picnic. Brilliant and friendly thought,—"Conoway tikky muckamuck;" all want to eat. Take then, my pardoned crew, from my stores, portions of dried cod. Thin it is, translucent, and very nice for Klalam or Yankee. Take also hardtack at discretion,—"pire sapolel," or fired corn, as ye name it. Our picnic was rumless, wholesome, and amicable, and after it paddling and songs were renewed with vigor. We were not alone upon Whulge. Many lumber vessels were drifting or at anchor under the opposite

THE OLYMPICS AND THE STRAITS OF JUAN DE FUCA.

View from Victoria, B. C.

"To the south, through distancing haze of summer, the noble group of the Olympian Mountains became visible,—a grand family of vigorous growth, worthy more perfect knowledge. They fill the southern promontory, where Whulge passes into the Pacific, at the Straits of Fuca."

—*Chapter III.*

shore, loaded mainly with fir-trees, soon to be drowned as piles for San Francisco docks. Those were prosperous days in the Pacific. The country which goes to sea through Whulge had recently split away from Oregon, and called itself Washington, after the General of that name. Indian Whulgeamish and Yankee Whulgers were reasonably polite to each other, the Pacific Railroad was to be built straightway, Ormus and Ind were to become tributary. It was the epoch of hope, but fruition has not yet come. Savages and Yankees have since been scalping each other in the most uncivil way, the P. R. R. creeps slowly outward, Ormus and Ind are chary of tribute. Dreams of growth are faster than growth.

The persons of my crew have been described. They all, according to a superstition quite common among Indians, declined to give their names, or even an alias, as other scamps might do, except the Duke and Duchess, proud in their foreign appellatives. I will substitute, therefore, the names of the crew of another canoe in which I had previously voyaged from Squally to Vancouver Island, with Dr. Tolmie, factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at the former place. These were: 1. Unstu or Hahal, the handsome; 2. Mastu or La Hâche; 3. Khaadza; 4. Snawhaylal; 5. Ay-ay-whun, briefly A-wy; 6. Ai-tu-so; 7. Nuckutzoot; 8. Paicks; and two women, Tlaiwhal and Smoikit-um-whal, "Smoikit" meaning chief. They were of several different tribes, Squallyamish, Skagits, members of the different "amish" that dwell along the Sound, and two, Ai-tu-so and Nuckutzoot, proudly distinguished themselves as Haida, a generic name applied to nations northward of Whulge. These few type names, not without melody or drollery, may be interesting to the philo-siwash. It would be inappropriate to the method of this sketch to go into detail with regard to Indians of Whulge. But literature has taken little notice of those distant gentry, and before they retreat into the dim past, to become subjects of threnody with other

lost tribes, let me chronicle a few surface facts of their life and manners.

It seems a sorry thing, but is really a wise admonition of Nature, that we should first distinguish in people their faults and deformities. The first observation when one of the Whulgeamish appears is, "Lo the flat-head!" Among them a tight-strapped cushion controls the elastic skull of child-

Siwash Mother Flat-heading her Infant.

hood, crushing it back idiotic. Now a forehead should not be too round, or a nose too straight, or a cheek too ruddy, or a hand too small. Nature, however, does quite well enough by those she means to be flat-head beauties. Indians do not recognize this, and strive to better Nature. Civilization, beholding the total failure of the skull-crushing system, is warned, and resolves to discard its coxcombries and deformities, and to strive to develop, not to distort, the body and soul.

Are thoughts equally profound to be suggested by other corporeal members of Klalams and their brethren? All are bow-legged. All of a sad-colored, Caravaggio brown, through which salmon-juices exude, and which is varnished with fish-oil. All have coarse black hair, and are beardless. Old people of either sex are hardly to be distinguished, man from woman. The young ladies are not without charms, and blush ingenuously. The fashion of fish-ivory ornaments, hung to the lower lip, has retreated northward, and glass beads and necklaces of hiaqua, a shell like a quill tooth-pick, conchologically known as a species of Dentalium, have replaced the disgusting labial appendages.* Hickory shirts and woollen blankets are worn instead of skin raiment, mat aprons, and Indian blankets, woven of the hair of the fleecy dog. In fact, except for paint, these Indians might pass well enough for dirty lazzaroni.

Gigantic clams, cod, and other maritimes, but chiefly salmon, are the food of the Whulgeamish. Ducks and geese visit their shores, and are bagged. No infrequent polecat skulks about their unsavory cabins, and meets the fatal arrow. Grasshoppers and crickets, dried, yield them pies. They cultivate a few potatoes, pluck plentiful berries, and dig sweet kamas bulbs in the swamps. Few things edible are disdained by them.

Once, the same summer, as I voyaged with a crew of the Lummi tribe toward Fraser River, they discerned a dead seal grotesquely floating on the water. Him they embarked, with roars of laughter, as his unwieldiness slipped through their fingers; and they supped and surfeited unharmed on rancid phoca that evening. But salmon, netted, hooked, trolled, speared, weired, scooped,—salmon taken by various sleight of savage skill,—is the chief diet of Whulge. In the tide-ways toward the Sound's mouth, the Indians

*"Labrets" are still somewhat used among the natives of British Columbia, as may be seen in the illustration from a recent photograph showing Haida basket makers wearing such lip ornaments of bone.

anchor two canoes parallel, fifteen feet apart, and stretch a flat net of strips of inner bark between them, sinking it just below the surface. They don a head-gear like a "rat's nest," confected of wool, feathers, furry tails, ribbons, and rags, considered attractive to salmon, and "hyas tamanoüs," highly magical. Salmon, either wending their unconscious way, or tuft-hunting for the enchantments of the magic cap, come swimming in shoals across the suspended net. Whereupon every fisher, with inconceivable screeches, whoops, and howls, beats the water to bewilder the silver swimmers,

Return of Siwash Fishermen.

and, hauling up the net, clutches them by dozens. Sometimes fleets of canoes go a trolling, one fisherman in each slight shallop. He fastens his line to his paddle, and as he paddles trolls. A pretty sight to behold is a rocky bay of Whulge, gay with a fleet of these agile dugouts, and ever and anon illumined with a gleam when a salmon takes the bait. In the voyage I have mentioned with Dr. Tolmie, a squadron of such trollers near the Indian village of Kowitchin crowded about us, praying to be vaccinated, and paying a salmon for the privilege. Small-pox is the fatalest foe of the Indian.

Spearmen also for food are the siwashes. In muddy streams, where Boston eyes would detect nothing, Indian

AMONG THE SAN JUAN ISLANDS.
"We swept along through narrow straits, between piny islands, and by sheltered bays where fleets might lie hidden."

sees a ripple, and divines a fish. He darts his long wooden spear, and out it ricochets, with a banner of salmon at its point. But salmon may escape the coquettish charms of the trolling-hook, may safely run the gauntlet of the parallel canoes and their howling, tamanoüs-cap wearers; the spear, misguided in the drumly gleam, may glance harmless from scale-armed shoulders: still other perils await them. These

Cascades of the Columbia, with Indian Fishing from a Scaffolding over the Water.

aristos of the waters need change of scene. Blubberly fish may dwell through a life-long pickle in the briny deep, and grow rancid there like olives too salt, but the delicate salmon must have his bubbles from the brünnen. Besides, his youthful family, the parrs, must be cradled on the ripples of a running stream, and in innocent nooks of freshness must establish their vigor and consistency, before they

brave the risks of cosmopolitan ocean life. For such reasons gentleman salmon seeks the rivers, and Indian, expecting him there, builds a palisade of poles athwart the stream. The traveller, thus obstructed, whisks his tail, and coasts along, seeking a passage. He finds one, and dashes through, but is stopped by a shield of wicker-work, and, turning blindly, plunges into a fish-pot, set to take him as he whirls to retreat, bewildered.

At the magnificent Cascades of the Columbia, the second-best water bit on our continent, there is more exciting salmon-fishing in the splendid turmoil of the rapids. Over the shoots, between boulders and rifts of rock, the Indians rig a scaffolding, and sweep down stream with a scoop-net. Salmon, working their way up in high exhilaration, are taken twenty an hour, by every scooper. He lifts them out, brilliantly sheeny, and, giving them, with a blow from a billet of wood, a hint to be peaceable, hands over each thirty-pounder to a fusty *attaché*, who, in turn, lugs them away to the squaws to be cleaned and dried.

Thus in Whulge and at the Cascades the salmon is taken. And now behold him caught, and lying dewy in silver death, bright as an unalloyed dollar, varnished with opaline iridescence. "How shall he be cooked?" asks squaw of sachem. "Boil him, entoia, my beloved" (Haida tongue), "in a mighty pot of iron, plumping in store of wapatoo, which pasaiooks, the pale-faces, name potatoes. Or, my cloocheman, my squaw, roast of his thicker parts sundry chunks on a spit. Or, best of all, split and broil him on an upright frame-work, a perpendicular gridiron of aromatic twigs. Thus by highest simple art, before the ruddy blaze, with breezes circumambient and wafting away any mephitic kitcheny exhalations, he will toast deliciously, and I will feast thereupon, O my cloocheman, whilst thou, O working partner of our house, art preparing these brother fish to be dried into amber transparency, or smoked in a lachrymose cabin, that we may sustain ourselves through dry-fish Lent,

after this fresh-fish Carnival is over." Such discussions occur not seldom in the drama of Indian life.

In the Bucentaur, after our lunch on kippered cod and biscuits, we had not tarried. Generally in that region, in breezeless days of August, smoke from burning forests falls, and envelops all the world of land and water. In such strange chaos, voyaging without a compass is impossible. Canoes are often detained for days, waiting for the smoke to lift. To-day, fortunately for my progress, there was a fresh breeze from China-way. Only a soft golden haze hung among the pines, and toned the swarthy coloring of the rocky shores.

All now in good humor, and Col. Colt in retirement, we swept along through narrow straits, between piny islands, and by sheltered bays where fleets might lie hidden. With harmonious muscular throes, in time with Indian songs, the three stoutly paddled. The Duke generally sogered, or dipped his blade with sham vehemence, as he saw me observing him. Olyman steered steadily, a Palinurus skilful and sleepless. Jenny Lind, excusable idler, did not belie her musical name. She was our prima donna, and leader of the chorus. Often she uttered careless bursts of song, like sudden slants of rays through cloudiness, and often droned some drowsy lay, to which the crew responded with disjointed, lurching refrain. Few of these airs were musical according to civilized standards. Some had touches of wild sentiment or power, but most were grotesque combinations of guttural howls. In all, however, there were tones and strains of irregular originality, surging up through monotony, or gleams of savage ire suddenly flashing forth, and recalling how one has seen, with shudders, a shark, with white sierras of teeth, gnash upon him not far distant, from a bath in a tropic bay. I found a singular consolation in the unleavened music of my crew. Why should there not be throbs of rude power in aboriginal song? It is well to review the rudiments

sometimes, and see whether we have done all we might in building systems from the primal hints.

The songs of Chin Lin, Duchess of York, chorussed by the fishy, seemed a consoling peace-offering. The undertone of sorrow in all music cheats us of grief for our own distress. To counteract the miseries of civilization, we must have the tender, passionate despairs of Favorita and

SE-AT-TLH : Chief of the Duwamish and Suqamish Federation, after whom the City of Seattle was named.

Traviata; for the disgusts of barbarism I found Indian howls sufficient relief.

By and by, with sunset, paddle-songs died away, and the Bucentaur slowed. The tide had turned, and was urgently against us. My tired crew were oddly dropping off to sleep. We landed on the shingle for repose and supper. Twilight was already spreading downward from the zenith, and pouring gloom among the sombre pines. Grotesque

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

SEATTLE HARBOR AT SUNSET.

"According to a cosmical law that regulates the west ends of the world, Whulge is more interesting than any of the eastern waters of our country. Tame Albemarle and Pamlico, Chesapeake and Delaware, Long Island Sound, and even the Maine Archipelago and Frenchman's Bay, cannot compare with it. Whulge is worthy of the Scandinavian savor of its name,—a vast fiord, parting rocks and forests primeval with a mighty tide."

—*Chapter III.*

masses of blanched drift-wood strewed the shore and grouped themselves about,—strange semblances of monstrous shapes, like amorphous idols, dethroned and waiting to perish by the iconoclastic test of fire. Poor Prometheus may have been badly punished by that cruel fowl of Caucasus, but we mortals got the unquenchable spark. I carried a modicum of compact flame in a match-box, and soon had a funeral pyre of those heathenish stumps and roots well ablaze,—a glory of light between the solemn wall of the forest and the dark glimmering flood.

On the romantic shores of Whulge, illumined by my fire, I had toasted salt pork for supper, while the siwashes banqueted to repletion on dried fish and the unaccustomed luxury of hardtack, and were genially happy. But when, with kindly mind, I, their chieftain, brewed them a princely pot of tea, and tossed in sugar lavishly, sprinkling also unperceivedly the beverage with forty drops from the captured lumoti, and gave them tobacco enough to blow a cloud, then happiness capped itself with gayety and merriment. They heaped the pyre with fuel, and made it the chief jester of their jolly circle, chuckling when it crackled, and roaring with laughter when the frantic tongues of flame leaped up, and shot a glare, almost fiendish, over the wild scene.

I sat apart with my dhudeen, studying the occasion for its lesson. "Would I be an Indian,—a duke of the Klalams?" I asked myself. "As much as I am to-night,—no more, and no longer. To-night I am a demi-savage, jolly for my rest and my supper, and content because my hampers hold enough for to-morrow. I can identify myself thoroughly, and delight that I can, with the untamed natures of my comrades. I can yield myself to the dominion of the same impulses that sway them out of impassiveness into frantic excitement. They sit here over the fire, now jabbering lustily, and now silent and drifting along currents of association, undiverted by discursive thought, until some pervading

fancy strikes them all at once, and again all is animation and guttural sputter of sympathy. I can also let myself go bobbing down the tide of thoughtless thought, until I am caught by the same shoals, or checked by the same reef, or launched upon the same tumultuous seas, as they. These influences are primeval, aboriginal, fresh, enlivening for their anti-cockney savor. Wretchedly slab-sided, and not at all fitting among the many-sided, is he who cannot adapt himself to the dreams and hopes, the awes and pleasures of savage life, and be as good a savage as the brassiest Brass-skin.

"However, it is not amiss," continued my soliloquy, puffing itself away with the last whiffs of my pipe, "to have the large results of the world's secular toil *in posse*. It is sometimes pleasant to lay aside the resumable ermine. It is easy to linger while one has a hand upon the locomotive's valve. I will, on the whole, remain an American of the nineteenth century, and not subside into a Klalam brave. Every sincere man has, or ought to have, his differences or his quarrels with *status quo*,—otherwise what becomes of the millennium? My personal grudge with the present has not yet brought me to the point of rupture and reaction."

Had I uttered these reflections in a prosy lecture, my fishy suite could not have been sounder asleep than they now were. They had coiled themselves about the fire, in genuine slumber, after labor and overfeeding. Without dread of treachery, I bivouacked near them. I was more placable and less watchful than I should have been had I known that the Kahtai Klalams, under the superintendence of King George and the Duke, were in the habit of murdering. They sacrificed a couple of pale-faced victims within the year, as I afterwards was informed. However, the lamb lay down with the wolf, and suffered no harm. From time to time I awoke, and rolled another log upon the pyre, and then returned to my uneasy naps on the pebbles,—uneasy, not because the pebbles dimpled me somewhat

FORT STEILACOOM.

This "Fort," which was merely an Army post, without even a stockade, became an important military center during the Indian War of 1855-6.

harshly through my blankets, not because the inextinguishable stars winked at me fantastically through ether, nor because my scalp occasionally gave premonitions of departure; but because I did not wish, when offered the boon of a favorable tide, to be asleep at my post and miss it.

A new flood-tide was about to be sent whirling up into the bays and coves and nooks of Whulge when I shook up my sobered hero of the libellous teapots, shook up Olyman and his young men, and touched the Duchess lightly on the shoulder, as she lay with her red-chevroned visage turned toward the zenith. The Duke alone grumbled, and shirked the toil of launching the Bucentaur. We others went at it heartily, dragging our vessel down the shingle to the chorus of a guttural *De Profundis*. It was an hour before dawn. We reloaded, and shoved off into the chill, star-lighted void,—a void where one might doubt whether the upper stars or the nether stars were the real orbs. Our red fire watched us as we sailed away, glaring after us like a Cyclops sentinel until we rounded a point and passed out of his range, only to find ourselves sadly gazed at by a pale, lean moon just lifting above the pines. With the flames of dawn a wind arose and lent us wings. I succeeded in inspiring my crew with a stolid intention to speed me. A comrade-ry grew up between me and the truculent blackguard who wielded the bow paddle, so that he essayed unintelligent civilities from time to time, and when we landed to breakfast, at a point where a giant arbor-vitæ stood a rich pyramid of green, he brought me salal-berries, and arbutus-leaves to dry for smoking; meaning perhaps to play Caliban to my Stephano, and worshipping him who bore the lumoti. The Duke remained either "hyas kla hye am," in the wretched dumps, or "hyas silex," in the deep sulks, as must happen after an orgie, even to a princely personage. I could get nothing from him, either in philology or legend,—nothing but the Klalam name of Whulge, K'uk'lults. However, thanks to a strong following wind

and the blanket-sail, we sped on, never flinching from the tide when it turned and battled us.

We had rounded a point, and opened Puyallop Bay, a breadth of sheltered calmness, when I, lifting sleepy eyelids for a dreamy stare about, was suddenly aware of a vast white shadow in the water. What cloud, piled massive on the horizon, could cast an image so sharp in outline, so full of vigorous detail of surface? No cloud, as my stare, no longer dreamy, presently discovered,—no cloud, but a cloud compeller. It was a giant mountain dome of snow, swelling and seeming to fill the aerial spheres as its image displaced the blue deeps of tranquil water. The smoky haze of an Oregon August hid all the length of its lesser ridges, and left this mighty summit based upon uplifting dimness. Only its splendid snows were visible, high in the unearthly regions of clear blue noonday sky. The shore line drew a cincture of pines across the broad base, where it faded unreal into the mist. The same dark girth separated the peak from its reflection, over which my canoe was now pressing, and sending wavering swells to shatter the beautiful vision before it.

Kingly and alone stood this majesty, without any visible comrade or consort, though far to the north and the south its brethren and sisters dominated their realms, each in isolated sovereignty, rising above the pine-darkened sierra of the Cascade Mountains,—above the stern chasm where the Columbia, Achilles of rivers, sweeps, short-lived and jubilant, to the sea,—above the lovely vales of the Willamette and Umpqua. Of all the peaks from California to Fraser River, this one before me was royalest. Mount Regnier Christians have dubbed it, in stupid nomenclature perpetuating the name of somebody or nobody.* More melodiously the siwashes call it Tacoma,—a generic term also applied to all snow peaks. Whatever keen crests and crags there may be in its rock anatomy of basalt, snow

*As to Winthrop's error here, see Appendix A.

FORT NISQUALLY.
The Hudson's Bay Company's great Trading Post on the Sound.

covers softly with its bends and sweeping curves. Tacoma, under its ermine, is a crushed volcanic dome, or an ancient volcano fallen in, and perhaps as yet not wholly lifeless. The domes of snow are stateliest. There may be more of feminine beauty in the cones, and more of masculine force and hardihood in the rough pyramids, but the great domes are calmer and more divine; and, even if they have failed to attain absolute dignified grace of finish, and are riven and broken down, they still demand our sympathy for giant power, if only partially victor. Each form — the dome, the cone, and the pyramid — has its type among the great snow peaks of the Cascades.

And now let the Duke of York drowse, the Duchess cease awhile longer her choking chant, and the rest nap it on their paddles, floating on the image of Tacoma, while I ask recognition for the almost unknown glories of the Cascade Mountains. We are poorly off for such objects east of the Mississippi. There are some roughish excrescences known as the Alleghanies. There is a knobby group of brownish White Mountains. Best of all, high in Down-East is the lonely Katahdin. Hillocks these,— never among them one single summit brilliant forever with snow, golden in sunshine, silver when sunshine has gone; not one to bloom rosy at dawn, and to be a vision of refreshment all the sultry summer long; not one to be lustrous white over leagues of woodland, sombre or tender; not one to repeat the azure of heaven among its shadowy dells. Exaltation such as the presence of the sublime and solemn heights arouses, we dwellers eastward cannot have as an abiding influence. Other things we may have, for Nature will not let herself anywhere be scorned; but only mountains, and chiefest the giants of snow, can teach whatever lessons there may be in vaster distances and deeper depths of palpable ether, in lonely grandeur without desolation, and in the illimitable, bounded within an outline. Therefore, needing all these emotions at their maximum, we were

compelled to make pilgrimages back to the mountains of the Old World,—commodiously as may be when we consider sea-sickness, passports, Murray's red-covers, and h-less Britons everywhere. Yes, back to the Old World we went, and patronized the Alps, and nobly satisfying we found them. But we were forced to inspect also the heritage of human institutions, and such a mankind as they had made after centuries of opportunity,—and very sadly depressing we found the work, so that, notwithstanding many romantic joys and artistic pleasures, we came back malcontent. Let us, therefore, develop our own world. It has taken us two centuries to discover our proper West across the Mississippi, and to know by indefinite hearsay that among the groups of the Rockies are heights worth notice.

Farthest away in the west, as near the western sea as mountains can stand, are the Cascades. Sailors can descry their landmark summits firmer than cloud, a hundred miles away. Kulshan, misnamed Mount Baker by the vulgar, is their northernmost buttress, up at 49° and Fraser River. Kulshan is an irregular, massive, mound-shaped peak, worthy to stand a white emblem of perpetual peace between us and our brother Britons. The northern regions of Whulge and Vancouver Island have Kulshan upon their horizon. They saw it blaze the winter before this journey of mine; for there is fire beneath the Cascades, red war suppressed where the peaks, symbols of truce, stand in resplendent quiet. Kulshan is best seen, as I saw it one afternoon of that same August, from an upland of Vancouver Island, across the golden waves of a wheat-field, across the glimmering waters of the Georgian Sound, and far above its belt of misty gray pine-ridges. The snow-line here is at five thousand feet, and Kulshan has as much height in snow as in forest and vegetation. Its name I got from the Lummi tribe at its base, after I had dipped in their pot at a boiled-salmon feast. As to Baker, that name should be

forgotten. Mountains should not be insulted by being named after undistinguished bipeds, nor by the prefix of *Mt.* Mt. Chimborazo, or Mt. Dhawalaghiri, seems as feeble as Mr. Julius Cæsar, or Signor Dante.

South of Kulshan, the range continues dark, rough, and somewhat unmeaning to the eye, until it is relieved by Tacoma, *vulgo* Regnier. Upon this Tacoma's image I was now drifting, and was about to make nearer acquaintance with its substance. One cannot know too much of a nature's nobleman. Tacoma the second, which Yankees call Mt. Adams, is a clumsier repetition of its greater brother, but noble enough to be the pride of a continent. Dearest charmer of all is St. Helens, queen of the Cascades, queen of Northern America, a fair and graceful volcanic cone. Exquisite mantling snows sweep along her shoulders toward the bristling pines. Sometimes she showers her realms with a boon of light ashes, to notify them that her peace is repose, not stupor; and sometimes lifts a beacon of tremulous flame by night from her summit. Not far from her base the Columbia crashes through the mountains in a magnificent chasm, and Mt. Hood, the vigorous prince of the range, rises in a keen pyramid fourteen or sixteen thousand feet high, rivalling his sister in glory.* Mt. Jefferson and others southward are worthy snow peaks,

*The heights of the several northwestern snow-peaks described in this chapter are given by the United States Geological Survey's "Dictionary of Altitudes," as follows: Mt. Rainier, 14,363; Mt. Adams, 12,470; Mt. Hood, 11,225; Mt. Baker, 10,827; Mt. St. Helens, 10,000. Early Oregonians, as Winthrop hints, held greatly exaggerated notions of the height of Mt. Hood. A member of the first party to reach its summit, Thomas J. Dryer, editor of the Portland *Oregonian*, published an account of the ascent in which he asserted with fine exactness, if not accuracy, that the elevation was 18,361 feet!

This ascent was made August 4, 1854. The leader of the party was William Barlow, son of Captain Samuel K. Barlow, builder of the famous "Barlow Road" across the Cascades south of Mt. Hood, by which many thousands of settlers entered the Willamette Valley.

Dryer had climbed Mt. St. Helens a year before. His published account says he was accompanied by "Messrs. Wilson, Smith, and Drew."

St. Helens was frequently in eruption during the first years of white settlement, and down to about 1842. This is noted in the journals

but not comparable with these; and then this masterly family of mountains dwindles ruggedly away toward California and the Shasta group.

The Cascades are known to geography,—their summits to the lists of volcanoes. Several gentlemen in the United States Army, bored in petty posts, or squinting along Indian trails for Pacific railroads, have seen these monuments. A few myriads of Oregonians have not been able to avoid seeing them, have perhaps felt their ennobling influence, and have written, boasting that St. Helens or Hood is as high as Blanc. Enterprising fellows have climbed both. But the millions of Yankees—from codfish

of the Hudson's Bay Fort at Vancouver, and in the private letters and diaries of the time. These records show that the expulsion of ashes was sometimes so tremendous as to darken the sky at Vancouver for days at a time, and more than once ashes are reported to have fallen in considerable amount, as far away as The Dalles.

Mt. Adams was first ascended in the same year as Mt. Hood, the successful climbers being Col. B. F. Shaw, Glen Aiken, and Edward J. Allen, the builder of the Naches Pass road.

Fourteen years later Mt. Baker was climbed, after several unsuccessful attempts, by Edmund T. Coleman, an English landscape painter then living in Victoria. His party included Thomas Stratton of Port Townsend, David Ogilvy of Victoria, and a settler named Tenant.

The highest and noblest of all these snow mountains remained longest unconquered. Dr. William F. Tolmie had made a botanizing trip to the upland "parks" in 1833, being the first white man to visit the peak. His visit resulted in the first discovery and announcement of the existence of glaciers in the present territory of the United States south of Alaska. In 1857, Lieutenant (later General) A. V. Kautz, accompanied by several soldiers from Fort Nisqually, first attempted the ascent, and reached the crest of South Peak, a few hundred feet lower than the actual summit. Thirteen years later, on August 17, 1870, this summit, now known as Columbia's Crest, was gained by Gen. Hazard Stevens, son of the Territory's first governor, who had himself served with distinction as a young officer during the Civil War, and was then living at Olympia as United States collector of internal revenue; and Philemon Beecher Van Trump, of Yelm, Wash. General Stevens published a delightful account of their feat, "The Ascent of Takhoma," in the *Atlantic Monthly* of November, 1876. Widely acquainted with Indians of the territorial period, he says:

"Tak-ho-ma, or Ta-ho-ma, among the Yakimas, Klickitats, Puyallups, Nisquallys, and allied tribes is the generic term for mountain, used precisely as we use the word 'Mount,' as Takhoma Wynatchie, or Mount Wynatchie. But they all designate Rainier simply as Takhoma, or The Mountain, just as the mountain men used to call it 'Old He.' "

ON THE GREAT PRAIRIE SOUTH OF TACOMA.
View between American Lake and the Nisqually Reservation, from a drawing made about 1868.

to alligators, chewers of spruce-gum or chewers of pig-tail, cooks of chowder or cooks of gumbo — know little of these treasures of theirs. Poet comes long after pioneer. Mountains have been waiting, even in ancient worlds, for cycles, while mankind looked upon them as high, cold, dreary, crushing,— as resorts for demons and homes of desolating storms. It is only lately, in the development of men's comprehension of nature, that mountains have been recognized as our noblest friends, our most exhalting and inspiring comrades, our grandest emblems of divine power and divine peace.*

More of these majesties of the Cascades hereafter; but now meseems that I have long enough interrupted the desultory progress of my narrative. We have floated long enough, my Klalam braves, on the white reflection of Tacoma. To thy paddle, then, sluggard Duke. Dip and plough into Whulge, ye salmon-fed. Squally and blankets be the war-cry of our voyage.

But first obey the injunction of an Indian ditty, oddly sung to the air of Malbrook:—

"Klatawah ocook polikely,
Klatawah Steilacoom;"

"Go to-night,— go to Steilacoom." Steilacoom was a military post a mile inland from Whulge. It had a port on the Sound, consisting of one warehouse, where every requisite of pioneer life was to be had. Thither I directed my course, pork and hardtack to buy, compact prog for my mountain journey. Also, because I could not ride the leagues of a transcontinental trip, barebacking the bonyness of prairie nags, a friend had given me an order for a capital saddle of his, stored there. The crafty trader at Port Steilacoom

*Appreciation of the mountains and interest in their exploration are modern to a degree that Western Americans can now scarcely understand. As late as 1854, Murray's "Handbook for Switzerland" contained such discouragements to the mountain-climber as the following: "The ascent of Mont Blanc is attempted by few. Those who are im-

denied the existence of my friend's California saddle, a grandly roomy one I had often bestrode, and substituted for it an incoherent dragoon saddle. He hoped, the scamp, that my friend would never return to claim his property, and he would be left residuary legatee.

Some strange Indians lounging here gave a helpful fact. The Klickatats,* so the Sound Indians name generally the Yakimahs and other ultramontane tribes, had just

pelled by curiosity alone are hardly justified in risking the lives of the guides. It is somewhat remarkable that a large proportion of those who have made the ascent have been persons of unsound mind."

Many curious superstitions worthy of the Middle Ages centered about the great peaks of the Alps until comparatively recent times. To the dweller in the Swiss valleys, the high plateaus were inhabited by rock-eating chamois, and their lakes had the marvelous property of swallowing up those who fell asleep on their banks. Before the modern era of mountain-climbing, the natives living at the feet of the peaks believed them to be inhabited by goblins and afrits, who would visit destruction upon all that might attempt to invade the heights. Visitors to Lucerne are familiar with the legend that connects the mountain Pilatus with the name of Pontius Pilate, whose unhappy spirit is said to dwell upon the summit. In his first efforts to scale the Matterhorn, Whymper had to overcome not only the difficulties of a virgin peak, but the terror and superstition of his guides. The natives of the Val Tournanche, he found, were convinced that on the summit of the Matterhorn was a ruined city, the abode of the Wandering Jew and the spirits of the damned.—*Whymper: Scrambles amongst the Alps*, Ch. IV.

When Stevens and Van Trump reached the snow-line on their ascent of Tacoma in 1870, their Indian guide, Sluiskin, refused to accompany them farther, because he feared the anger of the mountain deity; and when they declined to heed his warnings, he spent the night in chanting a weird dirge in anticipation of their fate, and parted with them in the morning, convinced that they would never return. When they reappeared the next day, after a night on the summit, he could not easily be persuaded that they were real men, and not some new kind of klale tamanoüs, black magic.

*"The Yakimas, including outlying bands, were over 3,900 strong, and occupied the large region between the Columbia and the Cascades, with their principal abodes in the Yakima Valley. One band, the Palouses, lived on the Palouse River, on the north side of the Snake and east of the Columbia, next the Nez Perce country. Large bands of the Yakimas had crossed the Cascades and were pressing on the feebler races on the west, by whom they were appropriately termed 'Klik-i-tats,' or robbers."—*Life of Isaac Ingalls Stevens, by Hazard Stevens*, II., 22.

The other great family of the upper Columbia basin was the Sahaptin. This included the Cayuses, Walla Wallas, Nez Perces, and Flatheads. Snowden characterizes these tribes as "among the brightest and most powerful of the native people."

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S FORT AT VICTORIA, B. C.
From a drawing made about the time of Winthrop's visit.

arrived at Nisqually, on their annual trading-trip. Horses and a guide I could surely get from them for crossing the Cascades into their country. Here I heard first the mighty name of Owhhigh, a chief of the Klickatats, their noblest horse-thief, their Diomed. He was at Nisqually, with his tail on,— his tail of bare-legged highlanders,— buying blankets and sundries, with skins, furs, and stolen steeds.

Squally, euphonized to Nisqually, is six or seven miles from Steilacoom. We sped along near the shore, just away from the dense droop of the water-wooing arbor-vitæ pyramids.

"How now, my crew? Why this sudden check? Why this agitated panic? What, Dookeryawk! Are ye paralyzed by Tamanoüs, by demoniacal influence?"

"By fear are we paralyzed, O kind protector," responded the Klalam. "Foes to us always are the Squallyamish. But more cruel foes are the mountain horsemen. We dare not advance. Conoway quash nesika; cowards all are we."

"Fear naught, my cowards. The retinue of my high mightiness is safe, and shall be honored. Ye shall not be maltreated, nor even punished by me for your misdeeds. Have a mighty heart in your breasts, and onward."

Panic over, we paddled lustily, and soon landed at a high bluff,— the port of Nisqually. We hauled up the Bucentaur, grateful to the talisman shells along its gunwale, that they had guarded us against Bugaboo. I looked my last, for that time, upon the sturdy tides of Whulge, and led the way under the oaks toward the Fort.

Incised Design on Stone Dish. From Priest Rapids.

IV.

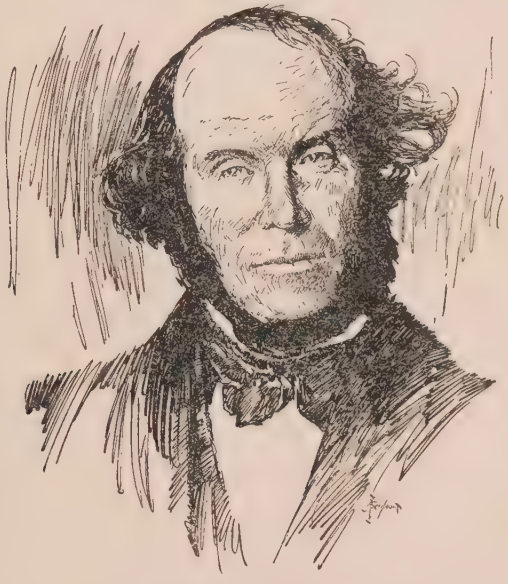
OWHHIGH.

It was harsh penance to a bootless man to tramp the natural macadam of minced trap-rock on the plateau above the Sound. The little pebbles of the adust volcanic pavement cut my moccasined feet like unboiled peas of pilgrimage. I marched along under the oaks as stately as frequent limping permitted. My motley retinue followed me humbly, bearing "ikta," my traps, and their own plunder. Their demeanor was crushed and cringing, greatly changed since the truculent scene over the captured lumoti, which I still kept as a trophy, hung at my waist to balance my pistol.

After a walk of a mile, with my body-guard of shabby S'Klalam aristocrats, I entered the Hudson's Bay Company's fort of Nisqually. Disrepute draggled after me, but my character was already established in a previous visit. I had left Dr. Tolmie, the factor, at Vancouver Island; Mr. H., his substitute, received me hospitably at the postern.* Nisqually is a palisaded enclosure, two hundred feet square. Bartizan towers protect its corners. Within are blockhouses for goods and furs, and one-story cottages for residence.

*Dr. William Fraser Tolmie had come to this country from Edinburgh in 1833, as a surgeon for the Hudson's Bay Company. He became a trader, and was for many years the Company's chief factor at Fort Nisqually. Soon after the discovery of gold on the Fraser River in 1857, he removed to Victoria, where he continued in charge of the Company's affairs until 1870. He was succeeded at Nisqually by Edward Huggins, an Englishman, who came to the coast in 1850, and who continued as chief factor until the United States took over the Company's property in 1869.

Indian leaguers have of yore beset this fort. Indians have lifted Indians up toward the fifteenth and topmost foot of the fir palisades. Shots from the loopholes of the bartizans dropped the assailants, and left them lying on the natural macadam without. Whereupon the survivors retired, and consulted about fire; but that fatal foe was



DR. WILLIAM FRASER TOLMIE,
Hudson's Bay Company's Factor in Charge at Fort Nisqually.

also defeated by the death of every incendiary as he approached.

To visit such a place is to recall and illustrate all our early New-England history. Our forefathers fled, in King Philip's time, to just such refuges. Personal contact with a similar state of facts makes their forgotten perils real. In that recent antiquity, pioneers exposed to the indiscriminate revenge of the savage flew from cabin and clearing to stockades far less defensible than this. Better its inse-

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cure shelter for wife and child than the terror of a forest forever seeming aglare with cruel eyes,— where the forester could never banish the curdling consciousness of an unseen presence, watching until the assassin moment came; where the silence might hear other sounds than the hum of insects or the music of birds,— might hear the scoffing yell of Indians, contemptuous victors over the race that scorned them. What wonder that the agonies of such suspense stirred up the settlers to cowardly slaughter of every savage, friend or foe? A frightened man becomes a barbarian and a brute. Fear is a miserable agent of civilization. We can hardly now connect ourselves with that period. No longer, when twigs crackle in the forest, do we shrink lest the parting leaves may reveal a new-comer, with whom we must race for life. Larceny is disgusting, burglary is unpleasant, arson is undesirable, murder is one of the foul arts; Indians were adepts in all of these trades at once. Any reminiscence of a condition from which we have happily escaped is agreeable. This palisade fort was a monument of a past age to me. It made me two hundred years old at once.

A monument, but not a cenotaph; on the contrary, it was full of bustling life. Rusty Indians, in all degrees of frowziness of person and costume, were trading at the shop for the three *b*'s of Indian desire,— blankets, beads, and 'baccy,— representatives of need, vanity, and luxury. The Klickatats had indeed arrived. To-morrow Owhhigh and the grandees were to come in from their camp to buy and sell. All the squaws purchasing to-day were hags beyond the age of coquetry in costume, yet they were buying beads and hanging them in hideous contrast about their baggy, wrinkled necks, and then glowering for admiration with dusky eyes. These were valued customers, since they knew the tariff, and never haggled, but paid cash or its equivalent, otter, beaver, and skunk skins, and similar treasures. The pretty girls would come afterward, as

money failed, and try to make their winsome smiles a substitute for funds.

In contrast to these unpleasant objects, a very handsome and gentlemanly young brave entered just after me, and came forward as I was greeting Mr. H. He was tall and loungingly graceful, and so fair that there must have been silver in the copper of his blood. This rather supercilious

EDWARD HUGGINS: Last Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Nisqually; the "Mr. H." of Chapter IV.

personage was, he told me, of Owhhigh's band, not by nation but by adoption. He was a Spokan from the Upper Columbia, a volunteer among the Klickatats, perhaps because their method of filibusterism was attractive, perhaps because there was a vendetta for him at home. He wore a semi-civilized costume,—coat of black from some far-away slop-shop of Britain, fringed leggins of buckskin from the lodge of a Klickatat tailoress. A broad-beaded

band crossed his breast, like the ribbon of an order of nobility. The incongruity in his costume was redeemed by his cool, dignified bearing. He was an Adonis of Nature, not a rubicund Adonis of the D'Orsay type. While we talked, he kept a cavalier's advantage, not dismounting from his fiery little saddleless black.

Him, by Mr. H.'s advice, I prayed to be my ambassador to the great Owhhigh. Would that dignitary permit me an interview to-morrow, and purvey me horses and a guide for my dash through his realm? My Spokan Adonis, with the self-possessed courtesy of a high-bred Indian, accepted the office of negotiator, and ventured to promise that Owhhigh would speed me. But in case Adonis should prove faithless, or Owhhigh indifferent, Mr. H. despatched a messenger at once for one of the Company's voyageurs, now a quiet colonist, who could resume the rover, and guide me, if other guidance failed, anywhere in the Northwest.

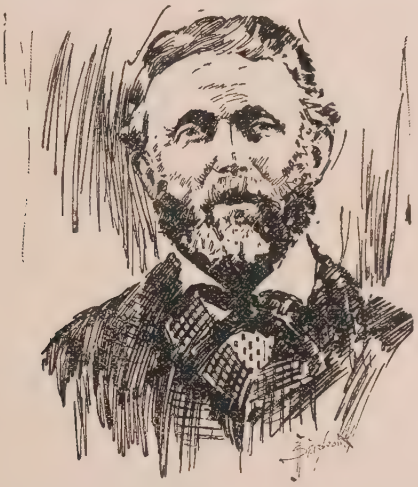
I now conducted the Duke and my party to the shop, and served out to them one two-and-a-half-point blanket apiece, and one to Olyman for the Bucentaur, accompanying the boon with a lecture on the evils of intemperance and the duty of faithfulness. They seemed quite pleased now that they had not butchered and scalped me, and expressed the friendliest sentiments, perhaps with a view to a liberal "potlatch" of trinkets. They also besought permission to encamp in the fort, lest pillage should befall them. It was growing dark, and the different parties of Indians admitted within the palisades were grouped, gypsy-like, about their cooking-fires. Some of these unbrotherly siwashes cast wolf's-eyes upon my Klalams, now an enviable and plunderable squad. These latter, wealthy and well-blanketed, skulked away into a corner, and when I saw them last, by their fire-light, the Duke, more like a degraded ecclesiastic than ever, was haranguing his family, while Jenny Lind sat at his feet, and bent upon him untruthful eyes. At morn they were not to be seen; the ducal pair, Olyman and the

ON THE NISQUALLY PRAIRIE TO-DAY.

This district, no longer kept treeless by Indian fires, is fast becoming forested with picturesque copses of young firs and oaks.

fishy, all had vanished. A few unconsidered trifles, such as a gun, a blanket, and a basket of kamas-roots, property of the unbrotherly, had vanished with them. Unconsidered trifles will stumble against the shins of Indians, stealing away at night.

As these representatives of Klalam civilization now make final exit from my narrative, I must give them a proper "teapot." They may be taken as types of the worse



COLONEL MICHAEL T. SIMMONS: Appointed by Gov. Stevens in 1853 as Indian Agent for the Puget Sound Tribes. Famous as "the Daniel Boone of the Territory."

character of the coast Indians,—jolly brutes, with the bad and the good traits of savages, and much harmed by the besettings of civilized temptations.

I cannot omit from the Duke of York's teapot facts within my own observation,—that he was drunken, idle, insolent, and treacherous,—nor the hearsay fact that he has since been beguiled into murders; but I must notice also his apologies of race, circumstance, the bad influence of

Pikes by land and profane tars by sea, and governmental neglect, a logical result of slavery.*

Mr. H. had had great success in converting the brown dust of a dry swamp without the fort into a garden of succulent vegetables. As we were inspecting the cabbages and onions next morning, we heard a resonance of hoofs over the trap pavement. A noise of galloping sounded among the oaks. Presently a wild dash of Indian cavaliers burst into sight. Their equipment might not have borne inspection: few things will, here below, except such as rose-leaves and the cheeks of a high-bred child. Prejudice might have called their steeds scrubby mustangs; prejudice might have used the word *tag-rag* as descriptive of the fly-away effect of a troop all a-flutter with ribbons, fur-tails, deerskin fringes, trailing lariats, and whirling whip-thongs. It was a very irregular and somewhat ragamuffin brigade. But the best hussars of the Christendom that sustains itself by means of hussars are tawdry and clumsy to a critical eye, and

*It is only fair to the memory of this famous siwash character to say that other contemporaries give him much better "teapots" than does Winthrop. Thus Elwood Evans (*History of the Pacific Northwest*) says: "Cheetsamahoin, who is usually styled the Duke of York, appears to have been hereditary chief of the Clallams. He was an able, faithful ruler, and highly esteemed by the whites. As early as 1854 he was officially appointed head chief of his tribe by Governor Stevens through the agent, Michael T. Simmons. He held this office and performed its duties with vigor and fidelity until, in 1870, he was found to be growing too old, and by Agent Eells was at that time constituted honorary chief. He was a good, faithful man, and doubtless saved many lives by his honest adherence to our government. He died a few years ago at a great age, and was followed to his grave by a great concourse of people of both the white and Indian races."

James G. Swan tells of the Duke's visit to him in San Francisco: "This chief, whose name was Chetzamokha, and who is known by the whites as the Duke of York, was very urgent to have me visit his people. Subsequently, on his return home he sent me a present of a beautiful canoe," etc.—*Swan: The Northwest Coast*, 17.

Costello tells of seeing the Duke in 1869, and speaks of him and his tribesmen as "the noble old Indian with a large retinue of followers."—*Costello: The Siwash*, 100.

Winthrop, in his journal on August 22, gives a third form of the Duke's Indian name,— "Chitsmash." I have not been able to find any evidence of truth in the rumors which Winthrop heard, charging the Duke and his brother, "King George," with the murder of whites.

certainly not so picturesque as these Klickatats, stampeding toward us from under the gray mossy oaks.

They came, deployed in the open woods, now hidden in a hollow, now rising a crest, all at full gallop, loud over the baked soil,—a fantastic cavalcade. They swept about the angle of the fort, and we, following, found them grouped near the open postern, waiting for permission to enter. Some were dismounted; some were dashing up and down on their shaggy nags,—a band of picturesque marauders on a peaceful foray.

Owhhigh and his aides-de-camp stood a little apart, Spokan Adonis among them. At a sign from Mr. H., they followed us within the fort, and entered the factor's cottage. Much ceremony is observed by the Hudson's Bay Company with the Indians. Discipline must be preserved. Dignity tells. Indians, having it, appreciate it. Owhhigh alone was given a seat opposite us. His counsellors stood around him, while three or four less potent members of his suite peered gravely over their shoulders. The palaver began.

Owhhigh's braves were gorgeous with frippery, and each wore a beaded order. The Murats of the world make splendid fighting-cocks of themselves with martial feathers; the Napoleons wear gray surtouts. Owhhigh was in stern simplicity of Indian garb. On ordinary occasions of council with whites, he would courteously or ambitiously have adopted their costume; now, as he was master of the situation and grantee of favors, he appeared in his own proper style. He wore a handsome buckskin shirt, heavily epauletted and trimmed along the seams with fringe, and leggins and moccasins of the same. For want of Tyrian dye, these robes were regalized by a daubing of red clay. A circlet of otter fur served him for coronet. He was a man of bulk and stature, a chieftainly personage, a fine old Roman, cast in bronze, and modernized with a fresh glazing of vermilion over his antiquated duskiness of hue. And certainly

no Roman senator, with adjuncts of whity-brown toga, curule chair, and patrician ancestry, seated to wait his doom from the Gauls, ever had an air of more impassive dignity than this head horse-thief of the Klickatats.

In an interview with a royal personage, his own language should be used. But we, children of an embryo civilization, are trained in the inutilities of tongues dead as Julius Cæsar, never in the living idioms of our native princes. I was not, therefore, voluble in Klickatat and Yakimah. Chinook jargon, however, the French of Northwestern diplomatic

OW-HI: A Chief of the Yakimas.

life, I had mastered. Owhhigh called upon one of his "young men" to interpret his speeches into Chinook. The interpreter stepped forward, and stood expectant,— a youth fraternally like my Spokan, but with a sprinkle more of intelligence, and a sparkle less of beauty.

My suit, already known, was now formally stated to the chief. I wanted to buy three quadrupeds, and hire one biped guide for a trip across the Cascade Mountains, and on to the Dalles of the Columbia. The distance was

about two hundred miles, and I had seven days to effect it. Could it be done?

"Yes," replied Owhhigh; and then — his bronze face remaining perfectly calm and Rhadamanthine — he began, with most expressive pantomime, an oration, describing my route across the mountains. His talk went on in swaying monotone, rising and falling with the subject, while with vigorous gesture he pictured the changeful journey. The interpreter saw that I comprehended, and did not interfere. Occasionally, when I was posed, I turned to him, and he aided me with some Chinook word, or a sputtered phrase of concentrated meaning. Meanwhile the circle of counsellors murmured approval, and grunted coincidence of opinion.

My way was to lead, so said the emphatic recital of Owhhigh, first through an open forest, sprinkled with lakes, and opening into great prairies. By and by the denser forest of firs would meet me, and giant columnar stems, parting, leave a narrow vista, where I could penetrate into the gloom. The dash of a rapid, shallow, white river, the Puyallop, where was a salmon-fishery, would cross my trail. Then I must climb through mightier woods and thicker thickets, where great bulks of fallen trees lay, and barricaded the path; must follow up a turbulent river, the S'Kamish, crossing it often, at fords where my horses could hardly bear up against the current. Ever and anon, like a glimpse of blue through a storm, this rough way would be enlivened by a prairie, with beds of fern for my repose, and long grass for my tiring beasts,— grass long as macaroni, so he measured it with outstretched hands. Now the difficulties were to come. He depicted the craggy side of a great mountain,— horses scrambling up stoutly, riders grasping the mane and balancing carefully lest a misstep should send horse and man over a precipice. The summit gained, here again were luxurious tarrying-places, oases of prairie, and perhaps, in some sheltered nook, a bank of last winter's snow.

Here there must be a long nooning, that the horses, tied up the night before in the forest, and browsing wearily on bitter twigs, might recruit. Then came the steep descent, and so, pressing on, I should arrive for my third night's camp at a prairie, low down on the eastern slope of the mountains, where a mighty hunter, the late Sowee, once dwelt. Up before dawn next morning,—continued Owhhigh's vivid tale, vivid in gesture, and droning ever in delivery,—up at the peep of day, for this was a long march and a harsh one, and striking soon a clear river flowing east, the Nachchese, I was to follow it. The river grew, and went tearing down a terrible gorge; through this my path led, sometimes in the bed of the stream, sometimes, when precipices drew too close and the gulf too profound, I must climb, and trace a perilous course along the brink far above, where I might bend over and see the water roaring a thousand feet below. At last the valley would broaden, and groves of pine appear. Then my horses, if not too way-worn, could gallop over the immense swells of a rolling prairie-land. Here I would encounter some of the people of Owhhigh. A sharp turn to the right would lead me across a mass of wild, bare hills, into the valley of another stream, the Atinam, where was a mission and men in long robes who prayed at a shrine. By this time my horses would be exhausted; I should take fresh ones, if possible, from the priests' band, and riding hard across a varied region of hill, prairie, and bulky mountains thick with pines, and then long levels where Skloo, a brother-chieftain, ranged, I would arrive, after two days from the mission, at a rugged space of hills, and, climbing there, find myself overlooking the vast valley of the Columbia. Barracks and tents in sight. Scamper down the mountain. Fire a gun at river's bank. Indians hear, cross in canoe, ferry me and swim my horses. All safely done in six crowded days. So said Owhhigh.

This description was given with wonderful vivacity and verity. Owhhigh as a pantomimist would have commanded

brilliant success on any stage. Would that there were more like him in this wordy world.

He promised also a guide, his son, now at the camp, and as to my horses, I might choose from the cavalcade. We went out to make selection,—all the Klickatats, except Owhhigh, Adonis, and the interpreter, following in bow-legged silence. These three were vocal, and of better model than their fellows. No Indian wished to sell his best horse; each his second-best, at the price of the best. Their backs were in shocking condition. Pads and pack-saddles had galled them so that it was painful to a humane being to mount; but I felt that any one of them, however maltreated, would better in my service. I should ride him hard, but care for him tenderly. Indians have too much respect for "pasaiooks," blanketeers, Caucasians, to endeavor to cajole us. They suppose that, in a horse-trade, we know what we want. No jockeying was attempted; there were the nags, I might prove them, and buy or not, without solicitation.

The hard terrace without the fort served us for race-course. We galloped the wiry nags up and down, while the owners waited in an emotionless group, calm as gamblers. Should any one sell a horse, he would not only pocket the price, but be spurred to new thefts from tribes hostile or friendly to fill the vacancy; yet all were too proud to exhibit eagerness, or puff their property.

At last, from the least bad I chose first for my pack animal a strawberry-roan cob, a "chunk of a horse," a quadruped with the legs of an elephant, the head of a hippopotamus, and a peculiar gait;—he trod most emphatically, as if he were striving to go through the world's crust at every step. This habit suggested the name he at once received. I called him Antipodes, in honor of the region he was aiming at,—a name of ill omen, suggesting a spot where I often wished him afterwards. My second choice, the mount for my guide, was Antipodes repeated, with slight improve-

ments of form and manner. Gubbins I dubbed him, appropriately, with a first accolade,—accolade often repeated, during our acquaintance, with less mildness. Hard horses were Antipodes and Gubbins,— hard trotters, hard-mouthed, hard-hided brutes. Each was delivered to me with a hair rope twisted for bridle about his lower lip, sawing it raw.

And now the most important decision remained to be made. It was nothing to me that a misty phantom, my guide, should be jolted over the passes of Tacoma on a Gubbins or an Antipodes, but my own seat, should it be upon Rosinante or Bucephalus, upon an agile caracoler or a lubberly plodder? Step forward, then, cool and careless Klickatat, from thy lair of dirty blanket, with that black pony of thine. The black was satisfactory. His ribs, indeed, were far too visible, and there were concavities where there should have been the convex fullness of well-conditioned muscle, but he had a plucky, wiry look, and his eye showed spirit without spite. His lope was as elastic as the bounding of a wind-sped cloud over a rough mountain-side. His other paces were neat and vigorous. I bought him at more dollars than either of his comrades of clumsier shape and duller hue. Indians do not love their horses well enough to name them. My new purchase I baptized Klale. Klale in Chinook jargon is Black,— and thus do mankind, putting commonplace into foreign tongues or into big words of their own, fancy that they make it uncommonplace and original.

There are several requisites for travel. First, a world and a region of world to traverse; second, a traveller; third, means of conveyance, legs human or other, barks, carts, enchanted carpets, and the like; fourth, guidance by man personal, or man impersonal acting by roads, guide-boards, maps, and itineraries; fifth, multifarious wherewithals. The first two requisites seem to be indispensable in the human notion of travel, and existed in my case. The third I had

provided; my stud was complete. A guide was promised; after an interview with Owhhigh I could give credence to his unseen son, and believe that the fourth requisite of my journey was also ready. I must now arrange my miscellaneous outfit. For this purpose the resources of Fort Nisqually were infinite. Mr. H. approached the dusty warehouses; he wielded the wand of an enchanter, and forth from dim corners came a pack-saddle for Antipodes, a pad-saddle for Gubbins, and great hide packs for my traps. Forth from the shelves of the shop came paraphernalia,—tin pot, tin pan, tin cups, and the needful luxuries of tea and sugar. My pork and hardtack had been already provided at Steilacoom, and Mr. H. added to them what I deemed half a dozen gnarled lignum-vitæ roots. Experimental whittling proved these to be cured ox-tongues, a precious accession. My list was complete.

I was lodged in a small cabin adjoining the factor's cottage. All my sundries had been piled here for packing, and I was standing, somewhat mazed, in the centre of a group of tin pots, gnarled tongues, powder-horns, papers of tea, blankets, bread-bags, bridles, spurs, and toggery, when in walked Owhhigh, followed by several of his suite.

Owhhigh seated himself on the floor, with an air of condescension, and for some time regarded my preparations in grave silence. Mr. H. had told me that his parade of an interpreter during the council was only to make an impression. Some men regard an assumption of ignorance as lofty. Now, however, Owhhigh, dropping in unceremoniously, laid aside his sham dignity with a purpose. We had before agreed upon the terms of payment for my guide. The ancient horse-thief sat like a Pacha, smoking an inglorious dhudeen, and at last, glancing at certain articles of raiment of mine, thus familiarly, in Chinook, broke silence.

Owhhigh. "Halo she collocks nika tenas; no breeches hath my son" (the guide).

I. (In an Indianesque tone of some surprise, but great indifference). "Ah hagh!"

Owhhigh. "Pe halo shirt; and no shirt."

I. (Assenting, with equal indifference). "Ah hagh!"

Owhhigh smokes, and is silent, and Spokan Adonis fugues in, "Pe wake yaka shoes; and no shoes hath he."

Another aide-de-camp takes up the strain. "Yahwah mitlite shoes, closche copa Owhhigh tenas; there are shoes (pointing to a pair of mine) good for the son of Owhhigh."

I. "Stick shoes ocook,—wake closche copa siwash; hard shoes (not moccasins) those,—not good for Indian."

Owhhigh. "Hyas tyee mika,—hin mitlite ikta,—halo ikta mitlite copa nika tenas,—mika tikky hin potlatch; great chief thou,—with thee plenty traps abide,—no traps hath my son,—thou wilt give him abundance."

I. "Pe hyas tyee Owhhigh,—conoway ikta mitlite-pe hin yaka potlatch copa liticum; and a great chief is Owhhigh,—all kinds of property are his, and many presents does he make to his people."

Profound silence followed these mutual hints. Owhhigh smoked in thoughtful whiffs, and the pipe went round. The choir bore their failure stoically. They had done their best that their comrade might be arrayed at my expense, and if I did not choose to throw in a livery, I must bear the shame and the unsavoriness if he were frowzy. At last, to please Owhhigh, and requite him for the entertainment of his oratory, I promised that, if his son were faithful, I would give him a generous premium, possibly the very shirt and other articles they had admired. Whereupon, after more unwordy whiffs and ineffectual hints that they too were needy, Owhhigh and his braves lounged off, the gloomy bow-legged ones, who had not spoken, bringing up the rear. I soon had everything in order, tongues, tea, and tin properly stowed, and was ready to be off.

Experienced campaigners attempt no more than a start and a league or two the first day of a long march. To

burst the ties that bind us to civilization is an epoch of itself. The first camp of an expedition must not be beyond reclamation of forgotten things. Starts, too, will often be false starts. Raw men and raw horses and mules will condense into a muddle, or explode into a centrifugal stampede, a "blazing star," as packers name it. Then the pack-horse with the flour bolts and makes paste of his burden, up to his spine in a neighboring pool. The powder mule lies down in the ashes of a cooking fire. The pork mule, in greasy gallop, trails fatness over the plain. In a thorny thicket, a few white shreds reveal where the tent mule tore through. Another beast flies madly, while after him clink all the cannikins, battering themselves shapeless upon his flanks. It is chaos, and demands hours perhaps of patience to make order again.

Such experience in a minor degree might befall even my little party of three horses and two men. I therefore, for better speed, resolved to disentangle myself this evening and have a clear field to-morrow. Recalcitrant Antipodes, therefore, suffered compulsion, and was packed with his complex burdens. Leaving him and Gubbins with Owhhigh to follow and be disciplined, Mr. H. and I galloped on under the oaks, over the trap-rock, toward the Klickatat camp. Klale, with ungalling saddle, and a merciful rider of nine stone weight, loped on gayly.

The Klickatats were encamped on a prairie near the house of a settler, five miles from the fort. Just without the house was a group of them gambling. Presently Owhhigh followed Mr. H. and me into the farmer's kitchen, bringing forward for introduction his son, my guide. He was one of the gambling group. I inspected him narrowly. My speed, my success, my safety, depended upon his good faith. Owhhigh bore no very high character,— why should son be honester than father? To an Indian the temptation to play foul by a possessor of horses, guns, blankets, and traps was enormous.

My future comrade was a tallish stripling of twenty, dusky-hued and low-browed. A mat of long, careless, sheenless black hair fell almost to his shoulders. Dull black were his eyes, not veined with agate-like play of color, as are the eyes of the sympathetic and impressionable. His chief physiognomical characteristic was a downward look, like the brown study of a detected pickpocket, inquiring with himself whether villany pays; his chief personal and seemingly permanent characteristic was squalor. Squalid was his hickory shirt, squalid his buckskin leggins, long widowed of their fringe. Yet it was not a mean, but a proud uncleanliness, like that of a fakir, or a voluntarily unwashed hermit. He flaunted his dirtiness in the face of civilization, claiming respect for it, as merely a different theory of the toilette. I cannot say that this new actor in my drama looked trustworthy, but there was a certain rascally charm in his rather insolent dignity, and an exciting mystery in his undecipherable phiz. I saw that there was no danger of our becoming friends. There existed an antagonism in our natures which might lead to defiance and hostility, or possibly terminate in mutual respect.

Loolowcan was his name. I took him for better or for worse, without questions.

Owhhigh fully vouched for him,—but who would vouch for the voucher? Who could satisfy me that the horse-thieving morality of papa might not result in scalp-thieving principles in the youth? At least, he knew the way unerringly. My path was theirs, of constant transit from inland to sea-side. As to his conduct, Owhhigh gave him an impressive harangue, stretching forth his arm in its fringed sleeve, and gesturing solemnly. This paternal admonition was, for my comprehension, expressed in Chinook jargon, doubly ludicrous with Owhhigh's sham stateliness of rhetoric. His final injunctions to young hopeful may be condensed as follows:—

"Great chief go to Dalles. Want to go fast. Six days.

AMONG THE DOUGLAS FIRS.

"The trail took us speedily into a forest-temple. Wherever I rode into the sombre vista, the dark-purple trunks drew together, like a circuit of palisades, and closed after."

Good pay. S'pose want fresh horses other side mountains,—you get 'em. Get everything. Look sharp. No fear bad Indian at Dalles; great chief not let 'em beat you. Be good boy! Good bye!"

Owhhigh presented me, as a parting gift, his whip, which I had admired, a neat baton with a long hide lash and loop of otter fur for the wrist. I could by its aid modify, without altering, the system of education already pursued with my horses. Homeric studies had taught me that the gifts of heroes should be reciprocal. I therefore, for lack of more significant token, prayed Owhhigh to accept a piece of silver. We shook hands elaborately and parted. He was hanged or shot last summer in the late Indian wars of that region.* I regret his martyrdom, and hope that in his present sphere his skill as a horse-thief is better directed.

I had also adieux to offer to Mr. H., and thanks for his kind energy in forwarding me. From him, as from all the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Northwest, I had received the most genuine hospitality, hearty entertainment, legendary and culinary.

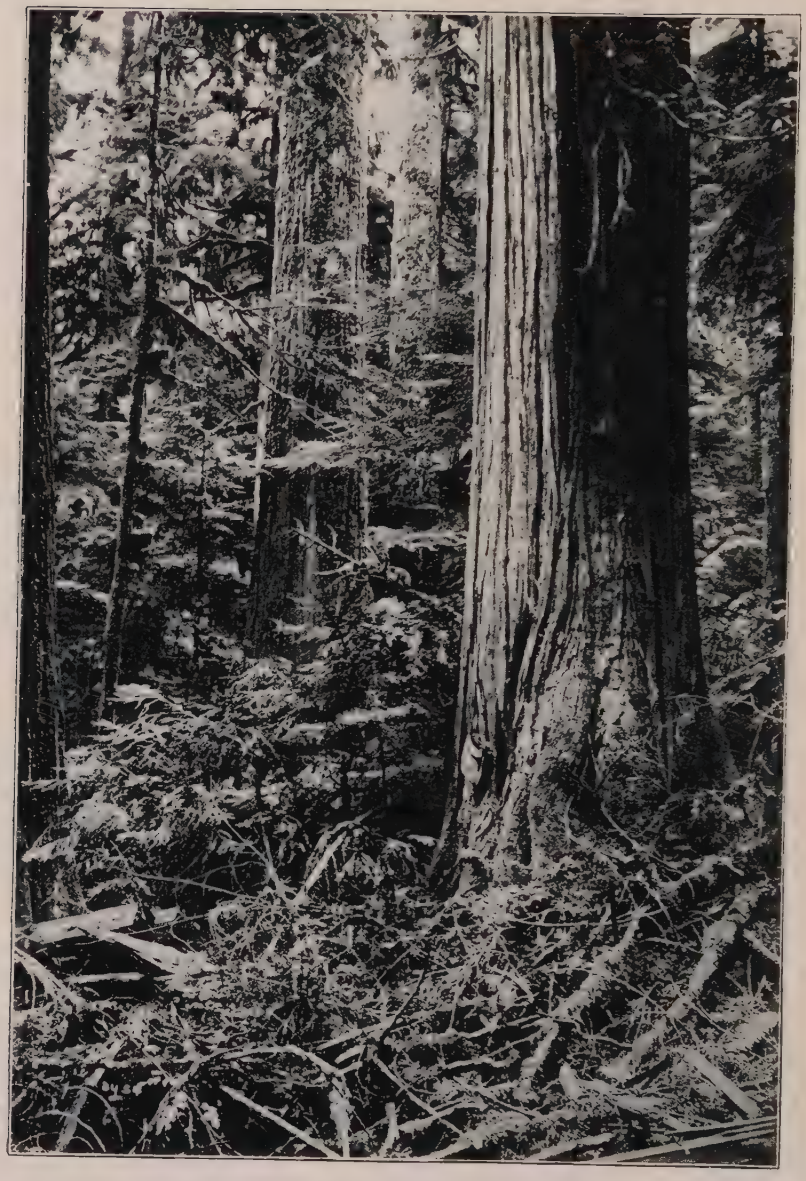
And now for my long ride across the country! Here, Loolowcan, is Gubbins, thy steed,—drive thou Antipodes, clumsiest of cobs. I have mounted Klale,—let us gallop eastward.

Eastward I galloped with what eager joy! I flung myself again alone upon the torrent of adventure, with a lurking hope that I might prove new sensations of danger, new tests of manhood in its confident youth. I was going homeward across the breadth of the land, and with the excitement of this large thought there came a slight reactionary sinking of heart, and a dread lest I had exhausted onward life, and now, turning back from its foremost verge, should

*In September, 1856, Owhi, then a prisoner, and Lieut. Morgan, who were riding together, became separated from Col. Wright's command, and the treacherous old warrior made a dash for liberty. A shot from Morgan's revolver brought him to the ground, and a bullet from a soldier's rifle ended his life.

find myself dwindling into dull conservatism, and want of prophetic faith. I feared that I was retreating from the future into the past. Yet if one but knew it, his retreats are often his wisest and bravest advances.

I had, however, little time for meditation, morbid or healthy. Something always happens, in the go and the gallop of travel, demanding quick, instinctive action. Antipodes was in this case the agent to make me know my place. Antipodes, pointing his nose eastward toward his native valleys, had pounded along the trail for a couple of miles over the hillocks of a stony prairie, and on his back rattled my packs, for solace or annoyance, according to his own views. At a fork of the trail, Loolowcan urged Gubbins to the front, to indicate the route. Right-about went Antipodes. Back toward Squally bolted that stiff-legged steed,—stiff-legged no more, but far too limber,—and louder on his back rattled my pots and pans, a merry sound, could I have listened with no thought of the pottage and pancakes that depended upon the safety of my tin-ware. Still I could be amused at his grotesque gallop, for he had not discomfited me, and I could chuckle at the thought of another sound, when he was overtaken, and when upon a strawberry-roan surface fell the whip, the Owhhigh gift, now swinging at my wrist by its loop of otter-skin, for greater momentum of stroke. Clattering over the paved prairie we hied, the defaulter a little in advance and artfully dodging,—Loolowcan and I close upon him. Still more artfully at last he made show of finding the trail, and went pounding along, as if no traitorous stampede had happened. A total failure was this crafty sham, this too late repentance and acknowledgment of defeat. Vengeance will not thus be baffled. Men discover with bitterness that nature continues to use the scourge long after they have reformed, until relapse becomes impossible by the habit of virtue. So Antipodes experienced. Pendulum whips do not swing for nothing, and he never



LOWLAND CEDARS ALONG THE WHITE RIVER.

again attempted absolute revolt, but grumblingly acknowledged his duty to his master.

This was an evening of August, in a climate where summer is never scorching nor blasting. We breathe air as a matter of course, unobservant usually of how fair a draught it is. But to-night the chalice of nature was brimming with a golden haze, which touched the lips with luxurious winy flavor.

So inhaling delicate gray-gold puffs of indolent summer-evening air, and much tranquillized by such beverage, mild yet rich, I rode on, now under the low oaks, now over a ripe prairie, and now beside a lake fresh, pure, and feminine. And whenever a vista opened eastward, Tacoma appeared above the low-lying mist of the distance. "Polikely, spose mika tikky, nesika mitlite copa Comcomli house; to-night, if you please, we stop at Comcomli's house," said Loolowcan the taciturn.

Night was at hand, and where was the house? It is not wise to put off choice of camping-ground till dark; foresight is as needful to a campaigner as to any other mortal. But presently, in a pretty little prairie, we reached the spot where a certain Montgomery, wedded to a squaw, had squatted, and he should be our host. His name, too articulate for Indian lips, they had softened to Comcomli. A similar corruption befell the name of the Scotticized chief of the Chinooks, whom Astor's people found at Astoria, and whom Mr. Irving has given to history.*

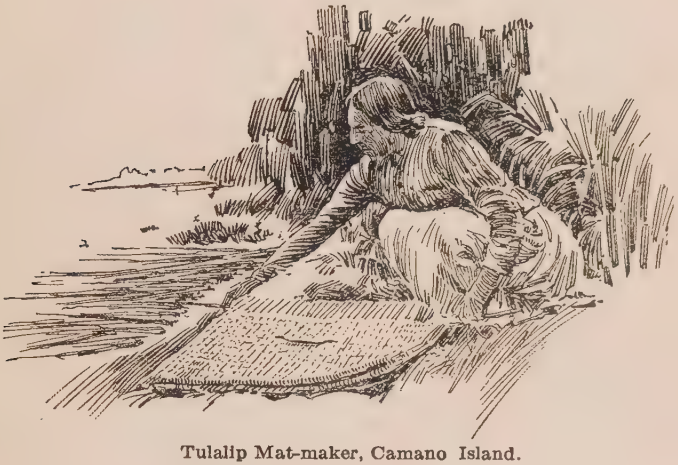
Mr. Comcomli was absent, but his comely "mild-eyed, melancholy" squaw received us hospitably. Her Squally-amish proportions were oddly involved in limp robes of calico, such as her sisters from Pike County wear. She gave us a supper of fried pork, bread, and tea. We encamped upon her floor, and were somewhat trodden under foot by little half-breed Comcomlis, patrolling about during the night-watches.

**Irving: Astoria*, Chapter VIII.

Loolowcan here began to show the white feather. His heart sank when he contemplated the long leagues of the trail. He wanted to return. He was solitary,—homesick for the congenial society of other youths with matted hair, dusky skins, paint-daubed cheeks, low brows, and distinguished frowziness of apparel. He wanted to squat by camp-fires, and mutter guttural gibberish to such as these. The old, undying feud of blackguard against gentleman seemed in danger of pronouncing itself. Besides, he feared hostile siwashes at the Dalles of the Columbia. In his superstitious soul of a savage he dreaded, or pretended to dread, some terrible magical influence in the gloomy forests of the mountains. Of evil omen to me, and worse than any demon spell in the craggy dells of the Cascades, was this vacillation of my guide. However, I argued somewhat, and somewhat wheedled and bullied the doubter. Loolowcan was harder to keep in line than Antipodes. One may tame Bucephalus, but several new elements of character are to be considered when the attempt is made to manage Pagan savages.

At last my guide seemed to waver over to the side of good faith, with a dishonest air and a pretense of wishing to oblige. Shaken confidence hardly returns, and from hour to hour, as the little Comcomlis pranced over my person, and trampled my upturned nose a temporary aquiline, I awoke, and studied the dark spot where my dusky comrade lay. Each time I satisfied myself that he had not flitted. Nor did he. When morning came, his heart grew bigger. Difficulties portentous in the ghostly obscure of night vanished with cock-crowing. He contemplated his fair proportions, and felt that new clothes would become them. He rose, stalked about, and longed for the dignified drapery of a new blanket. How the other low-browed and squalid, from whom he had been selected for his knowledge as a linguist and his talents as a guide,—how they would scoff, and call him Kallapooya, meanest of Indians, if he sneaked

back to camp bootless! He turned to me, and saw me a civilized man, in garb and guise to be envied. So for a time treachery was argued out of the heart of Loolowcan the frowzy.



Tulalip Mat-maker, Camano Island.

V.

FORESTS OF THE CASCADES.

To have started with dawn is a proud and exhilarating recollection all the day long. The most godlike impersonality men know is the sun. To him the body should pay its matinal devotions, its ardent, worshipful greetings, when he comes, the joy of the world; then is the soul elated to loftier energies, and nerved to sustain its own visions of glories transcending the spheres where the sun reigns sublime. Tame and inarticulate is the harmony of a day that has not known the delicious preludes of dawn. For the sun, the godlike, does not come hastily blundering in upon the scene. Nor does he bounce forth upon the arena of his action, like a circus clown. Much beautiful labor of love is done by earth and sky, preparing a pageant where their Lord shall enter. Slowly, like the growth of any feeling grand, deep, masterful, and abiding, nature's power of comprehending the coming blessing develops. First, up in the colorless ranges of night there is a feeling of quiver and life, broader than the narrow twinkle of stars,—a tender lucency, not light, but rather a sense of the departing of darkness. Then a gray glimmer, like the sheen of filed silver, trembles upward from the black horizon. Gray deepens to violet. Clouds flush and blaze. The sky grows azure. The pageant thickens. Beams dart up. The world shines golden. The sun comes forth to cheer, to bless, to vivify.

For other reasons more obviously practical, needs must that campaigners stir with dawn, and start with sunrise. No daylight is long enough for its possible work, as no life

WHITE RIVER.

View from the State Road designed to reach the northeast entrance of Rainier National Park.

is long enough for its possible development in wisdom and love. In the beautiful, fresh hours of early day vigorous influences are about. The sun is doing his uphill work easily, climbing without a thought of toil to the breathing-spot of high noon. Every flower of the world is boldly open; there is no languid droop in any stem. Blades of grass have tossed lightly off each its burden of a dew-drop, and now stand upright and alert. Man rises from recumbency taller by fractions of an inch than when he sank to repose, with a brain leagues higher up in the regions of ability,—leagues above doubt and depression; and a man on a march, with long wildness of mountain and plain to overpass, is urged by necessity to convert power into achievement.

Up, then, at earliest of light, I sprang from the ground. I roused Loolowcan, and found him in healthier and braver mood, and ready to lead on. While, after one sympathetic gaze at Aurora, I made up my packs, my Klickatat untethered the horses from spots where all night they had champed the succulent grasses. This control of tethering was necessary on separating my steeds from their late comrades. Indian nags, like Indian youths, are gregarious, and had my ponies escaped, I should probably have seen them never more. Even my graceful Adonis, the Spokan, would not have hesitated to seclude a stray Antipodes, galloping back to the herd, and innocently to offer me another and a sorrier, to be bought with fresh moneys.

The trail took us speedily into a forest-temple. Long years of labor by artists the most unconscious of their skill had been given to modelling these columnar firs.* Unlike

*The typical tree of the North Pacific Slope is the "Douglas fir," sometimes called "Douglas spruce," "Oregon pine," etc., but, curiously enough, properly neither fir, spruce, nor pine, but, according to the botanists, false hemlock, *Pseudotsuga taxifolia*. This tree alone has done more for the Northwest than any other source of wealth, furnishing, as Sudworth says, "the finest and largest saw timber of any native trees, if not of any trees in the world."

"Douglas fir recalls by its name one of the heroes of science, David

the pillars of human architecture, chipped and chiselled in bustling, dusty quarries, and hoisted to their site by sweat of brow and creak of pulley, these rose to fairest proportion by the life that was in them, and blossomed into foliated capitals three hundred feet overhead.

Riding steadily on, I found no thinning of this mighty array, no change in the monotony of this monstrous vegetation. These giants with their rough plate-armor were masters here; one of human stature was unmeaning and incapable. With an axe, a man of muscle might succeed in smiting off a flake or a chip; but his slight fibres seemed naught to battle, with any chance of victory, with the time-hardened sinews of these Goliaths. It grew somewhat dreary to follow down the vistas of this ungentle woodland, passing forever between rows of rough-hewn pillars, and never penetrating to any shrine where sunshine entered and dwelt, and garlands grew for the gods of the forest. Wherever I rode into the sombre vista, and turned by chance to trace the trail behind me, the dark-purple trunks drew together, like a circuit of palisades, and closed after, crowding me forward down the narrow inevitable way, as ugly sins, co-operating only to evolve an uglier remorse, forbid the soul to turn back to purity, and crowd it, shrinking, on into blacker falseness to itself.

Douglas, a Scotch naturalist who explored these forests nearly ninety years ago, and discovered not only this particular giant of the woods, but also the great sugar pine and many other fine trees and plants. As a pioneer botanist, searching the forest, Douglas presented a surprising spectacle to the Indians. 'The Man of Grass' they called him.*** The splendid conifer which men have called after him is one of the kings of all treeland. The most abundant species of the Northwest, it is also, commercially, the most important. Sometimes reaching a height of more than 250 feet, it grows in remarkably close stands, and covers vast areas with valuable timber that will keep the multiplying mills of Oregon and Washington sawing for generations. In the dense shade of the forests, it raises a straight and stalwart trunk, clear of limb for a hundred feet or more. On the older trees, its deeply furrowed bark is often a foot thick. Trees of eight feet diameter are at least three hundred years old, and rare ones, much larger, have been cut showing an age of more than five centuries."— From "The Forests," by H. D. Langille, in *Williams: The Guardians of the Columbia.*

Before my courage was quelled by a superstitious dread that from this austere wood was no escape, I came upon a river, cleaving the darkness with a broad belt of sunshine. A river signifies much on the earth. It signifies something to mix with proper drinkables; it signifies navigation, in birch-canoe, seventy-four, floating palace, dug-out, or lumber ark; it signifies motion, less transitory than the tremble of leaves, and shadows. This particular river, the Puyallop, had another distinct significance to me,—it was certain to supply

Indian Canoe on the Puyallup River.

provisions, fish, salmon. As I expected, some fishing Indians were here to sell me their silver beauty, a noble fellow who this morning had tasted the pickle of Whulge, and had the cosmopolitan look of a fish but now from ocean palace and grot, where he was a welcome guest and a regretted absentee. It was truly to be deplored that he could never reappear in those Neptunian realms with tales of wild adventure; yet if to this most brilliant of fish his hour of destiny had come, how much better than feeding foul Indians it was to belong to me, who would treat his proportions with respect, feel the exquisiteness of his coloring, grill him delicately, and eat him daintily!

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Potatoes, also, I bought of the Indians, and bagged them till my bags were knobby withal,—potatoes with skins of smooth and refined texture, like the cheeks of a brunette, and like them showing fair rosiness through the transparent brown. For these peaceful products I paid in munitions of war. Four charges of powder and shot were deemed by the Nestor of the siwash family a liberal, even a lavishly bounteous price, for twoscore of tubers and a fifteen-pound salmon; and in two corners of the flap of his sole inner and outer garment that tranquil sage tied up his hazardous property. Such barter dignifies marketing. Usually what a man pays for his dinner does not interest the race; but here I was giving destruction for provender, death for life. Perhaps Nestor shot the next traveller with my ammunition, and the juices of that salmon were really my brother Yankee's blood. Avaunt, horrid thought! and may it be that the powder and the shot went for killing porcupines, or that their treasurer stumbled in the stream, and drowned his deadly stores!

Well satisfied with my new possessions, I said adieu to the monotonous mumblers of Puyallop,—a singularly fishy old gentleman, his wife an oleaginous hag, an emotionless youth of the Loolowcan type, and a flat-faced young damsel with a circle of vermilion on each broad cheek and a red blanket for all raiment. I waded the milky stream, scuffled across its pebbly bed, and plunged again among the phalanxes of firs. These opened a narrow trail, wide enough to wind rapidly along, and my little cortège dashed on deeper into the wilderness. I had not yet entirely escaped from civilization, so much as Yankee pioneers carry with them, namely, blue blankets and the smell of fried pork. In a prairie about noon to-day I saw a smoke, near that smoke a tent, and at that smoke two men in ex-soldier garb. Frying pork were these two braves, as at most habitations, up and down and athwart this continent, cooking braves or their wives are doing three times

a day, incensing dawn, noon, and sunset. These two had taken this pretty prairie as their "claim," hoping to become the vanguard of colonization. They became its forlorn hope. The point of civilization's entering wedge into barbarism is easily knocked off. These squatters were knocked off, as some of the earliest victims of the Indian war three summers after my visit. It is odd how much more interest I take in these two settlers since I heard that they were scalped. More fair prairies strung themselves along the trail, possibly less fair in seeming to me then, could I have known that murder would soon disfigure them; that savages, and perhaps among them the low-browed Loolowcan, would lurk behind the purple trunks of these colossal firs, watching not in vain for the safe moment to slay. For so it was, and the war in that territory began three years after, by massacres in these outlying spots.

I was now to be greeted by a nearer vision of an old love. A great bliss, or a sublime object, or a giant aspiration of our souls, lifts first upon our horizon, and swelling fills our sphere, and stoops forward with winsome condescension. And taking our clew, we approach through the labyrinths. Glimpses are never wanting to sustain us lest we faint and fail along the lacerating ways. Such a glimpse I was now to have of Tacoma. I had long been obstructedly nearing it, first in the leaky Bucentaur, propelled over strong-flowing Whulge by Klalams, drunken, crapulous, unsteady, timid,—such agents progress finds; next by alliance of Owhhigh, the horse-thief, and aid from the Hudson's Bay Company; then between the files of veteran evergreens in plate-armor, tempered purple by the fiery sun, and across prairies where might have hung an ominous mist of blood. Now suddenly, as Klale the untiring disentangled us from the black forest, and galloped out upon a little prairie, delighted to comb his fetlocks in the long yellow grass, I beheld Tacoma at hand, still un-

dwarfed by any underlift of lower ridges, and only its snows above the pines. Over the pines, the snow peak against the sky presented the quiet fraternal tricolor of nature, who always, where there is default of uppermost peaks to be white with clouds fallen in the form of snow, brings the clouds themselves, so changefully fair that we hardly wish them more sublimely permanent, and heaps them above the green against the blue. Here, then, against the unapproachable glory of an Oregon summer sky stood Tacoma, less dreamy than when I floated over its shadow, but not less divine,—no divine thing dwindles as one with sparks of divineness in his mind approaches.

Carved Wood Tamanoüs and Wand, from near Bremerton.

Yet I could not dally here to watch Tacoma bloom at sunset against a violet sky. Alas that life with an object cannot linger among its own sweet episodes! My camp was farther on, but the revolutionary member of the party, Antipodes, hinted that we would do wisely to set up our tabernacle here. His view of such a hint was to bolt off where grass grew highest, and standing there interpose a mobile battery of heels between his flanks and their castigators. This plan failed; a horse cannot balance on his fore legs and take hasty bites of long, luxurious fodder, while he brandishes his hind legs in the air. Some sweeter morsel will divert his mind from self-defense; his assailants will get within his guard. Penance follows, and Antipodes must again hammer elephantine along the trail.

What now? What is this strange object in the utterly lonely woods,—a furry object hanging on a bush by our faint and obstructed trail? A cap of fox-skin, fantastic with tails. And what, O Loolowcan the mysterious, means this tailful head-gear, hung carefully, as if a signal? "It is," replied Loolowcan, depositing it upon his capless mop of hair, "my brother's cap, and he must be hereabouts; he informs me of his neighborhood, and will meet us presently." "Son of Owhhigh, what doth thy brother skulking along our trail?" "How should I know, my chief? Indian come, Indian go; he somewhere, he nowhere. Perhaps my brother go to mountains, see Tamanoüs,—want to be big medicine."*

Presently, appearing from nowhere, there stood in the trail a little, shabby, capless Indian, armed with a bow and arrows,—a personage not at all like the pompous, white-cravatted, typical big-medicine man of civilization, armed with gold-headed cane. Where this M. D. had been prowling, or from what lair he discovered our approach, or by what dodging he evaded us along the circuits of the trail, was a mystery of which he offered no explanation. The presence of this disciple of Tamanoüs, this tyro magician, this culler of simples, this amateur spy, or whatever else he might be, was unaccountable. He was the counter-

*Among the tribes of the Northwest, Tamanoüs, or Tamahnawas, had a great variety of meanings; indeed, it was a name for almost everything that seemed mysterious or magical to the Indian. It was the Great Spirit, Tyee Saghalie, or the Devil, Tyee Klale, — literally, Black Magic, or Bad Medicine. Further, it was the particular demon of places and the familiar guardian spirit of men and their undertakings. Just as the devout Russian sets up an ikon in his home or at the head of a village street, so the superstitious siwash set up a tamanoüs in his hut of shakes or on the shore of his favorite fishing grounds. He feared and worshipped the Tamanoüs of all nature, seen in the great phenomena of the mountains, rivers, winds and seasons; and he trusted and paid tribute to his own private tamanoüs, often represented to his mind by an animal or bird. Tamanoüs, as magic, was an art practiced by the medicine men for healing the sick; and by the tribes as a whole, or by secret cults among them, to invoke a good season, or success in war, or the cessation of epidemics.

part of Loolowcan, but evidently an inferior spirit to that youth of promise. He offered me his hand, not without Indian courtesy, and he and his compatriot, if not brother, plunged together into a splutter of confidential talk.

The Doctor, for he did not introduce himself by name, trotted along by the side of the ambling Gubbins, and soon, just before sunset, we emerged upon a little circle of ferny prairie, our camp, already known to me by the description of Owhhigh. The White River, the S'Kamish, flowed hard by, behind a belt of luxuriant arbor-vitæ. With the Doctor's aid, we took down pot and pan, blanket and bread-bag, from the galled back of the much-enduring Antipodes, and gave to him and his two comrades full license to bury themselves among the tall, fragrant ferns, and nibble, without stooping, top bits from the gigantic grass. It was a perfect spot for a bivouac, a fairy ring of ferns beneath the tall, dark shelter of the firs. Tacoma was near, an invisible guardian, hidden by the forest. Beside us the rushing river sounded lulling music, making rest sweeter by its contrast of tireless toil. And thus under favorable auspices we set ourselves to prepare for the great event of supper,—the Doctor slipping quietly into the position of a welcome guest without invitation.

I lifted the salmon to view. Loolowcan's murky brow expanded. A look became decipherable upon that mysterious phiz, and that look meant gluttony. The delicate substance of my aristocratic fish was presently to be devoured by frowzy Klickatat. At least, O pair of bush-boys, you shall have cleanlier ideas of cookery than heretofore in your gypsy life, and be taught that civilization in me, its representative for want of a better, does not disdain accepting the captaincy of a kitchen battery. First, then, my marmitons, clear ye a space carefully of herbage, and trample down the ferns about, lest the flame of our fire show affinity to this natural hay, and our fair

NORTHWEST FACE OF MOUNT RAINIER-TACOMA.
View from Spray Park at the timber line, after the first snows of September.

paddock become a charred and desolate waste. We will have salmon in three courses on this festive occasion, when I, for the first time, entertain two young Klickatats of distinction. Do thou, Loolowcan, seek by the river-side tenacious twigs of alder and maple, wherewith to construct an upright gridiron. One blushing half of that swimmer of the Puyallop shall stand and toast on this slight scaffolding. Portions from the other half shall be fried in this pan, and other portions, from the thicker part, shall be neatly wrapped in green leaves, and baked beneath the ashes.

So it was done, and well done. The colors that are encased within a salmon, awaiting fire that they may bloom, came forth artistically. On the toasted surface brightened warm yellows, and ruddy orange; and delicate pinkness, softened with downy gray, suffused the separating flakes. Potatoes, too, roasted beneath aromatic ashes by the side of roasting blocks of salmon,—potatoes hardened their crusts against too ardent heat, that slowly ripeness might penetrate to their heart of hearts. Unworthy the cook that does not feel the poetry of his trade!

The two Klickatats, whether brothers or fellow-clansmen, feasted enormously. Rasher after rasher of the fried, block after block of the roasted, flake after flake of the toasted salmon vanished. I should have supposed that the Doctor was suffering with a bulimy, after short commons in his worship of Tamanoüs, the mountain demon, had not the appetite of Loolowcan, although well fed at three meals in my service, been equal or greater. Before they were quite gorged, I made them a pot of tea, well boiled and sticky with sugar, and then retired to my dhudeen. The summer evening air enfolded me sweetly, and down from the cliffs and snowy mounds of Tacoma a cool breeze fell like the spray of a cascade.

After their banquet, the Indians were in merry mood, and fell to chaffing one another. With me Loolowcan was

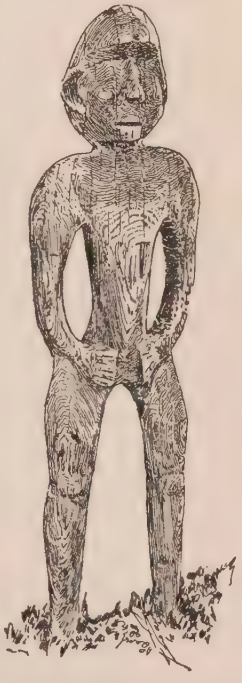
taciturn. I could not tell whether he was dull, sulky, or suspicious. When I smote him with the tempered steel of a keen query, meaning to elicit sparks of information on Indian topics, no illumination came. He acted judiciously his part, and talked little. Nor did he bore me with hints, as bystanders do in Christendom, but believed that I knew also my part. With his comrade he was communicative and jolly, even to uproariousness. They laughed sunset out and twilight in, finding entertainment in everything that was or that happened,—in their raggedness, in the holes in their moccasins, in their overstuffed proportions after dinner, in the little skirmishes of the horses, when a grasshopper chirped or a cricket sang, when either of them found a sequence of blackberries or pricked himself with a thorn,—in every fact of our little world these children of nature found wonderment and fun. They laughed themselves sleepy, and then dropped into slumber in the ferny covert.

As night drew on, heaven overhead, seen as from the bottom of a well, was so starry clear and intelligible, and the circuit of forest so dreamy mysterious by contrast, that I found restful delight, better than sleep, in studying the clearness above the mystery. But twilight drifted away after the sun, and darkness blackened my green blankets. I mummied myself in their folds, and rolled in among the tall, elastic, fragrant ferns.

My last vision, as sleep came upon me, was the eyes of Loolowcan staring at me, and glowing serpent-like. At midnight, when I stirred, the same look watched me by the dim light of our embers. And when gray dawn drew over our bivouac, and my blankets from black to green began to turn, the same dusky, unvariegated eyeballs were inspecting me still. As to the little medicine-man, he had no responsibility at present; a pleasant episode had befallen him, and he made the most of it, sleeping unwatchfully.

Seediness of a morning is not the meed of him who has

slept near Tacoma with naught but a green blanket and miles of elastic atmosphere between him and the stars. When I woke, sleep fell from me suddenly, as a lowly disguise falls from a prince in a pantomime. I sprang up, myself, fresh, clear-eyed, and with never a regretful yawn. Nothing was astir in nature save the river, rushing nigh at hand, and rousing me to my day's career by its tale of travel and urgency.



Nisqually Carved Wood Figure, made by Luke, a follower of the celebrated Leschi.

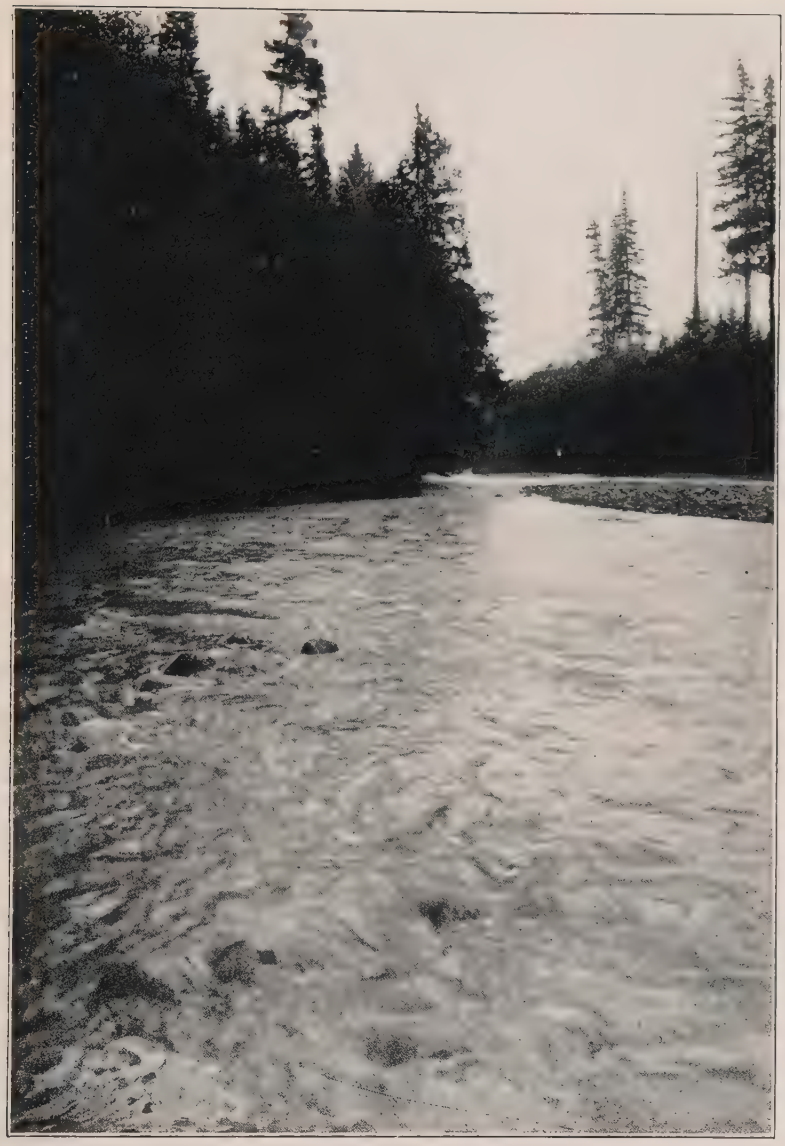
It was a joy to behold three horses so well fed as my stud appeared. Klale looked toward me and whinnied gratefully for the juicy grasses and ferny bed of his sheltered paddock, and also for the remembrance of a new sensation he had had the day before,—he had carried a biped through a day of travel, and the biped had not massacred him with his whip. Klale thought better and more hopefully of humanity. Tougher Gubbins, who, with Loolowcan on his back, had had no such experience, sung no pæans, but stood doltishly awaiting a continuance of the inevitable discomforts of life.

After breakfast, the Doctor hinted that he liked my cheer and my society, and would gladly volunteer to accompany me if I would mount him upon Antipodes. I pointed out to him that it would be weak to follow with us along flowery paths of pleasure, when stern virtue called him to the mountain-tops; that Tamanoüs would not pardon backsliding. I suggested that I was prepared for the appetite of only one Klickatat gourmand, and that my tacit bargain with Antipodes did not include his carrying an eater as well

as provisions. The youth received my refusal impassively; to ask for everything, and never be disappointed at getting nothing, is Indian manners. We left him standing among the ferns, gazing vacantly upon the world, and devouring a present of hardtack I had given him,—he was ridding himself at once of that memorial of civilization, that, with bow and arrows in hand, he might relapse into barbarism, in pathless wilds along the flanks of Tacoma.

Soon the trail took a dip in the river,—a morning bath in S'Kamish.* Rapid, turbulent, and deep was the S'Kamish, white with powder of the boulders it had been churning above, and so turbid that boulders here were invisible. We must ford with our noses pointing up stream, least the urgent water, bearing against the broadsides of our unsteady horses, should dowse, if not drown us. Klale, floundering sometimes, but always recovering himself, took me over stoutly. My moccasins and scarlet leggins were wet, but I had not become dazed in the whirr and fallen, as it is easy to do. Lubberly Antipodes flinched. He had some stupid theory that the spot we had chosen, just at the break above of a rapids, was a less commodious ford than the smooth whirlpools below. He turned aside from honest roughness to deluding smoothness. He stepped into the treacherous pool, and the waters washed over him. There was bread in the bags he bore. In an instant he scrambled out, trying to look meritorious, as dolts do when they have done doltishly and yet escaped. And there was pulp in the bags he bore. Pulp of hardtack was now oozing through the seams. I was possessor of two bag puddings. My cakes were dough. Downright and desiccating may be the sunshine of Oregon August, but pilot-bread converted into wet sponge resists a sunbeam as a cotton-bale resists a cannon-ball. Only a few inner layers of the bread were untouched; as to the outer strata, mouldiness pervaded them. Yet some one profited by this

*The White River.



JUNCTION OF THE WHITE AND GREENWATER RIVERS.
The clear water of the latter stream is sharply distinguished from the milky glacial fluid of the White.

disaster; Loolowcan henceforth had mouldy biscuit at discretion. His discretion would not have rejected even a fungous article. To him my damp and crumbling crackers were a delicacy, the better for their earthy fragrance and partial fermentation.

We struck the trail again after this slight misadventure, and went on through forests nobler and denser than those of the dry levels near Whulge. The same S'Kamish floods that spoiled my farinaceous stores nourished to greater growth the mighty vegetables of this valley. The arbor-vitæ here gained grander arborescence and fresher vitality. This shrub of our gardens in the Middle States, and gnarled tree of the Northeast, becomes in the Northwest a giant pyramid, with rich plates of foliage drooping massively about a massive trunk. Its full, juicy verdure, sweeping to the ground, is a relief after the monotony of the stark stems of fir forests.* There was no lack of luxuriant undergrowth along these lowlands by the river. The narrow trail plunged into thickets impenetrable but for its aid. Wherever ancient trunks had fallen, there they lay; some in old decay had become green, mossy mounds, the long graves of prostrate giants, so carefully draped with their velvet

*The western red cedar, *Thuja plicata*, here distinguished from *Thuja occidentalis*, the dwarf white cedar or arbor-vitæ of eastern lawns, is one of the most interesting members of our Northwestern forest. Winthrop's account closely fits the younger trees. Unless in very crowded stands, which are rare and of small extent,— the *Thujae* are good mixers, and not addicted to clannishness,— they retain their long, graceful branches of gold-green foliage till their trunks gain a diameter of fifteen or twenty inches. Then, in the struggle for sunlight, the tree drops its lower limbs, and its clean stalk towers eighty or a hundred feet to the first branch. The deeply fluted, conical butts of patriarchal cedars are sometimes fifteen or twenty feet in diameter; their stumps show nearly a thousand annual rings.

The red cedar is easily recognized, not only by its "giant pyramid" of "rich plates of foliage," but also by its tapering trunk and thin and fibrous cinnamon-brown bark. Its light, soft but exceedingly durable wood makes it important for timber. A frequent sight in these forests is a fallen cedar which has lain in damp ground for half a century or more, still sound at core, but with a stalwart young hemlock or other tree rooted in its rotting surface. Both the fallen tree and its sturdy parasite are often logged for the mills.

covering that all sense of ruin was gone. And some, that fell from uprightness but a few seasons ago, showed still their purple bark deepening in hue and dotted with tufts of moss; or where a crack had opened and revealed their inner structure rotting slowly away, there was such warm coloring as nature loves to shed, that even decay may not be unlovely, and the powdery wood, fractured into flaky cubes, showed browns deep as the tones of old Flemish pictures, or changeful agate-like crimsons and solid yellows. Not always had the ancient stem fallen to lie prone and hidden by younger growths, whose life was sucked from the corse of their ancestor. Sometimes, as the antiquated arbor-vitæ, worn away at its base, swayed, bent, and went crashing downward, it had been arrested among the close ranks of upstart trunks, and hung there still, with long gray moss floating from it, like the torn banners in a baronial chapel,—hung there until its heart should rot and crumble, and then, its shell of bark breaking, it should give way, and shower down in scales and dust.

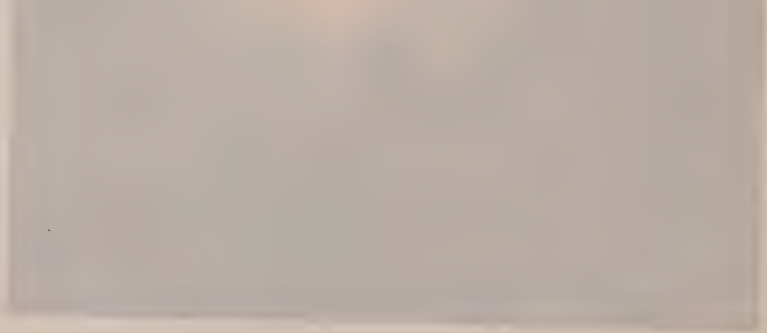
In this northern forest there was no feverish apprehension, such as we feel in a jungle of the tropics, that every breath may be poison,—that centipede in boot and scorpion in pocket, mere external perils, will be far less fatal than the inhaling of dense miasms, stirred from villainous ambushes beneath mounds of flowery verdure. Here no black and yellow serpent defended the way, lifting above its ugly coil a mobile head, with jaws that quiver and fangs that play. It was a forest without poison,—without miasma, and without venom.

It was a forest just not impassable for a train like mine, and the trail was but a faint indication of a way, suggesting nothing except to the trained eye of an Indian. Into the pleached thickets Klale could plunge and crash through, while his cavalier fought against buffeting branches, and bent to saddle-horn to avoid the fate of Absalom. But when new-fallen trunks of the sylvan giants, or great

THE "SIWASH HOOIHUT."

"The trail took us speedily into a forest-temple. Long years of labor by artists the most unconscious of their skill had been given to modelling these columnar firs. Unlike the pillars of human architecture, chipped and chiselled in bustling, dusty quarries, and hoisted to their site by sweat of brow and creak of pulley, these rose to fairest proportions by the life that was in them, and blossomed into foliated capitals three hundred feet overhead."

—*Chapter V.*



mossy mounds, built barricades across the path, tall as the quadruped whose duty it was to leap over them—how in such case Klale the sprightly? how here Antipodes the flounderer? how Gubbins, stiff in the joints?

Thus, by act answered Klale,—thus: by a leap, by a scramble, by a jerking plunge, by a somerset; like a cat, like a squirrel, like a monkey, like an acrobat, like a mustang. To overpass these obstacles is my business; be it yours to pass with me. You must prove to me, a nag of the Klickatats, that Boston strangers are as sticky as siwashes. Centaurs have somewhat gone out. I have been a party and an actor when the mustang sprang lightly over the barricade, and his rider stayed upon the other side supine, and gazing still where he had just seen a disappearance of horse-heels.

Not wishing to lose the respect of so near a comrade as my horse, I did not allow our union to be dissolved. We clung together like voluntary Siamese twins, dashing between fir-trunks, where my nigh leg or my off leg must whisk away to avoid amputation, thrusting ourselves beneath the aromatic denseness of the drooping arbor-vitæ, smothered together in punk when a moss mound gave way and we sank down into the dusty grave of a buried monarch of his dell, or caught and balanced half-way over as we essayed to leap the broad back of a fir fifteen feet in the girth. Whether Klale, in our frantic scrambles, became a biped, gesticulating and clutching the air with two hoofed arms,—or whether a monopod, alighted on his nose and lifting on high a quintette of terminations, four legs and a tail,—still Klale and I remained inseparable.

Assuredly the world has no path worse than that,—not even South American muds or damaged corduroys in tropic swamps. But men must pay their footing by labor, and we urged on, with horses educated to their task, often fording the S'Kamish, and careless now of wetting, clambering up ridges black with sunless woods, and penetrating

steadily on through imperviousness. Indian trails aim at the open hillsides and avoid the thickset valleys; but in this most primeval of forests the obstacles on the rugged buttresses of the Cascade chain were impracticable as the dense growth below.

"Ancoti nesika nanitch Boston hooihut; presently we see the Boston road," said Loolowcan. A glad sight whenever it comes, should "Boston road" here imply neat macadam, well-kept sidewalks, and files of pretty cottages, behind screens of disciplined shrubbery. I had heard indefinitely that a party of "Boston" men—for so all Americans are called in the Chinook jargon—were out from the settlements of Whulge, viewing, or possibly opening, a way across the Cascades, that emigrants of this summer might find their way into Washington Territory direct, leaving the great overland caravan route near the junction of the two forks of the Columbia. Such an enterprise was an epoch in progress. It was the first effort of an infant community to assert its individuality and emancipate itself from the tutelage of Oregon.*

Very soon the Boston hooihut became apparent. An Indian's trail came into competition with a civilized man's rude beginnings of a road. Wood-choppers had passed through the forest, like a tornado, making a broad belt of confusion. Trim Boston neighborhoods would have scoffed at this rough-and-tumble cleft of the wild wood, and declined being responsible for its title. And yet two centuries before this tramp of mine, my progenitors were cutting just such paths near Boston, and then Canonicus, Chickatabot, and Passaconomy, sagamores of that region, were regarding the work very much as Owhhigh, Skloo, and Kamaiakan, the "tyees" hereabouts, might contrast this path with theirs. At present this triumvirate of chieftainly siwashes would have rightly deemed the Boston road far

*For an account of the "Citizens' Road," later known as the "Military Road," see Appendix B.

inferior to their own. So the unenlightened generally deem, when they inspect the destruction that precedes reconstruction. This was a transition period. In the Cascades, Klickatat institutions were toppling, Boston notions coming in. It was the fulness of time. Owhhigh and his piratical band, slaves of Time and Space, might go dodging with lazy detours about downcast trunks, about tangles of shrubs and brambles, about zones of morass; but Boston clans were now, in the latter day, on the march, intending to be masters of Time and Space, and straightforwardness was to be the law of motion here.

It was a transition state of things on the Boston hooihut, with all the incommodities of that condition. The barricades of destructive disorder were in place, not yet displaced by constructive order. Passage by this road of the future was monstrous hard.

There is really no such thing as a conservative. Joshua is the only one on record who ever accomplished anything, and he only kept things quiet for one day. We must either move forward with Hope and Faith, or backward to decay and death of the soul. But though no man, not even himself, has any real faith in a conservative, for this one occasion I was compelled to violate the law of my nature,—to identify myself with conservatism, and take the ancient trail instead of the modern highway. Stiff as the obstacles in the trail might be, the obstacles of the road were still stiffer; stumps were in it, fresh cut and upstanding with sharp or splintered edges; felled trunks were in it, with wedge-shaped butts and untrimmed branches, forming impregnable abattis. One might enter those green bowers as a lobster enters the pot; extrication was another and a tougher task. Every inch of the surface was planted with laming caltrops, and the saplings and briers that once grew there elastic were now thrown together, a bristling hedge. A belt of forest had been unmade and nothing made. Patriotic sympathy did indeed influence me to stumble

a little way along this shaggy waste. I launched my train into this complexity, floundered awhile in one of its unbridged bogs, and wrestled in its thorny labyrinths, until so much of my patience as was not bemired was flagellated to death by scorpion scourges of briers. I trod these mazes until even Klale showed signs of disgust, and Antipodes, ungainly plodder, could only be propelled by steady discipline of thwacks. Then I gave up my attempt to be a consistent radical. I shook off the shavings and splinters of a pioneer chaos, and fell back into primeval ways. In the siwash hooihut there was nothing to be expected, and therefore no acrid pang of disappointment pierced my prophetic soul when I found that path no better than it should be. Pride fired those dusky tunnels, the eyes of Loolowcan, when we alighted again upon his national road. The Boston hooihut was a failure, a miserable muddle. Loolowcan leaped Gubbins over the first barricade, and, pointing where Antipodes trotted to the sound of rattling packs along the serpentine way, said calmly, and without too ungenerous scorn, "Closche ocook; beautiful this."

Though I had abandoned their undone road, I was cheered to have met fresh traces of my countrymen. Their tree surgery was skilful. No clumsy, tremulous hand had done butchery here with haggling axe. The chopping was handiwork of artists, men worthy to be regicide headsmen of forest monarchs. By their cleavage light first shone into this gloaming; the selfish grandeurs of this incognito earth were opened to-day. I flung myself forward two centuries, and thanked these pioneers in the persons of posterity dwelling peacefully in this noble region. He who strikes the first blow merits all thanks. May my descendants be as grateful to these Boston men as I am now to the Boston men of two centuries ago. And may they remember ancestral perils and difficulties kindly, as I now recall how godly Puritans once brandished ruder axes and bill-hooks,

CAMPING AT BEAR PRAIRIE, BETWEEN THE FORKS OF GREENWATER RIVER.

The two elderly men in the foreground were, in 1853 when boys, members of the first immigration across the Cascades into the Puget Sound country. When this picture was made, they were retracing the old "Military Road" over the Naches P

opening paths of future peace on the shores of Massachusetts.

Our ascent was steady along the gorge of the S'Kamish, ever in this same dense forest. We had, however, escaped from the monotony of the bare fir-trunks. Columns, even such as those gracefullest relics of Olympian Jove's temple by the Cephissus, would weary were they planted in ranks for leagues. The magnificent pyramids of arbor-vitæ filled the wood with sheen from their bright, varnished leafage. It was an untenanted, silent forest, but silence here in this sunshiny morning I found not awful, hardly even solemn. Solitude became to me personal, and pregnant with possible emanations, as if I were a faithful pagan in those early days when gods were seen of men, and when, under Grecian skies, Pan and the Naiads whispered their secrets to the lover of Nature.

There was rough vigor in these scenes, which banished the half-formed dread that forest loneliness and silence without a buzz or a song, and dim vistas where sunlight falls in ghostly shapes, and leaves shivering as if a sprite had passed, may inspire. Pan here would have come in the form of a rough, jolly giant, typifying the big, beneficent forces of Nature in her rugged moods. Instead of dreading such a comrade, his presence seemed a fitting culmination to the influences of the spot, and, yielding to a wild exhilaration, I roused the stillness with appealing shouts.

"Mika wah wah copa Tamanoüs? you talk with demons?" inquired Loolowcan with something of mysterious awe in his tone.

I called unto the gods of the forest, but none answered. No sound came back to me save some chance shots of echo where my voice struck a gray, sinewy cedar-trunk, that rang again, or the gentle murmur of solitude disturbed deep in the grove, as the circles of agitated air vibrated again to calmness. No answer from Pan or Pan's unruly rout,—no sound from Satyr, Nymph, or Faun,—though

I shouted and sang ever so loudly to them upon my way.

Through this broad belt of woodland, utterly lifeless and lonely, I rode steadily, never dallying. In the early afternoon I came upon a little bushy level near the S'Kamish. We whisked along the bends of the trail, when, suddenly whisking, I pounced upon a biped,—a man,—a Caucasian man,—a Celtic soldier,—a wayworn U. S. Fourth Infantry sergeant,—a meditative smoker, apart from the little army encamped within hail.

I followed him toward the tent of his fellows. They were not revelling in the mad indulgence of camp-life. Nor were their prancing steeds champing angry bits and neighing defiance at the foe. Few of those steeds were in marching, much less in prancing order. If they champed their iron bits, it was because they had no other nutriment to nibble at in that adust halting-place. As to camp revelry, the American army has revelled but once,—in the Halls of the Montezumas,—a very moderate allowance of revelry for a space of threescore and ten years. Since that time they have fortunately escaped the ugly business of butchery, antecedent to revelry. Their better duty has been to act as the educated pioneers and protectors of Western progress.

Such was the office of this detachment. They were of Capt. McClellan's expedition for flushing a Pacific Railroad in the brakes and bosks and tangled forests of the Cascades. I, taking casual glimpses through intricacy, had flushed or scared up only an unfledged Boston hooihut. Their success had been no greater, and while the main body continued the hunt, this smaller party was on commissariat service, going across to Squally and Steilacoom for other bags of pork and hardtack, lest dinnerlessness should befall the Hunters of Railroads, and there should be aching voids among them that no tightening of belt-buckles could relieve.

I found an old acquaintance, Lieut. H., in command of

these foragers.* Three months before we had descended the terrace where Columbia Barracks behold the magnificent sweeps of the Columbia, and, far beyond, across a realm of forest, Mt. Hood, sublime pyramid of snows,—we had strolled down together to the river-bank to take our stirrup-cup with Governor Ogden, kindliest of hosts, at the Hudson's Bay Company's post of Fort Vancouver. Now, after wanderings hither and yon, we suddenly confronted

BRIG. GEN. HENRY C. HODGES, U. S. A.
The "Lieut. H." of Chapter V.

each other in the wilderness, and exchanged hearty greetings. I was the enviable man, with my compact party and horses in tolerable condition. He officered a squadron of Rosinantes, a very wayworn set, and the obstacles on the trail that I could lightly skip over he must painfully beleaguer. He informed me that the road-makers were at work somewhere this side of the summit of the Pass. I might overtake them before night.

While we sympathized and gossiped, Loolowcan slunk forward to say, "Sia-a-ah mitlite ocook tipsoo, car nesika

*For Gen. Hodges's reminescences of Winthrop, see Appendix C.

moosum; far, far is that grass spot where we sleep;—pe wake siah chaco polikely; and not far comes night."

So I turned from the tents of the busy camp, busy even in repose. H. walked with me to the S'Kamish to show me the ford. If from the scanty relics of his stores he could not offer hospitality, he would give me a fact from his experience of crossing the river, so that I need not dip involuntarily in the deeps, and swallow cold comfort. On the bank some whittlers of his squad had amused themselves with whittling down a taper fir-tree, a slender wand, three hundred feet in length from where its butt lay among the chips, to the tip of its pompon, where it had fallen across the stream.

H. looked suspiciously upon the low-browed and frowzy Loolowcan, and doubted the safety and certainty of journeying with such a guide in such a region,—as, indeed, I did myself. I forded unducked in the ripples, turned to wave him adieu, and blotted myself out of his sphere behind the sky-scraper firs. We met next in the *foyer* of the opera, between acts of Traviata.

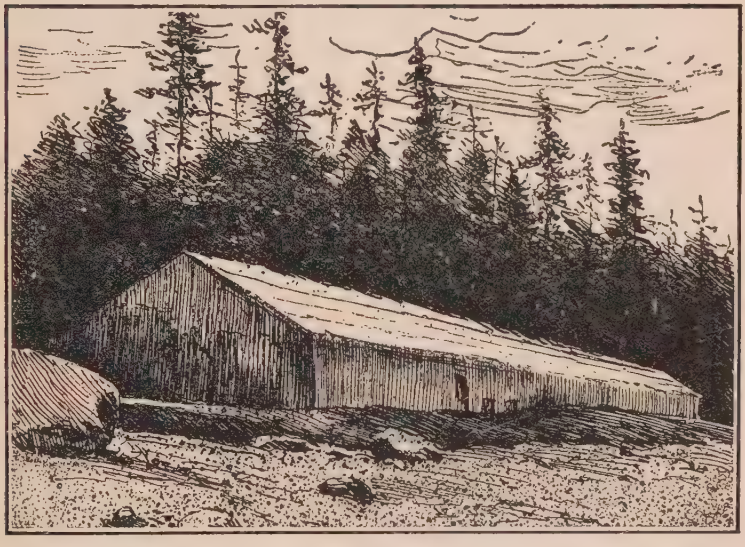
Loneliness no longer lay heavy in the woods. It was shattered and trampled out where that little army had marched. Presently in their trail a ghostly object appeared, —not a ghost, but something tending fast toward the ghostly state; a poor, wasted, dreary white horse, standing in the trail, abandoned, too stiff to fall, too weary to stir. Every winged phlebotomizer of the Oregon woods seemed to have hastened hither to blacken that pale horse, soon to be Death's, and, though he trembled feebly, he had not power to scatter the nipping insects with a convulsive shake. I approached, and whisked away his tormentors by the aid of a maple-bush. They fought me for a while, but finding me resolute, confident in their long-enduring patience, they retired with a loud and angry buzz. I could find no morsel of refreshment for him in the bitter woods. At mouldy hardtack he shook a despairing head. In fact, it was too

A STALWART YOUNG CEDAR OF A HUNDRED SUMMERS.

"This shrub of our gardens in the Middle States becomes in the Northwest a giant pyramid. Its full, juicy verdure, sweeping to the ground, is a relief after the monotony of the dark stems of fir forests."

late. There comes a time to horses when they cannot prance with the prancers, or plod with the plodders, or trail weary hoofs after the march of their comrades. Yet it was more chivalric for this worn-out estray to die here in the aromatic forest, than to lose life in the vile ooze of a Broadway.

Poor, lean mustang, victim of progress! Nothing to do but let him die, since I could not bring myself to a merciful assassination. So I went on disconsolate after the sight of suffering, until my own difficulties along that savage trail compelled my thought away from dwelling on another's pain.



Potlatch House of the Skokomish Indians, at Inati, on Hood's Canal.

VI.

"BOSTON TILICUM."

Night was now coming,—twilight, dearest and tenderest of all the beautiful changes of circling day was upon us. But twilight, the period of repose, and night, of restful slumbers, are not welcome to campaigners, unless a camp, with water, fodder, and fuel, the three requisites of a camp, are provided. We saw our day waning without having revealed to us a spot where these three were coincident. Fuel, indeed, there was anywhere without stint, and water might be found without much searching. But in this primeval wood there were no beds of verdant herbage where Klale and his companions might solace themselves for clambering and plunging and leaping all day. Verdancy enough there was under foot, but it was the green velvet of earthy moss. In some dusty, pebbly openings where the river overflows in spring, the horses had had a noon nibble at spears of grass, juiceless, scanty, and unattractive. My trio of hungry horses flagged sadly.

It was darkening fast when we reached an open spot where Loolowcan had hoped to find grass. Arid starvation alone was visible. Even such wiry attempts at verdure as the stagnant blood of this petty desert had been able to force up through its harsh pores were long ago shaved away by drought. The last nibbles had been taken to-day by the sorry steeds of the exploring party.

There was nothing for it but to go on. Whither? To the next crossing of the river, where the horses might make

what they could out of water, and entertain themselves with browsing at alder and maple.

We hurried on, for it was now dark. The Boston hooihut suddenly came charging out of the gloaming, and crossed the trail. Misunderstanding the advice of my taciturn and monosyllabic guide, I left the Indian way, and followed the white man's. Presently it ended, but the trees were blazed where it should pass. Blazes were but faint signals of guidance by twilight. Dimmer grew the woods. Stars were visible overhead, and the black circles of the forest shut off the last gleams of the west. Every obstacle of fallen tree, bramble, and quagmire now loomed large and formidable. And then in the darkness, now fully possessor of the woods, the blazes suddenly disappeared, went out, and ceased, like a deluding will-o'-the-wisp. Here was a crisis. Had the hooihut actually given out here in an invisible blaze, high up a stump? Road that dared so much and did so much, were its energies effete, its purpose broken down? And the pioneers, had they shrunk away from leadership of civilization, and slunk homeward?

However that might be, we were at present lost. Ride thou on, Loolowcan, and see if Somewhere is hereabouts; we cannot make a night of it in Nowhere.

Loolowcan dashed Gubbins at darkness; it opened and closed upon him. For a moment I could hear him crashing through the wood; then there was silence. I was quite alone.

Prying into silence for sight or sound, I discerned a rumble, as if of water over a pebbly path. I fastened Klale and Antipodes, as beacons of return, and, laying hold of the pleasant noise of flowing, went with it. Somewhere was actually in my near neighborhood. Sound guided me to sight. Suddenly behind the fir-trunks I caught the gleam of fire. At the same moment, Loolowcan, cautiously stealing back, encountered me.

"Hin pasaiooks copa pire, nika nanitch-pose wake siks;

many blanketeers, by a fire, I behold," he whispered, "perhaps not friends."

"Conoway pasaiooks siks copa pasaiooks; all blanketeers friends to blanketeers," I boldly asseverated without regard to history; "wake quash,—ocook Boston tilicum, mamook hooihut; fear not,—these are Boston folk, road-makers."

I led the way confidently toward their beacon-fire. Friends or not, the pasaiooks were better company than black tree-trunks. The flame, at first but a cloudy glimmer, then a flicker, now gave broad and welcome light. It could not conquer darkness with its bold illumination, for darkness is large and strong; but it showed a path out of it. As we worked our way slowly forward, the great trees closed dimly after us,—giants attending out of their domain intruders very willing to be thus sped into realms of better omen.

Beating through a flagellant thicket, we emerged upon the bank of my rumbling stream. Across it a great campfire blazed. A belt of reflected crimson lay upon the clear water. Every ripple and breaker of the hostile element tore at this shadow of light, riving it into rags and streamers, and drowning them away down the dell. Still the shattered girdle was there undestroyed, lashing every coming gush of waves, and smiting the stream as if to open a pathway for us, new-comers forth from the darksome wood.

A score of men were grouped about the fire. Several had sprung up alert at the crashing of our approach. Others reposed untroubled. Others tended viands odoriferous and fizzing. Others stirred the flame. Around, the forest rose, black as Erebus, and the men moved in the glare against the gloom like pitmen in the blackest of coal-mines.

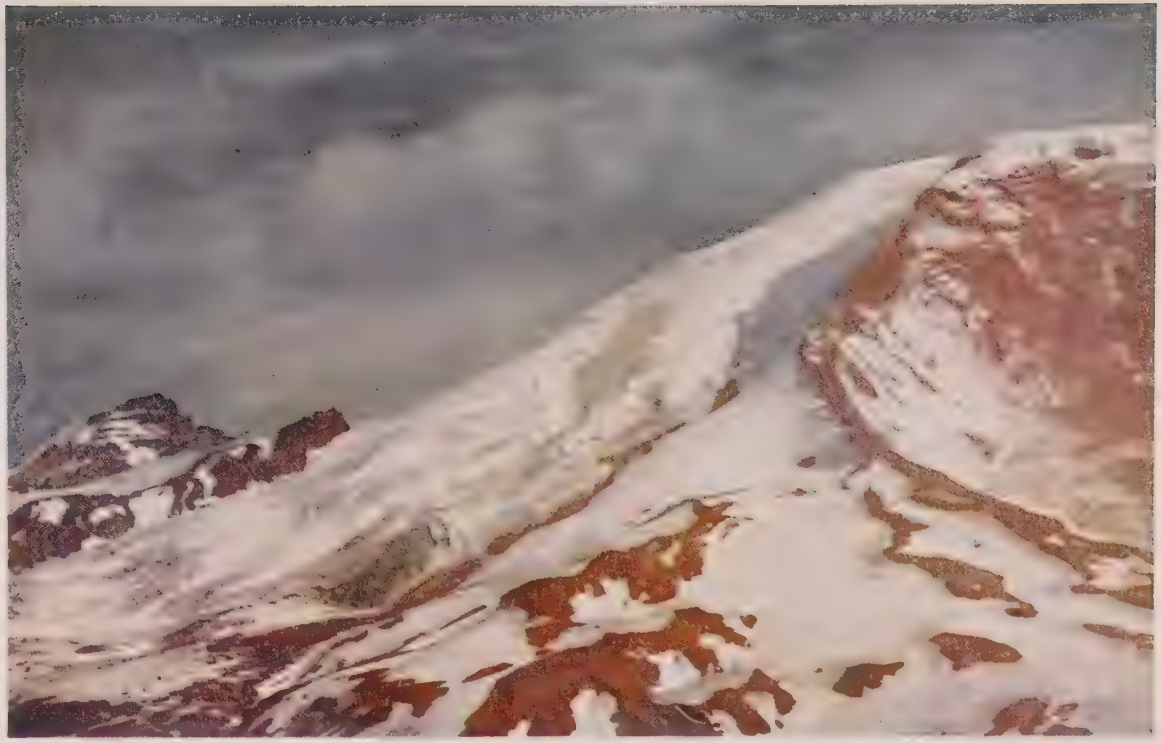
I must not dally on the brink, half hid in the obscure thicket, lest the alert ones below should suspect an ambush, and point toward me open-mouthed rifles from their stack near at hand. I was enough out of the woods to halloo, as I did heartily. Klale sprang forward at shout and spur. Antipodes obeyed a comprehensible hint from the whip

WINTHROP GLACIER.

Northeast slope of Mt. Rainier—Tacoma. Named in honor of Theodore Winthrop.

"The blue haze so wavered and trembled into sunlight, and sunbeams shot glimmering over snowy brinks so like a constant avalanche, that I might doubt whether this movement and waver and glimmer, this blending of mist with noontide, were not a drifting smoke and cloud of yellow sulphurous vapor floating over some slowly chilling crater far down in the red crevices."

—*Chapter VII.*



of Loolowcan. We dashed down into the crimson pathway, and across among the astonished road-makers,—astonished at the sudden alighting down from Nowhere of a pair of cavaliers, pasaiook and siwash. What meant this incursion of a strange couple? I became at once the centre of a red-flannel-shirted circle. The recumbents stood on end. The cooks let their frying-pans bubble over, while, in response to looks of expectation, I hung out my handbill, and told the society my brief and simple tale. I was not running away from any fact in my history. A harmless person, asking no favors, with plenty of pork and spongy biscuit in his bags,—only going home across the continent, if may be, and glad, gentlemen pioneers, of this unexpected pleasure.

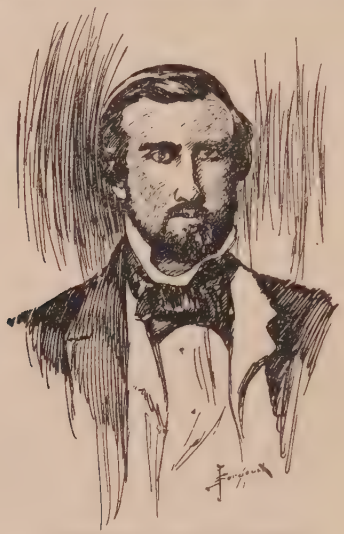
My quality thus announced, the boss of the road-makers, without any dissenting voice, offered me the freedom of their fireside. He called for the fatted pork, that I might be entertained right republicanly. Every cook proclaimed supper ready. I followed my representative host to the windward side of the greenwood pyre, lest smoke wafting toward my eyes should compel me to disfigure the banquet with lachrymose countenance.

Fronting the coals, and basking in their embrowning beams, were certain diminutive targets, well known to me as defensive armor against darts of cruel hunger,—cakes of unleavened bread, hight flapjacks in the vernacular, confected of flour and the saline juices of fire-ripened pork, and kneaded well with drops of the living stream. Baked then in frying-pan, they stood now, each nodding forward, and resting its edge upon a planted twig, toasting crustily till crunching-time should come. And now to every man his target! Let supper assail us! No dastards with trencher are we.

In such a Platonic republic as this, a man found his place according to his powers. The cooks were no base scullions; they were brethren, whom conscious ability, sustained by

universal suffrage, had endowed with the frying-pan. Each man's target flapjack served him for platter and edible-table. Coffee, also, for beverage, the fraternal cooks set before us in infrangible tin pots,—coffee ripened in its red husk by Brazilian suns thousands of leagues away, that we, in cool northern forests, might feel the restorative power of its concentrated sunshine, feeding vitality with fresh fuel.

But for my graminivorous steeds, gallopers all day long



EDWARD JAY ALLEN;
Leader of the Road Builders.

in rough, unflinching steeple-chase, what had nature done here in the way of provender? Alas! little or naught. This camp of plenty for me was a starvation camp for them. Water, indeed, was turned on liberally; water was flowing in full sluices from the neighbor snows of Tacoma; but more than water was their need, while they feverishly browsed on maple-leaves, to imbitter away their appetites. Only a modicum of my soaked and fungous hardtack could be spared to each. They turned upon me melancholy, re-

proachful looks; they suffered, and I could only suffer sympathetically. Poor preparation this for toil ahead! But fat prairies also are ahead; have patience, empty mustangs!

My hosts were a stalwart gang. I had truly divined them from their cleavage on the hooihut. It was but play to any one of these to whittle down a cedar five feet in diameter. In the morning, this compact knot of comrades would explode into a *mitraille* of men wielding keen axes, and down would go the dumb, stolid files of the forest. Their talk was as muscular as their arms. When these laughed, as only men fresh and hearty and in the open air can laugh, the world became mainly grotesque; it seemed at once a comic thing to live,—a subject for chuckling, that we were bipeds, with noses,—a thing to roar at, that we had all met there from the wide world, to hobnob by a frolicsome fire with tin pots of coffee, and partake of crisped bacon and toasted doughboys in ridiculous abundance. Easy laughter infected the atmosphere. Echoes ceased to be pensive, and became jocose. A rattling humor pervaded the forest, and Green River rippled with noise of fantastic jollity.* Civilization and its *dilettante* diners-out sneer when Clodpole at Dives's table doubles his soup, knifes his fish, tilts his plate into his lap, puts muscle into the crushing of his meringue, and tosses off the warm beaker in his finger-bowl. Camps by Tacoma sneer not at all, but candidly roar, at parallel accidents. Gawky makes a cushion of his flapjack. Butterfingers drops his red-hot rasher into his bosom, or lets slip his mug of coffee into his boot drying at the fire,—a boot henceforth saccharine. A mule, slipping his halter, steps forward unnoticed, puts his nose into the circle, and brays resonant. These are the jocular boons of life, and at these the woodsmen guffaw with lusty good-nature. Coarse and

*By "Green River" Winthrop means the stream we now call Greenwater River. Governor Stevens, in his Railway Report, makes the same error. Green River flows west from Stampede Pass, about ten miles north of Naches Pass. It furnishes the water-supply of the city of Tacoma.

ota Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

rude the jokes may be, but not nasty, like the innuendoes of pseudo-refined cockneys. If the woodsmen are guilty of uncleanly wit, it differs from the uncleanly wit of cities as the mud of a road differs from the sticky slime of slums.

It is a stout sensation to meet masculine, muscular men at the brave point of a penetrating Boston hooihut,—men who are mates,—men to whom technical culture means naught,—men to whom myself am naught, unless I can saddle, lasso, cook, sing, and chop; unless I am a man of nerve and pluck, and a brother in generosity and heartiness. It is restoration to play at cudgels of jocoseness with a circle of friendly roughs, not one of whom ever heard the word bore,—with pioneers, who must think and act, and wrench their living from the closed hand of Nature.

Men who slash with axes in Oregon woods need not be chary of fuel. They fling together boles and branches enough to keep any man's domestic Lares warm for a winter. And over this vast pyre flame takes its splendid pleasure with corybantic dances and roaring pæans of victory. Fire, encouraged to do its work fully, leaves no unsightly grim corses on the field. The glow of embers wastes into the pallor of thin ashes; and winds may clear the spot, drifting away and sprinkling upon brother trees faint, filmy relics of their departed brethren.

While fantastic flashes were still leaping up and illumining the black circuit of forest, every man made his bed, laid down his blankets in starry bivouac, and slept like a mummy. The camp became vocal with snores; nasal with snores of various calibre was the forest. Some in triumphant tones announced that dreams of conflict and victory were theirs; some sighed in dulcet strains that told of lover dreams; some drew shrill whistles through cavernous straits; some wheezed grotesquely, and gasped piteously; and from some who lay supine, snoring up at the fretted roof of forest, sound gushed in spasms, leaked in snorts, bubbled in puffs, as steam gushes, leaks, and bubbles from

THE "BOSTON HOOIHUT."

Portion of the famous "Military Road" across the Naches Pass, with a grade of thirty per cent. Down this grade the "emigrants" of territorial days "snubbed" their wagons with chains around the trees.

yawning valves in degraded steamboats. They died away into the music of my dreams, a few moments seemed to pass, and it was day.

As the erect lily droops when the subterranean worm has taken a gnaw at its stalk,—as the dahlia desponds from blossom to tuber when September frosts nip shrewdly,—so at breakfastless morn, after supperless eve, drooped Klale, feebly drooped Gubbins, flabbily drooped Antipodes. A sorry sight! Starvation, coming on the heels of weariness, was fast reducing my stud to the condition of the ghostly estray from the exploring party. But prosperity is not many leagues away from this adversity. Have courage, my trio, if such a passion is possible to the unfed!

If horses were breakfastless, not so was their master. The road-makers had insisted that I should be their guest, partaking not only of the fire, air, earth, and water of their bivouac, but of an honorable share at their feast. Hardly had the snoring of the snorers ceased, when the frying of the fryers began. In the pearly-gray mists of dawn, purple shirts were seen busy about the kindling pile; in the golden haze of sunrise, cooks brandished pans over fierce coals raked from the red-hot jaws of flame that champed their breakfast of fir logs. Rashers, doughboys not without molasses, and coffee — a bill of fare identical with last night's — were our morning meal; but there was absolute change of circumstance to prevent monotony. We had daylight instead of firelight, freshness instead of fatigue, and every man flaunted a motto of "Up and doing!" upon his oriflamme, instead of trailing a drooping flag, inscribed "Done up!"

And so adieu, gentlemen pioneers, and thanks for your frank, manly hospitality! Adieu, "Boston tilicum," far better types of robust Americanism than some of those selected as its representatives by Boston of the Orient, where is too much worship of what is, and not too much uplifting of hopeful looks toward what ought to be!

As I started, the woodsmen gave me a salute. Down, to echo my shout of farewell, went a fir of fifty years' standing. It cracked sharp, like the report of a howitzer, and crashed downward, filling the woods with shattered branches. Under cover of this first shot, I dashed at the woods. I could ride more boldly forward into savageness, knowing that the front ranks of my nation were following close behind.

Yakima Stone Cooking Pots.

VIEW SOUTHWEST FROM PYRAMID PEAK, NORTH OF NACHES PASS.

"I had been following thus for many hours the blind path, harsh, darksome, and utterly lonely. At last, as I stormed a ragged crest, gaining a height that overtopped the firs,—as I looked somewhat wearily across the solemn surges of the forest, suddenly above their sombre green appeared Tacoma. Large and neighbor it stood, so near that every jewel of its snow-fields seemed to send me a separate ray; yet not so near but that I could with one look take in its whole image, from clear-cut edge to edge. All around it the dark evergreens rose like a ruff; above them the mountain splendors swelled statelier for the contrast."

—*Chapter VII.*

VII.

TACOMA.

Up and down go the fortunes of men, now benignant, now malignant. *Ante meridiem* of our lives, we are rising characters. Our full noon comes, and we are borne with plaudits on the shoulders of a grateful populace. *Post meridiem*, we are ostracized, if not more rudely mobbed. At twilight, we are perhaps recalled, and set on the throne of Nestor.

Such slow changes in esteem are for men of some import and of settled character. Loolowcan suffered under a more rapidly fluctuating public opinion. At the camp of the road-makers, he had passed through a period of neglect,— almost of ignominy. My hosts had prejudices against redskins; they treated the son of Owhhigh with no consideration; and he became depressed and slinking in manner under the influence of their ostracism. No sooner had we disappeared from the range of Boston eyes than Loolowcan resumed his leadership and his control. I was very secondary now, and followed him humbly enough up the heights we had reached. Here were all the old difficulties increased, because they were no longer met on a level. We were to climb the main ridge,—the mountain of La Tête,* — abandoning the valley, assaulting the summits. And here,

*"La Tête," as the name of an elevation on the west side of the Cascades, is found in many documents of the Territorial days. The name, it is said, was given by the French-Canadian trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company, because of a crag on the summit shaped like a human head. This mountain, however, appears on no topographical survey or other authentic map, and its location is somewhat in dispute among the surviving pioneers. Captain Wilkes, members of whose party crossed

as Owhhigh had prophesied in his harangue at Nisqually, the horse's mane must be firmly grasped by the climber. Poor, panting, weary nags! may it be true, the promise of Loolowcan, that not far away is abundant fodder! But where can aught, save firs with ostrich digestion, grow on these rough, forest-clad shoulders?

So I clambered on till near noon.

I had been following thus for many hours the blind

the range in 1842, gives the height of La Tête by barometer as 2,798 feet. (*Wilkes: U. S. Exploring Expedition, IV.*, 422). This low elevation would place it well down on the west slope. Governor Stevens, in his Pacfic Railway Report, says it is near the junction of the White and Green (Greenwater) rivers. This is indefinite; peaks in that region are almost as thick as huckleberry bushes on a mountain burn. Several of my informants assign it, more exactly, to the north side of the White, about a mile west of Greenwater.

It is certain, however, that Winthrop's "La Tête" was something else. He had no time for a detour, and climbed no elevation which his forced march across the range did not require him to climb. The text shows that his inspiring view of "Tacoma" was had from an eminence on the line of his trip, not off it; and very shortly before he reached his noonday camp in the glacial meadows at the top of the Pass. The old Indian trail, as well as the track of the "Military Road," leaves the Greenwater several miles west of the Pass, and leads up the steep chine of a ridge between deep canyons cut by feeders of that stream. It is the summit of this ridge to which Winthrop gives a name he had doubtless heard the night before among the road builders. This summit is now densely covered by young forest, largely grown since Winthrop's time. A much greater elevation, with still wider outlook,— Pyramid Peak, on the north side of Naches Pass,— was climbed to obtain some of the photographs reproduced in this volume.

In the '50s, "La Tête" was a well-known landmark on the route across the Cascades. Like other mountain districts, its sides were burnt from time to time by the Indians, who thus held their favorite berry fields against the encroachment of the forest. Not far away, within the fork of the two rivers, is a small salal-covered flat, treeless then and now, and known as "Bear Prairie." As the densely forested western slope of the Cascades offered scant pasture for horses and cattle, Governor Stevens, in order to aid the new settlers who were expected to use this route in completing their long trek to Puget Sound, asked the second territorial legislature to make a small appropriation for sowing Bear Prairie and the sides of La Tête with grass seed. The very simplicity of his humane recommendation provoked a bray from that familiar nuisance, the would-be wit of the legislature, and defeated the suggestion. "Governor Stevens," shouted this statesman, who knew more about the plans of Providence than about commonwealth-building, — "Governor Stevens needn't try to make grass grow where God Almighty did not make it grow!"—*Stevens, I.*, 446.

path, harsh, darksome, and utterly lonely, urging on with no outlook, encountering no landmark,— at last, as I stormed a ragged crest, gaining a height that overtopped the firs, and, halting there for panting moments, glanced to see if I had achieved mastery as well as position,— as I looked somewhat wearily and drearily across the solemn surges of forest, suddenly above their sombre green appeared Tacoma. Large and neighbor it stood, so near that every jewel of its snow-fields seemed to send me a separate ray; yet not so near but that I could with one look take in its whole image, from clear-cut edge to edge.

All around it the dark evergreens rose like a ruff; above them the mountain splendors swelled statelier for the contrast. Sunlight of noon was so refulgent upon the crown, and lay so thick and dazzling in nooks and chasms, that the eye sought repose of gentler lights, and found it in shadowed nooks and clefts, where, sunlight entering not, delicate mist, an emanation from the blue sky, had fallen, and lay sheltered and tremulous, a mild substitute for the stronger glory. The blue haze so wavered and trembled into sunlight, and sunbeams shot glimmering over snowy brinks so like a constant avalanche, that I might doubt whether this movement and waver and glimmer, this blending of mist with noontide flame, were not a drifting smoke and cloud of yellow sulphurous vapor floating over some slowly chilling crater far down in the red crevices.*

*It was the afternoon of Saturday, August 27, when Winthrop beheld this scene, one of the noblest mountain spectacles in the world. See his Journal entry for that day, page 283, and note.

As he looked southwest from the edge of Naches Pass, he saw directly facing him, twenty miles away, the great ice-stream that has since, and for many years now, been named by local usage "Winthrop Glacier." Immediately west of it is Carbon Glacier, lying deep in its *cirque*. On the east is White or "Emmons" Glacier, feeding the East, or main, fork of White River, the vast canyon of which yawned below as our author looked across the solidly forested ridges to the dominating white heights. Winthrop's viewpoint was at the same angle, though lower, than that from which, just sixty years later, Mr. Linsley obtained his splendid photographs, reproduced among the illustrations of this volume.

But if the giant fires had ever burned under that cold summit, they had long since gone out. The dome that swelled up passionately had crusted over and then fallen in upon itself, not vigorous enough with internal life to bear up in smooth proportion. Where it broke into ruin was no doubt a desolate waste, stern, craggy, and riven, but such drear results of Titanic convulsion the gentle snows hid from view.

No foot of man had ever trampled those pure snows. It was a virginal mountain, distant from the possibility of human approach and human inquisitiveness as a marble goddess is from human loves. Yet there was nothing unsympathetic in its isolation, or despotic in its distant majesty. But this serene loftiness was no home for any deity of those that men create. Only the thought of eternal peace arose from this heaven-upbearing monument like incense, and, overflowing, filled the world with deep and holy calm.

Wherever the mountain turned its cheek toward the sun, many fair and smiling dimples appeared, and along soft curves of snow, lines of shadow drew tracery, fair as the blue veins on a child's temple. Without the infinite sweetness and charm of this kindly changefulness of form and color, there might have been oppressive awe in the presence of this transcendent glory against the solemn blue of noon. Grace played over the surface of majesty, as a drift of rose-leaves wavers in the air before a summer shower, or as a wreath of rosy mist flits before the grandeur of a storm. Loveliness was sprinkled like a boon of blossoms upon sublimity.

Our lives forever demand and need visual images that can be symbols to us of the grandeur or the sweetness of repose. There are some faces that arise dreamy in our memories, and look us into calmness in our frantic moods. Fair and happy is a life that need not call upon its vague memorial dreams for such attuning influence, but can turn to a present reality, and ask tranquillity at the shrine of

OVERLOOKING NACHES PASS.

View southeast from Pyramid Peak, showing the Naches Canyon and Valley stretching away to the great Yakima Valley.

OVERLOOKING NACHES PASS.

View south from Pyramid Peak, a thousand feet above the Pass and six thousand above sea level. Three miles away, near the center of the Pass, are seen the glacial meadows described by Winthrop.

a household goddess. The noble works of nature, and mountains most of all,

> "have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal silence."

And, studying the light and the majesty of Tacoma, there passed from it and entered into my being, to dwell there evermore by the side of many such, a thought and an image of solemn beauty, which I could thenceforth evoke whenever in the world I must have peace or die. For such emotion years of pilgrimage were worthily spent. If mortal can gain the thoughts of immortality, is not his earthly destiny achieved? For, when we have so studied the visible poem, and so fixed it deep in the very substance of our minds, there is forever with us not merely a perpetual possession of delight, but a watchful monitor that will not let our thoughts be long unfit for the pure companionship of beauty. For whenever a man is false to the light that is in him, and accepts meaner joys, or chooses the easy indulgence that meaner passions give, then every fair landscape in all his horizon dims, and all its grandeurs fade and dwindle away, the glory vanishes, and he looks, like one lost, upon his world, late so lovely and sinless.

While I was studying Tacoma, and learning its fine lesson, it in turn might contemplate its own image far away on the waters of Whulge, where streams from its own snows, gushing seaward to buffet in the boundless deep, might rejoice in a last look at their parent ere they swept out of Puyallop Bay. Other large privilege of view it had. It could see what I could not,—Tacoma the Less, Mt. Adams, meritorious but clumsy; it could reflect sunbeams gracefully across a breadth of forest to St. Helens, the vestal virgin, who still kept her flame kindled, and proved her watchfulness ever and anon. Continuing its panoramic studies, Tacoma could trace the chasm of the Columbia by silver circles here and there,—could see every peak,

chimney, or unopened vent, from Kulshan to Shasta Butte. The Blue Mountains eastward were within its scope, and westward the faint-blue levels of the Pacific. Another region, worthy of any mountain's beholding, Tacoma sees, somewhat vague and dim in distance: it sees the sweet Arcadian valley of the Willamette, charming with meadow, park, and grove. In no older world where men have, in all their happiest moods, recreated themselves for generations in taming earth to orderly beauty, have they achieved a fairer garden than Nature's simple labor of love has made there, giving to rough pioneers the blessings and the possible education of refined and finished landscape, in the presence of landscape strong, savage, and majestic.

All this Tacoma beholds, as I can but briefly hint; and as one who is a seer himself becomes a tower of light and illumination to the world, so Tacoma, so every brother seer of his among the lofty snow-peaks, stands to educate, by his inevitable presence, every dweller thereabouts. Our race has never yet come into contact with great mountains as companions of daily life, nor felt that daily development of the finer and more comprehensive senses which these signal facts of nature compel. That is an influence of the future. The Oregon people, in a climate where being is bliss,—where every breath is a draught of vivid life,—these Oregon people, carrying to a new and grander New England of the West a fuller growth of the American Idea, under whose teaching the man of lowest ambitions must still have some little indestructible respect for himself, and the brute of most tyrannical aspirations some little respect for others; carrying there a religion two centuries farther on than the crude and cruel Hebraism of the Puritans; carrying the civilization of history where it will not suffer by the example of Europe,—with such material, that Western society, when it crystallizes, will elaborate new systems of thought and life. It is unphilosophical to suppose that a strong race, developing

under the best, largest, and calmest conditions of nature, will not achieve a destiny.

Up to Tacoma, or into some such solitude of nature, imaginative men must go, as Moses went up to Sinai, that the divine afflatus may stir within them. The siwashes appreciate, according to their capacity, the inspiration of lonely grandeur, and go upon the mountains, starving and alone, that they may become seers, enchanters, magicians, diviners, — what in conventional lingo is called "big medicine." For though the Indians here have not peopled these thrones of their world with the creatures of an anthropomorphic mythology, they yet deem them the abode of Tamanoüs. Tamanoüs is a vague and half-personified type of the unknown, of the mysterious forces of nature; and there is also an indefinite multitude of undefined emanations, each one a tamanoüs with a small t, which are busy and impish in complicating existence, or equally active and spritely in unravelling it. Each Indian of this region patronizes his own personal tamanoüs, as men of the more eastern tribes keep a private manito, and as Socrates kept a *daimon*. To supply this want, Tamanoüs with a big T undergoes an avatar, and incarnates himself into a salmon, a beaver, a clam, or into some inanimate object, such as a canoe, a paddle, a fir-tree, a flint, or into some elemental essence, as fire, water, sun, mist; and tamanoüs thus individualized becomes the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of every siwash, conscious that otherwise he might stray and be lost in the unknown realms of Tamanoüs.

Carved Stone Image from the lower Columbia Valley.

Hamitchou, a frowzy ancient of the Squallyamish, told

to Dr. Tolmie and me, at Nisqually, a legend of Tamanoüs and Tacoma, which, being interpreted, runs as follows:—

HAMITCHOU'S LEGEND.

"Avarice, O Boston tyee," quoth Hamitchou, studying me with dusky eyes, "is a mighty passion. Now, be it known unto thee that we Indians anciently used not metals nor the money of you blanketeers. Our circulating medium was shells,—wampum you would name it. Of all wampum, the most precious is Hiaqua. Hiaqua comes from the far north. It is a small, perforated shell, not unlike a very opaque quill toothpick, tapering from the middle, and cut square at both ends. We string it in many strands, and hang it around the neck of one we love,—namely, each man his own neck. We also buy with it what our hearts desire. He who has most hiaqua is best and wisest and happiest of all the northern Haida and of all the people of Whulge. The mountain horsemen value it; and braves of the terrible Blackfeet have been known, in the good old days, to come over and offer a horse or a wife for a bunch of fifty hiaqua.

"Now, once upon a time there dwelt where this fort of Nisqually now stands a wise old man of the Squallyamish. He was a great fisherman and a great hunter; and the wiser he grew, much the wiser he thought himself. When he had grown very wise, he used to stay apart from every other siwash. Companionable salmon-boilings round a common pot had no charms for him. 'Feasting was wasteful,' he said, 'and revellers would come to want.' And when they verified his prophecy, and were full of hunger and empty of salmon, he came out of his hermitage, and had salmon to sell.

"Hiaqua was the pay he always demanded; and as he was a very wise old man, and knew all the tideways of Whulge, and all the enticing ripples and placid spots of repose in every river where fish might dash or delay, he

was sure to have salmon when others wanted, and thus bagged largely of its precious equivalent, hiaqua.

"Not only a mighty fisher was the sage, but a mighty hunter; and elk, the greatest animal of the woods, was the game he loved. Well had he studied every trail where elk leave the print of their hoofs, and where, tossing their heads, they bend the tender twigs. Well had he searched through the broad forest, and found the long-haired prairies where elk feed luxuriously; and there, from behind palisade fir-trees, he had launched the fatal arrow. Sometimes, also, he lay beside a pool of sweetest water, revealed to him by gemmy reflections of sunshine gleaming through the woods, until at noon the elk came down, to find death awaiting him as he stooped and drank. Or beside the same fountain the old man watched at night, drowsily starting at every crackling branch, until, when the moon was high, and her illumination declared the pearly water, elk dashed forth incautious into the glade, and met their midnight destiny.

"Elk-meat, too, he sold to his tribe. This brought him pelf, but, alas for his greed, the pelf came slowly. Waters and woods were rich in game. All the Squallyamish were hunters and fishers, though none so skilled as he. They were rarely in absolute want, and, when they came to him for supplies, they were far too poor in hiaqua.

"So the old man thought deeply, and communed with his wisdom, and, while he waited for fish or beast, he took advice within himself from his demon,—he talked with Tamanoüs. And always the question was, 'How may I put hiaqua in my purse?'

"Tamanoüs never revealed to him that far to the north, beyond the waters of Whulge, are tribes with their under lip pierced with a fishbone, among whom hiaqua is plenty as salmon-berries are in the woods what time in mid-summer salmon fin it along the reaches of Whulge.

"But the more Tamanoüs did not reveal to him these mysteries of nature, the more he kept dreamily prying into

his own mind, endeavoring to devise some scheme by which he might discover a treasure-trove of the beloved shell. His life seemed wasted in the patient, frugal industry, which only brought slow, meagre gains. He wanted the splendid elation of vast wealth and the excitement of sudden wealth. His own peculiar tamanoüs was the elk. Elk was also his totem, the cognizance of his freemasonry with those of his own family, and their family friends in other tribes. Elk, therefore, were every way identified with his life; and he hunted them farther and farther up through the forests on the flanks of Tacoma, hoping that some day

Hiaqua, the Wampum, or Shell Money, of the Northwest Tribes.

his tamanoüs would speak in the dying groan of one of them, and gasp out the secret of the mines of hiaqua, his heart's desire.

"Tacoma was so white and glittering, that it seemed to stare at him very terribly and mockingly, and to know his shameful avarice, and how it led him to take from starving women their cherished lip and nose jewels of hiaqua, and to give them in return only tough scraps of dried elk-meat and salmon. When men are shabby, mean, and grasping, they feel reproached for their grovelling lives by the unearthliness of nature's beautiful objects, and they hate flowers, and sunsets, mountains, and the quiet stars of heaven.

"Nevertheless," continued Hamitchou, "this wise old

SUNSET AMONG THE MOUNTAINS ON A RAINY DAY.

View southwest from Pyramid Peak, north side of Naches Pass, showing the northeast face of "Tacoma," veiled in clouds, and the great canyons cut by the branches of White

fool of my legend went on stalking elk along the sides of Tacoma, ever dreaming of wealth. And at last, as he was hunting near the snows one day, one very clear and beautiful day of late summer, when sunlight was magically disclosing far distances, and making all nature supernaturally visible and proximate, Tamanoüs began to work in the soul of the miser.

" 'Are you brave,' whispered Tamanoüs in the strange, ringing, dull, silent thunder-tones of a demon voice. 'Dare you go to the caves where my treasures are hid?'

" 'I dare,' said the miser.

"He did not know that his lips had syllabled a reply. He did not even hear his own words. But all the place had become suddenly vocal with echoes. The great rock against which he leaned crashed forth, 'I dare.' Then all along through the forest, dashing from tree to tree and lost at last among the murmuring of breeze-shaken leaves, went careering his answer, taken up and repeated scornfully, 'I dare.' And after a silence, while the daring one trembled and would gladly have ventured to shout, for the companionship of his own voice, there came across from the vast snow wall of Tacoma a tone like the muffled, threatening plunge of an avalanche into a chasm, 'I dare.'

" 'You dare,' said Tamanoüs, enveloping him with a dread sense of an unseen, supernatural presence; 'you pray for wealth of hiaqua. Listen!'

"This injunction was hardly needed; the miser was listening with dull eyes kindled and starting. He was listening with every rusty hair separating from its unkempt mattedness, and outstanding upright, a caricature of an aureole.

" 'Listen,' said Tamanoüs, in the noonday hush. And then Tamanoüs vouchsafed at last the great secret of the hiaqua mines, while in terror near to death the miser heard, and every word of guidance toward the hidden treasure of the mountains seared itself into his soul ineffaceably.

"Silence came again more terrible now than the voice of Tamanoüs,—silence under the shadow of the great cliff,—silence deepening down the forest vistas,—silence filling the void up to the snows of Tacoma. All life and motion seemed paralyzed. At last Skai-ki, the Blue-Jay, the wise bird, foe to magic, sang cheerily overhead. Her song seemed to refresh again the honest laws of nature. The buzz of life stirred everywhere again, and the inspired miser rose and hastened home to prepare for his work.

"When Tamanoüs has put a great thought in a man's brain, has whispered him a great discovery within his power, or hinted at a great crime, that spiteful demon does not likewise suggest the means of accomplishment.

"The miser, therefore, must call upon his own skill to devise proper tools, and upon his own judgment to fix upon the most fitting time for carrying out his quest. Sending his squaw out to the kamas prairie, under pretense that now was the season for her to gather their winter store of that sickish-sweet esculent root, and that she might not have her squaw's curiosity aroused by seeing him at strange work, he began his preparations. He took a pair of enormous elk-horns, and fashioned from each horn a two-pronged pick or spade, by removing all the antlers except the two topmost. He packed a good supply of kippered salmon, and filled his pouch with kinni-kinnick for smoking in his black stone pipe. With his bow and arrows and his two elk-horn picks wrapped in buckskin hung at his back, he started just before sunset, as if for a long hunt. His old, faithful, maltreated, blanketless, vermilionless squaw, returning with baskets full of kamas, saw him disappearing moodily down the trail.

"All that night, all the day following, he moved on noiselessly by paths he knew. He hastened on, unnoticing outward objects, as one with a controlling purpose hastens. Elk and deer, bounding through the trees, passed him, but

MOUNTAIN MEADOW IN THE NACHES PASS.
In the distance, on the north side of the Pass, is seen Pyramid Peak.

he tarried not. At night he camped just below the snows of Tacoma. He was weary, weary, and chill night-airs blowing down from the summit almost froze him. He dared not take his fire-sticks, and, placing one perpendicular upon a little hollow on the flat side of the other, twirl the upright stick rapidly between his palms until the charred spot kindled and lighted his 'tipsoo,' his dry, tindery wool of inner bark. A fire, gleaming high upon the mountain-side, might be a beacon to draw thither any night-wandering savage to watch in ambush, and learn the path toward the mines of hiaqua. So he drowsed chilly and fireless, awakened often by dread sounds of crashing and rumbling among the chasms of Tacoma. He desponded bitterly, almost ready to abandon his quest, almost doubting whether he had in truth received a revelation, whether his interview with Tamanoüs had not been a dream, and finally whether all the hiaqua in the world was worth this toil and anxiety. Fortunate is the sage who at such a point turns back and buys his experience without worse befalling him.

"Past midnight he suddenly was startled from his drowse, and sat bolt upright in terror. A light! Was there another searcher in the forest, and a bolder than he? That flame just glimmering over the tree-tops, was it a camp-fire of friend or foe? Had Tamanoüs been revealing to another the great secret? No, smiled the miser, his eyes fairly open, and discovering that the new light was the moon. He had been waiting for her illumination on paths heretofore untrodden by mortal. She did not show her full, round, jolly face, but turned it askance as if she hardly liked to be implicated in this night's transactions.

"However, it was light he wanted, not sympathy, and he started up at once to climb over the dim snows. The surface was packed by the night's frost, and his moccasins gave him firm hold; yet he travelled but slowly, and could not always save himself from a *glissade* backwards, and a bruise upon some projecting knob or crag. Sometimes,

upright fronts of ice diverted him for long circuits, or a broken wall of cold cliff arose, which he must surmount painfully. Once or twice he stuck fast in a crevice, and hardly drew himself out by placing his bundle of picks across the crack. As he plodded and floundered thus deviously and toilsomely upward, at last the wasted moon gan pale overhead, and under foot the snow grew rosy with coming dawn. The dim world about the mountain's base displayed something of its vast detail. He could see, more positively than by moonlight, the far-reaching arteries of mist marking the organism of Whulge beneath; and what had been but a black chaos now resolved itself into the Alpine forest whence he had come.

"But he troubled himself little with staring about; up he looked, for the summit was at hand. To win that summit was wellnigh the attainment of his hopes, if Tamanoüs were true; and that, with the flush of morning ardor upon him, he could not doubt. There, in a spot Tamanoüs had revealed to him, was hiaqua,—hiaqua that should make him the richest and greatest of all the Squallyamish.

"The chill before sunrise was upon him as he reached the last curve of the dome. Sunrise and he struck the summit together. Together sunrise and he looked over the glacis. They saw within a great hollow all covered with the whitest of snow, save at the centre, where a black lake lay deep in a well of purple rock.

"At the eastern end of this lake was a small, irregular plain of snow, marked by three stones like monuments. Toward these the miser sprang rapidly, with full sunshine streaming after him over the snows.

"The first monument he examined with keen looks. It was tall as a giant man, and its top was fashioned into the grotesque likeness of a salmon's head. He turned from this to inspect the second. It was of similar height, but bore at its apex an object in shape like the regular flame of a torch. As he approached, he presently discovered

that this was an image of the kamas-bulb in stone. These two semblances of prime necessities of Indian life delayed him but an instant, and he hastened on to the third monument, which stood apart on a perfect level. The third stone was capped by something he almost feared to behold, lest it should prove other than his hopes. Every word of Tamanoüs had thus far proved veritable; but might there not be a bitter deceit at the last? The miser trembled.

"Yes, Tamanoüs was trustworthy. The third monument was as the old man anticipated. It was a stone elk's-head, such as it appears in earliest summer, when the antlers are sprouting lustily under their rough jacket of velvet.

"You remember, Boston tyee," continued Hamitchou, "that Elk was the old man's tamanoüs, the incarnation for him of the universal Tamanoüs. He therefore was right joyous at this good omen of protection; and his heart grew big and swollen with hope, as the black salmon-berry swells in a swamp in June. He threw down his 'ikta'; every impediment he laid down upon the snow; and, unwrapping his two picks of elk-horn, he took the stoutest, and began to dig in the frozen snow at the foot of the elk-head monument.

"No sooner had he struck the first blow than he heard behind him a sudden puff, such as a seal makes when it comes to the surface to breathe. Turning round much startled, he saw a huge otter just clambering up over the edge of the lake. The otter paused, and struck on the snow with his tail, whereupon another otter and another appeared, until, following their leader in slow and solemn file, were twelve other otters, marching toward the miser. The twelve approached, and drew up in a circle around him. Each was twice as large as any otter ever seen. Their chief was four times as large as the most gigantic otter ever seen in the regions of Whulge, and certainly was as great as a seal. When the twelve were arranged, their leader skipped to the top of the elk-head stone, and sat

there between the horns. Then the whole thirteen gave a mighty puff in chorus.

"The hunter of hiaqua was for a moment abashed at his uninvited ring of spectators. But he had seen otter before, and bagged them. These he could not waste time to shoot, even if a phalanx so numerous were not formidable. Besides, they might be tamanoüs. He took to his pick, and began digging stoutly.

"He soon made way in the snow, and came to solid rock beneath. At every thirteenth stroke of his pick, the fugleman otter tapped with his tail on the monument. Then the choir of lesser otters tapped together with theirs on the snow. This caudal action produced a dull, muffled sound, as if there were a vast hollow below.

"Digging with all his force, by and by the seeker for treasure began to tire, and laid down his elk-horn spade to wipe the sweat from his brow. Straightway the fugleman otter turned, and, swinging his tail, gave the weary man a mighty thump on the shoulder; and the whole band, imitating, turned, and, backing inward, smote him with centripetal tails, until he resumed his labors, much bruised.

"The rock lay first in plates, then in scales. These it was easy to remove. Presently, however, as the miser pried carelessly at a larger mass, he broke his elk-horn tool. Fugleman otter leaped down, and, seizing the supplemental pick between his teeth, mouthed it over to the digger. Then the amphibious monster took in the same manner the broken pick, and bore it round the circle of his suite, who inspected it gravely with puffs.

"These strange, magical proceedings disconcerted and somewhat baffled the miser; but he plucked up heart, for the prize was priceless, and worked on more cautiously with his second pick. At last its blows and the regular thumps of the otters' tails called forth a sound hollower and hollower. His circle of spectators narrowed so that

he could feel their panting breath as they bent curiously over the little pit he had dug.

"The crisis was evidently at hand.

"He lifted each scale of rock more delicately. Finally he raised a scale so thin that it cracked into flakes as he turned it over. Beneath was a large square cavity.

"It was filled to the brim with hiaqua.

"He was a millionaire.

"The otters recognized him as the favorite of Tamanoüs, and retired to a respectful distance.

"For some moments he gazed on his treasure, taking thought of his future proud grandeur among the dwellers by Whulge. He plunged his arm deep as he could go; there was still nothing but the precious shells. He smiled to himself in triumph; he had wrung the secret from Tamanoüs. Then, as he withdrew his arm, the rattle of the hiaqua recalled him to the present. He saw that noon was long past, and he must proceed to reduce his property to possession.

"The hiaqua was strung upon long, stout sinews of elk, in bunches of fifty shells on each side. Four of these he wound about his waist; three he hung across each shoulder; five he took in each hand;—twenty strings of pure white hiaqua, every shell large, smooth, unbroken, beautiful. He could carry no more; hardly even with this could he stagger along. He put down his burden for a moment, while he covered up the seemingly untouched wealth of the deposit carefully with the scale stones, and brushed snow over the whole.

"The miser never dreamed of gratitude, never thought to hang a string from the buried treasure about the salmon and kamas tamanoüs stones, and two strings around the elk's head; no, all must be his own, all he could carry now, and the rest for the future.

"He turned, and began his climb toward the crater's edge. At once the otters, with a mighty puff in concert, took up their line of procession, and, plunging into the

black lake, began to beat the water with their tails.

"The miser could hear the sound of splashing water as he struggled upward through the snow, now melting and yielding. It was a long hour of harsh toil and much backsliding before he reached the rim, and turned to take one more view of this valley of good fortune.

"As he looked, a thick mist began to rise from the lake centre, where the otters were splashing. Under the mist grew a cylinder of black cloud, utterly hiding the water.

"Terrible are storms in the mountains; but in this looming mass was a terror more dread than any hurricane of ruin ever bore within its wild vortexes. Tamanoüs was in that black cylinder, and as it strode forward, chasing in the very path of the miser, he shuddered, for his wealth and his life were in danger.

"However, it might be but a common storm. Sunlight was bright as ever overhead in heaven, and all the lovely world below lay dreamily fair, in that afternoon of summer, at the feet of the rich man, who now was hastening to be its king. He stepped from the crater edge and began his descent.

"Instantly the storm overtook him. He was thrown down by its first assault, flung over a rough bank of iciness, and lay at the foot torn and bleeding, but clinging still to his precious burden. Each hand still held its five strings of hiaqua. In each hand he bore a nation's ransom. He staggered to his feet against the blast. Utter night was around him,—night as if daylight had forever perished, had never come into being from chaos. The roaring of the storm had also deafened and bewildered him with its wild uproar.

"Present in every crash and thunder of the gale was a growing undertone, which the miser well knew to be the voice of Tamanoüs. A deadly shuddering shook him. Heretofore that potent Unseen had been his friend and guide; there had been awe, but no terror, in his words. Now

the voice of Tamanoüs was inarticulate, but the miser could divine in that sound an unspeakable threat of wrath and vengeance. Floating upon this undertone were sharper tamanoüs voices, shouting and screaming always sneeringly, 'Ha ha, hiaqua!—ha, ha, ha!'

"Whenever the miser essayed to move and continue his descent, a whirlwind caught him, and with much ado tossed him hither and thither, leaving him at last flung and imprisoned in a pinching crevice, or buried to the eyes in a snow-drift, or bedded upside down on a shaggy boulder, or gnawed by lacerating lava jaws. Sharp torture the old man was encountering, but he held fast to his hiaqua.

"The blackness grew ever deeper and more crowded with perdition; the din more impish, demoniac, and devilish; the laughter more appalling; and the miser more and more exhausted with vain buffeting. He determined to propitiate exasperated Tamanoüs with a sacrifice. He threw into the black cylinder storm his left-handful, five strings of precious hiaqua."

"Somewhat long-winded is thy legend, Hamitchou, Great Medicine Man of the Squallyamish," quoth I. "Why didn't the old fool drop his wampum,—shell out, as one might say,—and make tracks?"

"Well, well!" continued Hamitchou; "when the miser had thrown away his first handful of hiaqua, there was a momentary lull in elemental war, and he heard the otters puffing around him invisible. Then the storm renewed, blacker, louder, harsher, crueller than before, and over the dread undertone of the voice of Tamanoüs, tamanoüs voices again screamed, 'Ha, ha, ha, hiaqua!' and it seemed as if tamanoüs hands, or the paws of the demon otters, clutched at the miser's right-handful and tore at his shoulder and waist belts.

"So, while darkness and tempest still buffeted the hapless old man, and thrust him away from his path, and while the roaring was wickeder than the roars of tens and

tens of tens of bears when ahungered they pounce upon a plain of kamas, gradually wounded and terrified, he flung away string after string of hiaqua, gaining never any notice of such sacrifice, except an instant's lull of the cyclone and a puff from the invisible otters.

"The last string he clung to long, and before he threw it to be caught and whirled after its fellows, he tore off a single bunch of fifty shells. But upon this, too, the storm laid its clutches. In the final desperate struggle the old man was wounded so sternly that, when he had given up his last relic of the mighty treasure, when he had thrown into the formless chaos, instinct with Tamanoüs, his last propitiatory offering, he sank and became insensible.

"It seemed a long slumber to him, but at last he awoke. The jagged moon was just paling overhead, and he heard Skai-ki, the Blue-Jay, foe to magic, singing welcome to sunrise. It was the very spot whence he started at morning.

"He was hungry, and felt for his bag of kamas and a pouch of smoke-leaves. There, indeed, by his side were the elk-sinew strings of the bag, and the black stone pipe-bowl,— but no bag, no kamas, no kinni-kinnick. The whole spot was thick with kamas plants, strangely out of place on the mountain-side, and overhead grew a large arbutus-tree, with glistening leaves, ripe for smoking. The old man found his hard-wood fire-sticks safe under the herbage, and soon twirled a light, and, nurturing it in dry grass, kindled a cheery fire. He plucked up kamas, set it to roast, and laid a store of the arbutus-leaves to dry on a flat stone.

"After he had made a hearty breakfast on the chestnut-like kamas-bulbs, and, smoking the thoughtful pipe, was reflecting on the events of yesterday, he became aware of an odd change in his condition. He was not bruised and wounded from head to foot, as he expected, but very stiff only, and as he stirred, his joints creaked like the creak of a lazy paddle upon the rim of a canoe. Skai-ki, the Blue-Jay, was singularly familiar with him, hopping from her

perch in the arbutus, and alighting on his head. As he put his hand to dislodge her, he touched his scratching-stick of bone, and attempted to pass it, as usual, through his hair. The hair was matted and interlaced into a network reaching fully two ells down his back. 'Tamanoüs,' thought the old man.

"Chiefly he was conscious of a mental change. He was calm and content. Hiaqua and wealth seemed to have lost their charms for him. Tacoma, shining like gold and silver and precious stones of gayest lustre, seemed a benign comrade and friend. All the outer world was cheerful and satisfying. He thought he had never awakened to a fresher morning. He was a young man again, except for that unusual stiffness and unmelodious creaking in his joints. He felt no apprehension of any presence of a deputy tamanoüs, sent by Tamanoüs to do malignities upon him in the lonely wood. Great Nature had a kindly aspect, and made its divinity perceived only by the sweet notes of birds and the hum of forest life, and by a joy that clothed his being. And now he found in his heart a sympathy for man, and a longing to meet his old acquaintances down by the shores of Whulge.

"He rose, and started on the downward way, smiling, and sometimes laughing heartily at the strange croaking, moaning, cracking, and rasping of his joints. But soon motion set the lubricating valves at work, and the sockets grew slippery again. He marched rapidly, hastening out of loneliness into society. The world of wood, glade, and stream seemed to him strangely altered. Old colossal trees, firs behind which he had hidden when on the hunt, cedars under whose drooping shade he had lurked, were down, and lay athwart his path, transformed into immense mossy mounds, like barrows of giants, over which he must clamber warily, lest he sink and be half stifled in the dust of rotten wood. Had Tamanoüs been widely at work in that event-

ful night?—or had the spiritual change the old man felt affected his views of the outer world?

"Travelling downward, he advanced rapidly, and just before sunset came to the prairies where his lodge should be. Everything had seemed to him so totally altered that he tarried a moment in the edge of the woods to take an observation before approaching his home. There was a lodge, indeed, in the old spot, but a newer and far handsomer one than he had left on the fourth evening before.

"A very decrepit old squaw, ablaze with vermilion and decked with countless strings of hiaqua and costly beads, was seated on the ground near the door, tending a kettle of salmon, whose blue and fragrant steam mingled pleasantly with the golden haze of sunset. She resembled his own squaw in countenance, as an ancient smoked salmon is like a newly-dried salmon. If she was indeed his spouse, she was many years older than when he saw her last, and much better dressed than the respectable lady had ever been during his miserly days.

"He drew near quietly. The bedizened dame was crooning a chant, very dolorous,—like this:

" 'My old man has gone, gone, gone,—
My old man to Tacoma has gone
To hunt the elk, he went long ago.
When will he come down, down, down,
Down to the salmon-pot and me?'

" 'He has come from Tacoma down, down, down,—
Down to the salmon-pot and thee,'

shouted the reformed miser, rushing forward to supper and his faithful wife."

"And how did Penelope explain the mystery?" I asked.

"If you mean the old lady," replied Hamitchou, "she was my grandmother, and I'd thank you not to call names. She told my grandfather that he had been gone many years;—she could not tell how many, having dropped her tally-stick in the fire by accident that very day. She also told him how, in despite of the entreaties of many a chief

INDIAN BASKETS.

The two in the upper row are Skokomish twined wallets; those below are imbricated baskets, the one on the left being of Puyallup and the others of Klickitat make.

who knew her economic virtues, and prayed her to become mistress of his household, she had remained constant to the Absent, and forever kept the hopeful salmon-pot boiling for his return. She had distracted her mind from the bitterness of sorrow by trading in kamas and magic herbs, and had thus acquired a genteel competence. The excellent dame then exhibited with great complacency her gains, most of which she had put in the portable and secure form

TA-WITS-POO.

"She resembled his own squaw as an ancient smoked salmon is like a newly-dried salmon.

of personal ornament, making herself a resplendent magazine of valuable frippery.

"Little cared the repentant sage for such things. But he was rejoiced to be again at home and at peace, and near his own early gains of hiaqua and treasure, buried in a place of security. These, however, he no longer over-esteemed and hoarded. He imparted whatever he possessed, material treasures or stores of wisdom and experience, freely to all the land. Every dweller by Whulge came to him for advice how to chase the elk, how to troll or spear the salmon, and

how to propitiate Tamanoüs. He became the Great Medicine Man of the siwashes, a benefactor to his tribe and his race.

"Within a year after he came down from his long nap on the side of Tacoma, a child, my father, was born to him. The sage lived many years, beloved and revered, and on his deathbed, long before the Boston tilicum or any blanketeers were seen in the regions of Whulge, he told this history to my father, as a lesson and a warning. My father, dying, told it to me. But I, alas! have no son; I grow old, and lest this wisdom perish from the earth, and Tamanoüs be again obliged to interpose against avarice, I tell the tale to thee, O Boston tyee. Mayest thou and thy nation not disdain this lesson of an earlier age, but profit by it and be wise."

So far Hamitchou recounted his legend without the palisades of Fort Nisqually, and motioning, in expressive pantomime, at the close, that he was dry with big talk, and would gladly wet his whistle.

A Siwash Cradle.

VIII.

SOWEE HOUSE.—LOOLOWCAN.

I had not long, that noon of August, from the top of La Tête, to study Tacoma, scene of Hamitchou's wild legend. Humanity forbade dalliance. While I fed my soul with sublimity, Klale and his comrades were wretched with starvation. But the summit of the pass is near. A few struggles more, Klale the plucky, and thy empty sides shall echo less drum-like. Up stoutly, my steeds; up a steep but little less than perpendicular, paw over these last trunks of the barricades in our trail, and ye have won!

So it was. The angle of our ascent suddenly broke down from ninety to fifteen, then to nothing. We had reached the plateau. Here were the first prairies. Nibble in these, my nags, for a few refreshing moments, and then on to superlative dinners in lovelier spots just beyond.

Let no one, exaggerating the joys of campaigning, with Horace's *Militia potior est*, deem that there is no compensating pang among them. Is it a pleasant thing, O traveller only in dreams, envier of the voyager in reality, to urge tired, reluctant, and unfed mustangs up a mountain pass, even for their own good? In such a case a man, the humanest and gentlest, must adopt the manners of a brute. He must ply the whip, and that cruelly; otherwise, no go. At first, as he smites, he winces, for he has struck his own sensibilities; by and by he hardens himself, and thrashes without a tremor. When the cortège arrives at an edible prairie, gastronomic satisfaction will put Lethean freshness in the battered hide of every horse.

We presently turned just aside from the trail into an episode of beautiful prairie, one of a succession along the plateau at the crest of the range. At this height of about five thousand feet, the snows remain until June.* In this fair, oval, forest-circled prairie of my nooning, the grass was long and succulent, as if it grew in the bed of a drained lake. The horses, undressed, were allowed to plunge and wallow in the deep herbage. Only horse heads soon could be seen, moving about like their brother hippopotami, swimming in sedges.

To me it was luxury enough not to be a whip for a time. Over and above this, I had the charm of a quiet nooning on a bank of emerald turf, by a spring, at the edge of a clump of evergreens. I took my luncheon of cold salt pork and doughy biscuit by a well of brightest water. I called in no proxy of tin cup to aid me in saluting this sparkling creature, but stooped and kissed the spring. When I had rendered my first homage thus to the goddess of the fountain, Ægle herself, perhaps, fairest of Naiads, I drank thirstily of the medium in which she dwelt. A bubbling dash of water leaped up and splashed my visage as I withdrew. Why so, sweet fountain, which I may name Hippocrene, since hoofs of Klale have caused me thy discovery? Is this a rebuff? If there ever was lover who little merited such treatment it is I. "Not so, appreciative stranger," came up in other bubbling gushes the responsive voice of Nature through sweet vibrations of the melodious fount. "Never a Nymph of mine will thrust thee back. This sudden leap of water was a movement of sympathy, and a gentle emotion of hospitality. The Naiad there was offering thee her treasure liberally, and saying that, drink as thou wilt, I, her mother Nature, have commanded my winds and sun to distil thee fresh supplies, and my craggy crevices are filtering it in the store-houses, that it may be

*The bench-mark placed by the Government Survey gives the altitude of Naches Pass as 4,988 feet.

offered to every welcome guest, pure and cool as airs of dawn. Stoop down," continued the voice, "thirsty wayfarer, and kiss again my daughter of the fountain, nor be abashed if she meets thee half-way. She knows that a true lover will never scorn his love's delicate advances."

In response to such invitation, and the more for my thirsty slices of pork, I lapped the aerated tipple in its goblet, whose stem reaches deep into the bubble laboratories. I lapped,— an excellent test of pluck in the days of Gideon, son of Barak;— and why? For many reasons, but among them for this;— he who lying prone can with stout muscular gullet swallow water, will be also able to swallow back into position his heart, when in moments of tremor it leaps into his throat.

When I had lapped plenteously, I lay and let the breeze-shaken shadows smooth me into smiling mood, while my sympathies overflowed to enjoy with my horses their dinner. They fed like school-boys home for Thanksgiving, in haste lest the present banquet, too good to be true, prove Barmecide. A feast of colossal grasses placed itself at the lips of the breakfastless stud. They champed as their nature was;— Klale like a hungry gentleman,— Gubbins like a hungry clodhopper,— Antipodes like a lubberly oaf. They were laying in, according to the Hudson's Bay Company's rule, supply at this meal for five days; without such power, neither man nor horse is fit to tramp the Northwest.

I lay on the beautiful verdant bank, plucking now dextrously and now sinistrously of strawberries, that summer, climbing late to these snowy heights, had just ripened. Medical men command us to swallow twice a day one bitter pill confectioned of all disgust. Nature doses us, by no means against our will, with many sweet boluses of delight, berries compacted of acidulated, sugary spiciness. Nature, tenderest of leeches,— no bolus of hers is pleasanter medicament than her ruddy strawberries. She shaped them like Minié-balls, that they might traverse unerringly to the

cell of most dulcet digestion. Over their glistening surface she peppered little golden dots to act as obstacles lest they should glide too fleetly over the surfaces of taste, and also gently to rasp them into keener sensitiveness. Mongers of pestled poisons may punch their pills in malodorous mortars, roll them in floury palms, pack them in pink boxes, and send them forth to distress a world of patients;— but Nature, who if she even feels one's pulse does it by a gentle pressure of atmosphere,— Nature, knowing that her children in their travels always need lively tonics, tells wind, sun, and dew, servitors of hers, clean and fine of touch, to manipulate gay strawberries, and dispose them attractively on fair green terraces, shaded at parching noon. Of these lovely fabrics of pithy pulpiness, no limit to the dose, if the invalid does as Nature intended, and plucks for himself, with fingers rosy and fragrant. I plucked of them, as far as I could reach on either side of me, and then lay drowsily reposing on my couch at the summit of the Cascade Pass, under the shade of a fir, which, outstanding from the forest, had changed its columnar structure into a pyramidal, and had branches all along its stalwart trunk, instead of a mere tuft at the top.

In this shade I should have known the tree which gave it, without looking up,— not because the sharp little spicular leaves of the fir, miniatures of that sword Rome used to open the world, its oyster, would drop and plunge themselves into my eyes, or would insert their blades down my back and scarify,— but because there is an influence and sentiment in umbrages, and under every tree its own atmosphere. Elms refine and have a graceful elegiac effect upon those they shelter. Oaks drop robustness. Mimosas will presently make a sensitive-plant of him who hangs his hammock beneath their shade. Cocoa-palms will infect him with such tropical indolence that he will not stir until frowzy monkeys climb the tree and pelt him away to the next one. The shade of pine-trees, as any one can prove by a

INDIAN SWEAT-HOUSE.
The Cure-all of the Columbia River and Puget Sound Medicine Man.

journey in Maine, makes those who undergo it wiry, keen, trenchant, inexhaustible, and tough.

When I had felt the influence of my fir shelter, on the edge of the wayside prairie, long enough, I became of course keen as a blade. I sprang up and called to Loolowcan, in a resinous voice, "Mamook chaco cuitan; make come horse."

Loolowcan, in more genial mood than I had known him, drove the trio out from the long grass. They came forth not without backward hankerings, but far happier quadrupeds than when they climbed the pass at noon. It was a pleasure now to compress with the knees Klale, transformed from an empty barrel with protuberant hoops, into a full and elastic cylinder, smooth as the boiler of a locomotive.

"Loolowcan, my lad, my experienced guide, cur nesika moosum; where sleep we?" said I.

"Copa Sowee house,—kicuali. Sowee, olyman tyee,—memloose. Sia-a-a-h mitlite;—At Sowee's camp,—below. Sowee, oldman chief,—dead. It is far, far away," replied the son of Owhhigh.

Far is near, distance is annihilated this brilliant day of summer, for us recreated with Hippocrene, strawberries, shade of fir, and tall snow-fed grass. Down the mountain range seems nothing after our long laborious up; "the half is more than the whole." "Lead on, Loolowcan, intelligent brave, toward the residence of the late Sowee."

More fair prairies linked themselves along the trail. From these alpine pastures the future will draw butter and cheese, pasturing migratory cattle there, when summer dries the scanty grass upon the macadamized prairies of Whulge. It is well to remind ourselves sometimes that the world is not wholly squatted over. The plateau soon began to ebb toward the downward slope. Descent was like ascent, a way shaggy and abrupt. Again the Boston hooihut intruded. My friends, the woodsmen, had constructed an elaborate inclined plane of very knobby corduroy down the steepest steep. Klale sniffed at this novel road, and

turned up his nose at it. He was competent to protect that feature against all the perils of stumble and fall on trails he had been educated to travel, but dreaded grinding it on the rough bark of this unaccustomed highway. Slow-footed oxen, leaning inward and sustaining each other, like two roisterers unsteady after wassail, might clumsily toil up such a road as this, hauling up stout, white-cotton-roofed wagons, filled with the babies and Lares of emigrants; but quick-footed ponies, descending and carrying light loads of a wild Indian and an untamed blanketeer, chose rather to whisk along the aboriginal paths.*

As we came to the irregular terraces after the first pitch, and scampered on gayly, I by and by heard a welcome whiz, and a dusky grouse (*Tetrao obscurus*) lifted himself out of the trail into the lower branches of a giant fir. I had lugged my double-barrel thus far, a futile burden, unless when it served a minatory purpose among the drunken Klalams. Now it became an animated machine, and uttered a sharp exclamation of relief after long patient silence. Down came tetrao,—down he came with satisfactory thud, signifying pounds of something not pork for supper. We bagged him joyously and dashed on.

"Kopet," whispered Loolowcan turning, with a hushing gesture, "hin kullakullie nika nanitch;—halt, plenty birds I see." He was so eager that from under his low brows and unkempt hair his dusky eyes glared like the eyes of wild beast, studying his prey from a shadowy lair.

Dismounting, I stole forward with assassin intent, and birds, grouse, five noble ones I saw, engaged in fattening their bodies for human solace and support. I sent a shot among them. There was a flutter among the choir,—one fluttered not. At the sound of my right barrel one bird fell without rising; another rose and fell at a hint from the sinister tube. The surviving trio were distracted by mortal terror. They flew no farther than a dwarf tree hard by. I

*For the history of this road, see Appendix B.

drew my revolver, thinking that there might not be time to load, and fired in a hurry at the lowermost.

"Hyas tamanoüs!" whispered Loolowcan, when no bird fell or flew,—"big magic," it seemed to the superstitious youth. Often when sportsmen miss, they claim that their gun is bewitched, and avail themselves of the sure silver bullet.

A second ball, passing with keener aim through the barrel, attained its mark. Grouse third shook off his mortal remains, and sped to heaven. The two others, contrary to rule, for I had shot the lower, fled, cowardly carrying their heavy bodies to die of cold, starvation, or old age. "The good die first,"—ay, Wordsworth! among birds this is verity; for the good are the fat, who, because of their avoirdupois, lag in flight, or alight upon lower branches and are easiest shot.

Loolowcan bagged my three trophies and added them to the first. Henceforth the thought of a grouse supper became a fixed idea with me. I dwelt upon it with even morbid appetite. I rehearsed, in prophetic mood, the scene of plucking, the scene of roasting, that happy festal scene of eating. So immersed did I become in gastronomic revery, that I did not mind my lookout, as I dashed after Loolowcan, fearless and agile cavalier. A thrust awoke me to a sense of passing objects, a very fierce, lance-like thrust, full at my life. A wrecking snag of harsh dead wood that projected up in the trail struck me, and tore me half off my horse, leaving me jerked, scratched, disjointed, and shuddering. Pachydermatous leggins of buckskin, at cost of their own unity, had saved me from impalement. Some such warning is always preparing for the careless.

I soon had an opportunity to propitiate Nemesis by a humane action. A monstrous trunk lay across the trail. Loolowcan, reckless steeple-chaser, put his horse at it, full speed. Gubbins, instead of going over neatly, or scrambling over cat-like, reared rampant and shied back, volte-face.

I rode forward to see what fresh interference of Tamanoüs was here,— nothing tamanoüs but an unexpected sorry object of a horse. A wretched castaway, probably abandoned by the exploring party, or astray from them, essaying to leap the tree, had fallen back beneath the trunk and branches, and lay there entangled and perfectly helpless. We struggled to release him. In vain. At last a thought struck me. We seized the poor beast by his tail, fortunately a tenacious member, and, heaving vigorously, towed him out of prison.

He tottered forlornly to his feet, looking about him like one risen from the dead. "How now, Caudal?" said I, baptizing him by the name of the part that saved his life; "canst thou follow toward fodder?" He debated the question with himself awhile. Solitary confinement of indefinite length, in a cramped posture, had given the poor skeleton time to consider that safety from starvation is worth one effort more. He found that there was still a modicum of life and its energy within his baggy hide. My horses seemed to impart to him some of their electricity, and he staggered on droopingly. Lucky Caudal, if life is worth having, that on that day, of all days, I should have arrived to rescue him. Strange deliverances for body and soul come to the dying. Fate sends unlooked-for succor, when horses or men despair.

Luckily for Caudal, the weak-kneed and utterly dejected, Sowee's prairie was near,— near was the prairie of Sowee, mighty hunter of deer and elk, terror of bears. There at weird night Sowee's ghost was often seen to stalk. Dyspeptics from feather-beds behold ghosts, and are terrified, but night-walkers are but bugbears to men who have ridden from dawn to dusk of a long summer's day over an Indian trail in the mountains. I felt no fear that any incubus in the shape of a brassy-hued Indian chief would sit upon my breast that night, and murder wholesome sleep.

Nightfall was tumbling down from the zenith before we

reached camp. The sweet glimmers of twilight were ousted from the forest, sternly as mercy is thrust from a darkening heart. Night is really only beautiful so far as it is not night, —that is, for its stars, which are sources of resolute daylight in other spheres, and for its moon, which is daylight's memory, realized, softened, and refined.

Night, however, had not drawn the pall of brief death over the world so thick but that I could see enough to respect the taste of the late Sowee. When he voted himself this farm, and became seized of it in the days of unwritten agrarian laws, and before patents were in vogue, he proved his intelligent right to suffrage and seizure. Here in admirable quality were the three first requisites of a home in the wilderness, water, wood, and grass. A musical rustle, as we galloped through, proved the long grass. All around was the unshorn forest. There were columnar firs making the Sowee house a hypæthral temple on a grand scale.

There had been here a lodge. A few saplings of its framework still stood, but Sowee had moved elsewhere not long ago. Wake siah memloose,—not long dead was the builder, and viator might camp here unquestioned.

Caudal had followed us in inane, irresponsible way. Patient now he stood, apparently waiting for farther commands from his preservers. We unpacked and unsaddled the other animals. They knew their business, namely, to bolt instantly for their pasture. Then a busy uproar of nipping and crunching was heard. Poor Caudal could not take the hint. We were obliged to drive that bony estray with blows out to the supper-field, where he stood aghast at the appetites of his new comrades. Repose and good example, however, soon had their effect, and eight equine jaws instead of six made play in the herbage.

"Alki mika mamook pire, pe nesika klatawah copa klap tsuk; now light thou a fire, and we will go to find water," said Loolowcan. I struck fire,—fire smote tinder,—tinder sent the flame on, until a pyre from the world's free wood-pile

was kindled. This boon of fire,—what wonder that men devised a Prometheus greatest of demigods as its discoverer? Mortals, shrinking from the responsibility of a high destiny and dreading to know how divine the Divine would have them, always imagine an avatar of some one not lower than a half-god when a gift of great price comes to the world. And fire is a very priceless and beautiful boon,—not, as most know it, in imprisonment, barred with iron, or in sooty chimneys, or in mad revolt of conflagration, but as it grows in a flashing pyramid out in camp in the free woods, with eager air hurrying in on every side to feed its glory. In the gloom I strike metal of steel against metallic flint. From this union a child is born. I receive the young spark tenderly in warm "tipsoo," in a soft woolly nest of bark or grass tinder. Swaddled in this he thrives. He smiles; he chuckles; he laughs; he dances about, does my agile nursling. He will soon wear out his first infantile garb, so I cover him up in shelter. I feed him with digestible viands, according to his years. I give him presently stouter fare, and offer exhilarating morsels of fatness. All these the hearty youth assimilates, and grows healthily. And now I educate him to manliness, training him on great joints, shoulders, and marrowy portions. He becomes erelong a power and a friend able to requite me generously for my care. He aids me in preparing my feast, and we feast together. Afterward we talk,—Flame and I,—we think together strong and passionate thoughts of purpose and achievement. These emotions of manhood die away, and we share pensive memories of happiness missed, or disdained, or feebly grasped and torn away; regrets cover these like embers, and slowly over dead fieriness comes a robe of ashy gray.

Fire in the forest is light, heat, and cheer. When ours was nurtured to the self-sustaining point, we searched to find where the sage Sowee kept his potables. Carefully covered up in sedges was a slender supply of water, worth

concealing from vulgar dabblers. Its diamond drops were hidden away so thoroughly that we must mine for them by torchlight. I held a flaring torch, while Loolowcan lay in wait for the trickle, and captured it in a tin pot. How wild he looked, that youth so frowzy by daylight, as, stooping under the tall sedges, he clutched those priceless sparkles!

Upon the *carte du jour* at Restaurant Sowee was written Grouse. "How shall we have them?" said I, cook and convive, to Loolowcan, marmiton and convive. "One of these cocks of the mountain shall be fried, since gridiron is not," responded I to myself, after meditation. "Two shall be spitted, and roasted; and, as Azrael may not want us before breakfast to-morrow, the fourth shall go upon the *carte de dejeuner*."

"O Pork! what a creature thou art!" continued I, in monologue, cutting neat slices of that viand with my bowie-knife, and laying them fraternally, three in a bed, in the frying-pan. "Blessed be Moses! who forbade thee to the Jews, whereby we, of freer dispensations, heirs of all the ages, inherit also pigs more numerous and bacon cheaper. O Pork! what could campaigners do without thy fatness, thy leanness, thy saltness, thy portableness?"

Here Loolowcan presented me the three birds plucked featherless as Plato's man. The two roasters we planted carefully on spits before a sultry spot of the fire. From a horizontal stick, supported on forked stakes, we suspended by a twig over each roaster an automatic baster, an inverted cone of pork, ordained to yield its spicy juices to the wooing flame, and drip bedewing on each bosom beneath. The roasters ripened deliberately, while keen and quick fire told upon the fryer, the first course of our feast. Meanwhile I brewed a pot of tea, blessing Confucius for that restorative weed, as I had blessed Moses for his abstinence from porkers.

Need I say that the grouse were admirable, that everything was delicious, and the Confucian weed first chop?

Even a scouse of mouldy biscuit met the approval of Loolowcan. Feasts cooked under the greenwood tree, and eaten by their cooks after a triumphant day of progress, are sweeter than the conventional banquets of languid Christendom. After we had paid our duty to the brisk fryer and the rotund roaster grouse, nothing remained but bones to propitiate Sowee, should he find short commons in Elysium, and wander back to his lodge, seeking what he might devour.

Costumed Figure Carved from a Deer's Antler. Found in a Child's Grave near Tampico.

All along the journey I had been quietly probing the nature of Loolowcan, my most intimate associate thus far among the unalloyed copper-skins. Chinook jargon was indeed but a blunt probe, yet perhaps delicate enough to follow up such rough bits of conglomerate as served him for ideas. An inductive philosopher, tracing the laws of developing human thought *in corpore vili* of a frowzy savage, finds his work simple,—the nuggets are on the surface. Those tough pebbles known to some metaphysicians as innate ideas can be studied in Loolowcan in their process of formation out of instincts.

Number One is the prize number in Loolowcan's lottery of life. He thinks of that number; he dreams of it alone. When he lies down to sleep, he plots what he will do in the morning with his prize and his possession; when he wakes, he at once proceeds to execute his plots. Loolowcan knows that there are powers out of himself; rights out of himself he does not comprehend, or even conceive. I have thus far been very indulgent to him, and treated him republicanly, mindful of the heavy mesne profits for the occupation of a continent, and the uncounted arrears of blood-money owed by my race to his; yet I find no trace of gratitude in my an-

alysis of his character. He seems to be composed, selfishness, five hundred parts; *nil admirari* coolness, five hundred parts;—a well-balanced character, and perhaps one not likely to excite enthusiasm in others. I am a steward to him; I purvey him also a horse; when we reach the Dalles, I am to pay him for his services; but he is bound to me by no tie of comrade-ry. He has caution more highly developed than any quadruped I have met, and will not offend me lest I should resign my stewardship, retract Gubbins, refuse payment, discharge my guide, and fight through the woods, where he sees I am no stranger, alone. He certainly merits a "teapot" for his ability in guidance. He has memory and observation unerring; not once in all our intricate journey have I found him at fault in any fact of space or time. He knows "each lane and every alley green" here, accurately as Comus knew his "wild wood."

Moral conceptions exist only in a very limited degree for this type of his race. Of God he knows somewhat less than the theologians; that is, he is in the primary condition of uninquisitive ignorance, not in the secondary, of inquisitive muddle. He has the advantage of no elaborate system of human inventions to unlearn. He has no distinct fetichism. None of the North American Indians have, in the accurate sense of the term; their nomad life and tough struggle with instructive Nature in her roughness save them from such elaborate fetichism as may exist in more indolent climes and countries.

Loolowcan has his tamanoüs. It is Talipus, the Wolf, a "hyas skookoom tamanoüs, a very mighty demon," he informs me. He does not worship it; that would interfere with his devotions to his real deity, Number One. It, in return, does him little service. If he met Talipus, object of his superstition, on a fair morning, he would think it a good omen; if on a sulky morning, he might be somewhat depressed, but would not on that account turn back, as a Roman brave would have done on meeting the matinal wolf.

Santa Clara County Free Library

In fact, he keeps Talipus, his tamanoüs, as a kind of ideal hobby, very much as a savage civilized man entertains a pet bulldog or a tame bear, a link between himself and the rude, dangerous forces of nature. Loolowcan has either chosen his protector according to the law of likeness, or, choosing it by chance, has become assimilated to its characteristics. A wolfish youth is the *protégé* of Talipus, an unfaithful, sinister, cannibal-looking son of a horse-thief. Wolfish likewise is his appetite; when he asks me for more dinner, and this without stint or decorum he does, he glares as if, grouse failing, pork and hardtack gone, he could call to Talipus to send in a pack of wolves incarnate, and pounce with them upon me. A pleasant companion this for lamb-like me to lie down beside in the den of the late Sowee. Yet I do presently, after supper and a pipe, and a little jargoning in Chinook with my Wolf, roll into my blankets, and sleep vigorously, lulled by the gratifying noise of my graminivorous horses cramming themselves with material for leagues of lope to-morrow.

No shade of Sowee came to my slumbers with warnings against the wolf in guise of a Klickatat brave. I had no ghostly incubus to shake off, but sprang up recreate in body and soul. Life is vivid when it thus awakes. To be is to do.

And to-day much is to be done. Long leagues away, beyond a gorge of difficulty, is the open rolling hill country, and again far beyond are the lodges of the people of Owhhigh. "To-day," said Loolowcan, "we must go copa nika ilihee, to my home, to Weenas."

Forlorn Caudal is hardly yet a frisky quadruped. Yet he is of better cheer, perhaps up to the family-nag degree of vivacity. As to the others, they have waxed fat, and kick. Klale, the Humorous, kicks playfully, elongating his legs in preparatory gymnastics. Gubbins, the average horse, kicks calmly at his saddler, merely as a protest. Antipodes, the spiteful blunderer, kicks in a revolutionary manner, rolls under his pack-saddle, and will not budge

without maltreatment. Ill-educated Antipodes views mankind only as excoriators of his back, and general flagellants. Klickatats kept him raw in flesh and temper; under me his physical condition improves; his character is not yet affected.

Before sunrise we quitted the house of Sowee.

Yakima Sculptured and Inlaid Stone Pipe.

IX.

VIA MALA.

I was now to enter the world east of the Cascades, emerging from the dense forest of the mountain-side. Pacific winds sailing inland leave most of their moisture on the western slopes of the range. Few of the cloudy battalions that sweep across the sea, and come, not like an invading horde of ravagers, but like an army of generous allies,—few of these pass over the ramparts, and pour their wealth into the landward valleys. The giant trees, fattened in their cells by plenteous draughts of water, are no longer found. The land is arid. Slopes and levels of ancient volcanic rock are no longer fertilized by the secular deposit of forests, showering down year by year upon the earth liberal interest for the capital it has lent.

Through this drier and airier region we now hastened. An arrowy river, clear and cold, became our companion. Where it might, the trail followed the Nachchese valley, a rough rift often, and hardly meriting the gentle name of valley. Precipices, stiff, uncrumbling precipices, are to be found there, if any one is ambitious to batter his brains. Cleft front on the right bank answers to cleft front on the left,—fronts cloven when the earth's crust, cooling hereabouts, snapped, and the monsters of the period heard the rumble and roar of the earthquake, their crack of doom. Sombre basalt walls in the fugitive river, great, gloomy, purple heights, sheer and desperate as suicide, rise six hundred feet above the water. Above these downright mural breaks rise vast dangerous curves of mountain-side, thous-

NACHES CANYON.

"An arrowy river, clear and cold, became our companion. Where it might, the trail followed the Naches Valley. * * * Stiff, uncrumbling precipices are there. Cleft front on the right bank answers to cleft front on the left,—fronts cloven when the earth's crust, cooling hereabouts, snapped, and the monsters of the period heard the rumble and roar of the earthquake, their crack of doom. Sombre basalt walls in the fugitive river, great, gloomy, purple heights, sheer and desperate as suicide, rise six hundred feet above the water."

—*Chapter IX.*

ands of feet on high, just at such angle that slide or no slide becomes a question. A traveller, not desponding, but only cautious, hesitates to wake Echo, lest that sweet nymph, stirring with the tremors of awakening, should set air vibrating out of its condition of quiet pressure, and the enormous mountain, seizing this instant of relief, should send down some cubic miles in an avalanche to crush the traveller.

A very desolate valley, and a harsh defile at best for a trail to pursue. At best the way might wind among *débris*, or pass over hard plates of sheeny, igneous rock, or plunge into the chill river, or follow a belt of sand, or struggle in swampy thickets,—this at best it did. But when worst came, when the precipices neared each other, narrowing the cañon pathless, and there were deep, still, sunless pools, brimming up to the giant walls of the basin, then the trail must desert the river, and climb many hundreds of feet above. I must compel my horses, with no warranty against a stumble or a fall, along overhanging verges, where one slip, or even one ungraceful change of foot, would topple the stumbler and his burden down to be hashed against jutting points, and tossed fragmentary, food for fishes, in the lucid pool below. For there were salmon there, still working up stream, seeking the purest and safest spots for their future families.

Now all of this was hard work, some of it dangerous. It was well that, in the paddock of Sowee, my horses had filled themselves with elastic grass, parent of activity and courage. Caudal, though bearing no burden but himself, was often tempted to despair. Society, example, and electric shocks of friendly castigation aroused him. We rode hard along this wild gorge, down these dreary vistas, up and down these vast barren bulks of mountain. Forlorn yellow pines, starveling children of adversity, gnarled and scrubby, began to appear, shabby substitutes for the prosperous firs and cedars behind. But any gracefulness of vegetation, any feeling of adornment, would be out of place among

those big, unrefined grandeurs. Beauty and grace, and all conceivable delicacy of form and color, light and shade, belong to the highest sublimities of Nature. Tacoma is as lovely with all the minor charms, as it is divinely majestic by the possession of the greater, and power of combining and harmonizing the less. But there is a lower kind of sublimity, where the predominant effect is one merely of power, bigness, the gigantesque and cyclopean, rude force acting disorderly, and producing a hurly-burly almost grotesque. Perhaps sublimity is too noble a word to apply to these results of ill-regulated frenzy; they are grand as war, not noble as peace. Such qualities of Nature have an educational value, as legends of giants may prepare a child to comprehend histories of heroes. The volcanic turbulence of the region I was now traversing might fitly train the mind to perceive the want of scenes as vast and calmer;—Salvator Rosa is not without significance among the teachers of Art.

No Pacific Railroad in the Nachchese Pass,—that my *coup d'œil* assured me. Even the Boston hooihut, with all its boldness in the forest, here could do little. Trees of a century may be felled in an hour; crags of an æon baffle a cycle. The Boston hooihut must worm its modest way in and out the gorge, without essaying to toss down precipices into chasms. My memory and my hasty road-book alike fail me in artistic detail to make pictures of that morning's Via Mala. My chief emotion was expressed in a sigh for release. It was one of those unkindly days of summer when sunlight seems not a smile, but a sneer. Cruel heat was reflected back from wall to wall of the pass, palpitating to and fro between baked, verdureless, purple cliff on this side, and the hot harshness of opponent purple cliff across the stream. I breathed a sirocco-like air without pabulum, without constituents of blood. I could fabricate a pale fury, an insane nervous energy, out of this unwholesome, fiery stuff, but no ardor, no joyousness, no doffing aside of troublous care. I could advance, and never flinch, because needs must; but

it seemed a weary, futile toil, to spur my horse over the ugly pavements of unyielding rock, up over the crumbling brown acclivities, by perilous ways along the verge of gulfs, where I could bend to the right from my saddle, and see the river a thousand feet below. I felt in this unlifting atmosphere, unwavering except where it trembled over the heated surfaces, no elation, as I overcame crest after crest of mountain along the path,—no excitement, as Klale, the unerring, galloped me down miles of break-neck declivity,—my thundering squadron hammering with sixteen legs on the echoing crust of this furnace-cover.

Ever, "Hyack," cried Loolowcan; "sia-a-ah mitlite Weenas;—Speed," cried the Frowzy; "far, far lieth Weenas."

We were now, just after noon, drawing out of the chasms into a more open valley, when, as we wound through a thicket of hazels near the river, Loolowcan suddenly halted, and motioned me mysteriously.

"What now, O *protégé* of Talipus? Is it bear or Boston man?"

"Pasaiooks,—halo cuitan;—Blanketeer,—no horse!" said Loolowcan, with astonishment.

And there indeed was a horseless gentleman, tossing pebbles into the Nachchese, as quietly as if he were on the Hudson. What with little medicine Klickatats, exploring parties, Boston hooihuters, stray Caudals, and unhorsed loungers, the Nachchese trail was becoming quite a thoroughfare.

The stranger proved no stranger; hardly even horseless, for his mule, from a patch of grass in the thicket, presently brayed welcome to my nags. The gentleman was one of Captain McClellan's party, come up from their camp some leagues farther down. He was waiting at this rendezvous for the Captain, who was exploring another branch of the river. To a patroller of crowded city avenues, it may not seem a significant fact that a man in a solitary trail met a man. But to me, a not unsociable being, travelling with a

half-insolent, half-indifferent, jargoning savage, down a Via Mala of desolation, toward a realm of possibly unbrotherly nomads, an encounter by the wayside with a man and a brother was a fact to enjoy and an emotion to chronicle.

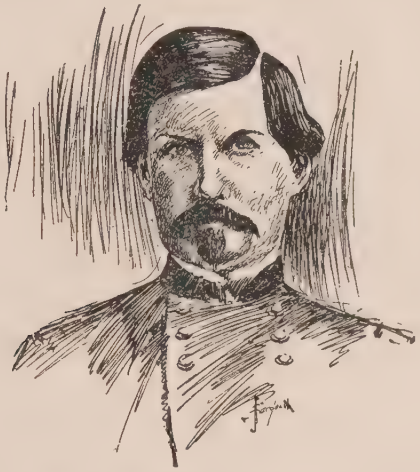
But human sympathy was not dinner for my horses. I must advance toward that unknown spot where, having full confidence in Nature, I believed that a table would be spread for them in the wilderness. "Nature never did deceive the heart that loved her;" for a true lover becomes a student of his mistress's character enough not to demand impossibilities. And soon did that goddess, kindly and faithful object of my lifelong devotion, verify my trust, providing not only fodder for my cavalry, but a bower for my nooning, a breeze from above to stir the dead, hot air, and a landscape appropriate to a banquet, and not like the cruel chasms I had passed.

In a patch of luxuriant wild-pea vines my horses had refreshing change of diet, befitting the change of region. No monotony of scene or action for man or beast thus far in this journey, no stagnation of mind or body from unexciting diet. For me, from the moment when my vain negotiations began with King George of the Klalams, life had been at its keenest, its readiest, its fleetest. Multitudinously besprent also with beauty like a bed of pansies had been these days of dash and charge. My finer and coarser æsthetic faculties had been so exercised that, if an uneducated traveller, I might have gone bewildered with phantasmagoria. But bewilderment comes from superficialness; type thoughts stripped of surface cloaking are compact as diamonds.

My camp for present nooning was a charming little Arcady, shady, sunny, and verdant. Two dense spruces made pleasant twanging to the newly-risen breeze. These were the violins of my festival orchestra with strings self-resinous, while down the cañon roared the growing gale, and, filling all pauses in this aerial music, the Nachchese

tinkled merrily, or dashed boisterously, or rattled eagerly.

"On, on with speed!" was the lesson hinted to me by wind and water. Yet as I cooked for dinner a brace of grouse, my morning's prey, I might have allowed myself to yield to vainglorious dalliance. The worser half of my scamper was behind me. "Try not the pass," people had said; "you cannot put your space into your time," said they, hinting also at dangers of solitary travel with one of the crafty. But I



GEN. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

had taken the risk, and success was thus far with me. Let me now beware of too much confidence. Who can say what lurks in the heart of Loolowcan? He who persuades himself that his difficulties are fought through, is but at threshold of them. When he winds the horn of triumph, perhaps the sudden ogre will appear; then woe be to the knight, if he has taken the caps off his revolver.

Loolowcan and I were smoking our pipes of tobacco, when the tramp of hoofs was heard along the trail, and, with the late skipper of stones and a couple of soldiers, Captain McClellan rode up. In vain, through the Nachchese Cañon,

had the Captain searched for a Pacific Railroad. He must search elsewhere, along Snoqualme Pass or other. Apart from a pleasant moment of reciprocal well-wishing, the chief result of this interview was, that I became disembarrassed of my treasure-trove Caudal. I seized the earliest chance of restoring this chattel to Uncle Sam, whose initials were branded upon his flank. No very available recruit to my squadron of light horse was this debilitated keterrypid, whom Good Samaritanism compelled me to humanely entreat. Besides, I had erred in his baptism; I had called him Caudal, and he naturally endeavored to take his place in the rear. If I had but thought to name him Headlong!

Rest in the shade of the spruces by the buzzing river was so sweet, after the severity of my morning's ride, that I hesitated for myself and for my unwilling mustangs to renew the journey. To pace on an ambling mule over level greensward, like a fat papal legate travelling, in mediæval times, from refectory to refectory,— that seems as much as one would wish to do on a hot afternoon of August. I shook off such indolent thoughts, and mounted. Exertion is its own reward. The joy in the first effort overbalances the delight of sloth, and the joy in perpetual effort is clear gain. And really never an ambling palfrey, slow-footed potterer under an abbot, interfered less with his rider's quietude than Klale, the gentle loper. We dragged ourselves from the shade and the pea-vines, and went dashing at full speed along the trail, no longer encumbered by fallen trunks and hurdles of bush and brier. Merely rough, meagre, and stony was the widening valley, and dotted over its adust soil with yellow pines, standing apart in scraggy isolation.

At five I reached Captain McClellan's camp of two tents. He was not yet returned from prying into some other gorge, some purple cavernous defile for his railroad route. Loolowcan's "far to Weenas" the sergeant in charge interpreted to mean still twenty-five miles. Their own main body was encamped in the Weenas valley. Twenty-five miles is a

JUNCTION OF THE NACHES AND YAKIMA RIVERS.
Near present city of North Yakima.

terrible supplement, my horses, after the labors of one day; but ye still seem fresh, thanks to the paddock of Sowee, and the pea-vines at noon, and to-morrow who knows but ye may be running free over the plains, while I with fresh nags go on toward the Dalles. We may not therefore accept the hospitality of the camp, but must on lustily down the broad valley this windy evening of summer.

Every appogiatura of Klale's galloping fore-feet and hind-feet seemed doubly musical to me now. I had escaped; I was clear of the stern mountains; I was out upon the great surging prairie-land. Before me all was open, bare, and vast. To the south, pine woods stretched, like helmet crests, along the tops and down to the nodding fronts of brown hills; behind, the gloomy mass of the lower Cascades rose up, anticipating sunset. Distance and dimness shut up the clefts, and made the whole background one great wall, closing avenues of return, and urging me forward upon my eastward way.

The sun had gone down behind the mountains, had paused on the tides of Whulge, had sunk in ocean. Twilight came, and the wind grew mightier, roaring after us like the voice of the storm that baffled the hunter of hiaqua. The gale lifted us up over the tremendous wide rolling bulk of grassy surges, and we swept scudding into billowy deeps below.

In the thickening dusk I discerned an object,—not a tree, not a rock; but a mobile black object, scuttling away for a belt of thicket near the river.

"A bear!" I cried. "Itshoot!" echoed Loolowcan.

Nothing but grouse-shot in my double-barrel,—that I handed to the Frowzy; six leaden peppercorns in my eight-inch revolver,—that I kept. Now, Klale, it is whether Itshoot or thou wilt first touch cover. Klale leaped forward like an adult grasshopper. Bruin, hearing hoofs, lurched on like a coal-barge in a tide bobbery. I was within thirty feet of him when he struck the bushes. I fired. He felt it

and with a growl stopped and turned upon us. Klale swerved from those vicious claws, so that I merely heard and felt them rattle on my stirrup, as I fired again right into the bear's vacant hug. Before I could check and turn my horse, Bruin had concluded the unwelcome interview. He had disappeared in the dense thicket. In vain Loolowcan and I beat about in the dusk. The ursine dodger did not profit by his chances of ambuscade to embrace one of us and that chance together. He was not to be found. Perhaps I am the slayer of a bear. One shot at thirty feet, and one across the breadth of a handkerchief, might possibly discontinue the days of such shaggy monster.

When we were upon the trail again, and galloping faster under the stars, I found that I had a new comic image in my mind. I roared with jolly laughter, recalling how that uncouth creature had clumsily pawed at me, missing laceration by an inch. Had Klale swerved but a little less, there would have been tragi-comedy in this farce. In place of the buckskins torn yesterday, I wore a pair of old corduroys, with scarlet cloth leggins; Destiny thought these did not need to be farther incarnadined, nor my shins, much abused along the briery trail, to be torn by any crueller thorniness of bear's claws. There was, however, underlying too extravagant fun, this sense of escape from no fun. Nature will not allow even her grotesque creatures to be quite scoffed at. Bears may be laughable, but they are not ridiculous. I have been contiguous to an uncaged bear in free clutching trim but this once, and I respect him too much to laugh at him to his face. With him I could laugh when he is in humorous mood, but at Bruin I laugh no more.

By the time I had thus reasoned out the lesson of my bear-fight, darkness had come. The exhilaration of night-air revived my horses. They guided themselves bravely along the narrow way, and bravely climbed the lift and sway of land surges. Yet over these massive undulations we could travel but slowly. When it might, the trail fol-

lowed the terrace above the Nachchese. Often wherever the trail might choose to follow, we might not follow it in the dark. Stony arroyos would cut it in twain, or a patch of wild-sage bushes or a belt of hazels and alders send it astray. Then would Loolowcan open wide his dusky eyes, to collect every belated glimmer of twilight, and zigzag until again he found the clew of our progress. While he searched, Klale and Antipodes took large morsels of epicurean bunch-grass, in convenient tufts, a generous mouthful in each.

It grew harder and harder to find the permanent narrow wake of voyagers beforetime over the great ground-swells of this unruly oceanic scope of earth. Mariners may cut their own hooihut over the hilly deep by the stars. Terrene travellers cannot thus independently reject history; they must humble themselves to be followers where tribes have tramped before. Even such condescension may not avail when night is master. Loolowcan, though eager as I to press on, finally perforce admitted that we lost our way in the thickets and over the gravel oftener than we found it; that the horses flagged sadly, and we must stop.

It was one of those cloudless gales, when it seems as if the globe is whirring on so fast beneath the stars, that air must use its mightiest force of wing lest it be left a laggard. In moments of stillness, while the flapping of these enormous pinions ceased, and the gale went gliding on by impetus, we could hear the far-away rumble of the river. Sound is only second to sight as a guide out of darkness. The music of a stream, singing with joy that it knows its way, is pleasanter guidance than the bark of village cur, who, though he bite not because he bark, may have a brother deputed to do that rougher mouthing. Following, then, the sound, we presently came upon the source of sound, the Nachchese.

Sky and stars are a peaceful shelter over a bivouac; yet when between the would-be sleeper and that friendly roof there is a tumultuous atmosphere misbehaving itself, sleep

is torn up and whirled away in tatters. We must have some bulwark against the level sweep of the gale; and must pay for getting it by losing something else. Upon the bank we could have a bed level and earthy, but wind-battered; under the bank we could lie sheltered, but must lie on pebbles. On pebble boulders we must make our couch, where water at higher stages had washed away all the soft packing of earth.

We left the horses to occupy the bank above, where they could sup on succulent bunch-grass, firm and juicy as well-cured hay. Much as we regretted abridging their freest

Carved Stone Club-head or Net-sinker, from Priest Rapids, Wash. One-third natural size.

liberty of repose, we were obliged to hobble them lest they should go with the wind down the valley, and at morn be leagues away. If a man wishes speed, he must take precautions that speed do not fly away from him. Civilization without its appliances is weaker than barbarism.

No gastronomic facts of our camp below the Nachchese; supper was much lower than secondary to rest. We had been full sixteen difficult hours in the saddle. Nights of my life, not a few, have been wretched in feather beds for too much softness; stern hardness was to be the cause of

other misery here. This night cobble-stones must be my bed, a boulder pillow for my head. My couch was uneven as a rippled lake suddenly congealed. A being not molluscous, but humanly bony, and muscular over bonyness, cannot for hours beat upon pebbles unbruised. So I had a night of weary unrest. The wild rush of the river and noise of the gale ran through my turbid sleep in dreams of tramping battalions,—such as a wounded and fevered man, lying unhelped on a battle-field, might dream.

Yet let us always be just. There are things to be said in behalf of cobble-stone beds by rivers of the Northwest. I was soft to the rocks, if not they to me. I have heard of regions where one may find that he slept cheek by jowl with a cobra di capella. These are absent from the uninviting bed of cobble-stones by the Nachchese, and so are mosquitos, rattlesnakes, burglars, and the cry of fire. Negative advantages these. Consider also the positive good to a man, that, having been thoroughly toughened by hardness, he knows what the body of him is strong to be, to do, and to suffer. Furthermore, one after experience of a pummelling couch, like this, will sympathize sufficiently, and yet not morbidly, with the poor bedless. So I slept, or did not sleep, while the gale roared wildly all night, and was roaring still at dawn.

Potlatch House of the Lummi Indians.

X.

TREACHERY.

People cloddish, stagnant, and mundane, such as most of us are, pretend to prefer sunset to sunrise, just as we fancy the past greater than the present, and repose nobler than action. Few are radical enough in thought to perceive the great equalities of beauty and goodness in phenomena of nature or conditions of life. Now I saw a sunrise after my night by the Nachchese, which, on the side of sunrise, it is my duty to mention.

Having therefore put in my fact, that on a morning of August, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, sunrise did its duty with splendor, I have also done my duty as an observer. The simple statement of a fact is enough for the imaginative, who will reproduce it for themselves, according to their experience; the docile unimaginative will buy alarm-clocks and study dawns. Yet I give a few coarse details as a work of supererogation.

If I had slept but faintly, the cobble-stones had purveyed me a substitute for sleep by hammering me senseless; so that when the chill before dawn smote me, and I became conscious, I felt that I needed consolation. Consolation came. I saw over against me, across the river, a hill blue as hope, and seemingly far away in the gray distance. Light flushed upward from the horizon, meeting no obstacles of cloud, to be kindled and burnt away into white ashiness. Light came up the valley over the dark, surging hills. Full in the teeth of the gale it came, strong in its delicacy, surely victorious, as a fine scimitar against a blundering bludgeon.

Where light and wind met on the crest of an earth-billow, there the grass shook like glittering spray. Meanwhile the hill opposite was drawing nearer, and all the while taking a fuller blue. Blue passed into deep scintillating purple, rich as the gold-powdered robe of an Eastern queen. As daylight grew older, it was strong enough to paint detail without sacrificing effect; the hill took its place of neighborhood, upright and bold, a precipitous front of warm, brown basalt, with long cavities, freshly cleft, where prisms had fallen, striping the brown with yellow. First upon the summit of this cliff the sunbeams alighted. Thence they pounced upon the river, and were whirled along upon its breakers, carrying light down to flood the valley. In the vigorous atmosphere of so brilliant a daybreak I divined none of the difficulties that were before sunset to befall me.

By this we were in the saddle, following the sunlight rush of the stream. Stiffish, after passing the night hobbled, were the steeds, as bruised after boulder beds were the cavaliers. But Loolowcan, the unimpassioned, was now aroused. Here was the range of his nomad life. Anywhere hereabouts he might have had his first practice-lessons in horse-stealing. His foot was on his native bunch-grass. Those ridges far away to the northeast must be passed to reach Weenas. Beyond those heights, to the far south, is Atinam and "Le Play House," the mission. Thus far time and place have made good the description of the eloquent Owhhigh.*

Presently in a small plain appeared a horse, hobbled and lone as a loon on a lake. Have we acquired another masterless estray? Not so. Loolowcan uttered a peculiar trilobated yelp, and forth from an ambush, where he had dodged, crept the shabbiest man in the world. Shabby are old-clo' men in the slums of Brummagem; shabbier yet are Mor-

*"Le Play House" is probably Loolowcan's attempt at the French "le prête" priest. However, as the Indian tongue converted r into l, it may represent his effort to say the "pray house." As the priests in charge of the Atanum Mission spoke French, the former explanation is the more likely.

mons at the tail of an emigration. But among the seediest ragamuffins in the most unsavory corners I have known, I find no object that can compare with this root-digging Klickatat, as at Loolowcan's signal-yelp he crept from his lair among the willows. His attire merits attention as the worst in the world.

The moccasins of Shabbiest had been long ago another's, probably many another Klickatat's. Many a coyote had appropriated them after they were thrown away as defunct, and, after gnawing them in selfish solitude, every coyote had turned away unsatisfied with their flavor. Then Shabbiest stepped forward, and claimed the treasure-trove. He must have had a decayed ingenuity; otherwise how with thongs, with willow twigs, with wisps of grass and persistent gripe of toe, did he compel those tattered footpads to remain among his adherents?

Breeches none had Shabbiest; leggings none; shirt equally none to speak of. But a coat he had, and one of many colors.

Days before, on the waters of Whulge, I had seen a sad coat on the back of that rusty and fuddled chieftain, the Duke of York. Nature gently tempers our experience to us as we are able to bear. The Duke's coat was my most deplorable vision in coats until its epoch, but it had educated me to lower possibilities. Ages ago, when this coat was a new and lively snuff-color, Garrick was on the stage, Goldsmith was buying his ridiculous peach-blossom, in shape like this, if this were ever shapely. In the odors that exhaled from it there seemed an under stratum of London coffee-houses. Who knows but He of Bolt Court, slovenly He of the Dictionary, may not have been guilty of its primal grease-spot? And then how that habiliment became of a duller snuff-color; how grease-spots oozed each into its neighbor's sphere of attraction; how one of its inheritors, after familiarizing it with the gutter, pawned it one foggy November day, when London was swallowing cold pea-soup instead of atmosphere; how, the pawner never coming to redeem, the pawnee sold it to an

American prisoner of the Revolution, to carry home with him to Boston, his native village; how a degraded scion of the family became the cook of Mr. Astor's ill-fated ship, the Tonquin, and swopped it with a Chinook chief for four otter-skins; and how from shabby Chinook to shabbier it had passed, until Shabbiest got it at last;—all these adventures, every eventful scene in this historic drama, was written in multiform inscription all over this time-stained ruin, so that an expert observer might read the tale as a geologist reads eras of the globe in a slab of fossiliferous limestone.

Such was the attire of Shabbiest, and as such he began a powwow with Loolowcan. The compatriots talked emphatically, with the dull impulsiveness, the calm fury, of Indians. I saw that I, my motions, and my purposes were the subject of their discourse. Meanwhile I stood by, somewhat bored, and a little curious.

At last, he of the historical coat turned to me, and, raising his arms, one sleeveless, one fringed with rags at the shoulder, delivered at me a harangue, in the most jerky and broken Chinook. Given in broken English, corresponding, its purport was as follows.

Shabbiest *loquitur*, in a naso-guttural choke:—"What you white man want get 'em here? Why him no stay Boston country? Me stay my country; no ask you come here. Too much soldier man go all round everywhere. Too much make pop-gun. Him say kill bird, kill bear,—sometime him kill Indian. Soldier man too much shut eye, open eye at squaw. Squaw no like; s'pose squaw like, Indian man no like nohow. Me no understand white man. Plenty good thing him country; plenty blanket; plenty gun; plenty powder; plenty horse. Indian country plenty nothing. No good Weenas give you horse. No good Loolowcan go Dalles. Bad Indian there. Small-pox there. Very much all bad. Me no like white man nohow. S'pose go away, me like. Me think all same pretty fine good. You big chief, got plenty thing. Indian poor, no got nothing. Howdydo? Howdydo?

Want swop coat? Want swop horse? S'pose give Indian plenty thing. Much good. Much very big good great chief white man!"

"Indignant sagamore," replied I, in mollifying tones, "you do indeed misunderstand us blanketeers. We come hither as friends for peace. No war is in our hearts, but kindly civilizing influences. If you resist, you must be civilized out of the way. We should regret your removal from these prairies of Weenas, for we do not see where in the world you can go and abide, since we occupy the Pacific shore and barricade you from free drowning privileges. Succumb gracefully, therefore, to your fate, my representative redskin. Do not scowl when soldier men, searching for railroads, repose their seared and disappointed eyeballs by winking at your squaws. Do not long for pitfalls when their cavalry plod over your kamas swamps. Believe all same very much good. Howdydo? Howdydo? No swop! I cannot do you the injustice of swopping this buckskin shirt of mine, embroidered with porcupine-quills, for that distinguished garment of yours. Nor horse can I swop in fairness; mine are weary with travel, and accustomed for a few days to influences of mercy. But, as a memorial of this pleasant interview and a testimonial to your eloquent speech, I should be complimented if you would accept a couple of charges of powder."

And, suiting act to word, I poured him out powder, which he received in a buckskin rag, and concealed in some shabby den of his historic coat. Shabbiest seemed actually grateful. Two charges of powder were like two soup-tickets to a starving man,—two dinners inevitably, and possibly, according to the size of his mark, many dinners, were in that black dust. He now asked to see my six-shooter, which Loolowcan had pointed at during their vernacular confidence. He examined it curiously, handling it with some apprehension, as a bachelor does a baby.

"Wake nika kumtun ocook tenas musket. Pose mika

mamook po, ikta mika memloose;—I no understand that little musket. Suppose you make shoot, how many you kill?" he asked.

"Hin, pose moxt tahtilum;—Many, perhaps two tens," I said, with mild confidence.

This was evidently impressive. "Hyas tamanoüs; big magic," said both. "Wake cultus ocook; no trifler that!"

We parted, Shabbiest to his diggings, we to our trail. Hereupon Loolowcan's tone changed more and more. His old terrors, real or pretended, awoke. He feared the Dalles. It was a long journey, and I was in such headlong haste. And how could he return from the Dalles, had we once arrived? Could the son of Owhhigh foot it? Never! Would I give him a horse?

Obviously not at all would I give a horse to the new-fledged dignitary, I informed him, cooling my wrath at these bulbous indications of treachery, nurtured by the talk of Shabbiest, and ready to grow into a full-blown Judas-tree if encouraged. At last, by way of incitement to greater diligence in procuring fresh horses for me from the bands at Weenas, I promised to hire one for his return journey. But Loolowcan the Mistrusted, watching me with disloyal eyes from under his matted hair, became doubly doubted by me now.

We turned northward, clomb a long, rough ridge, and viewed, beyond, a valley bare and broad. A strip of cottonwood and shrubs in the middle announced a river, Weenas. This was the expected *locale*; would the *personnel* be as stationary? Rivers, as it pleases nature, may run away forever without escaping. Camps of nomad Klick-atats, are more evasive. The people of Owhhigh, driving the horses of Owhhigh, might have decamped. What then, Loolowcan, son of a horse-thief? Can your talents aid me in substituting a fresher for Gubbins drooping for thy maltreatment?

Far away down the valley, where I could see them only

as one sees lost Pleiads with telescopic vision, were a few white specks. Surely the tents of Boston soldier tilicum, winkers at squaws and thorns in the side of Shabbiest,—a refuge if need be there, thought I. Loolowcan turned away to the left, leading me into the upper valley.

We soon discovered the fact, whatever its future worth might be, that horses were feeding below. Presently a couple of lodges defined themselves rustily against the thickets of Weenas. A hundred horses, roans, calicos, sorrels, iron-grays, blacks and whites, were nipping bunch-grass on the plain. My weary trio, wearier this hot morning for the traverse of the burnt and shaggy ridge above Weenas, were enlivened at sight of their fellows, and sped toward them companionably. But the wild cavalcade, tossing disdainful heads and neighing loudly, dashed off in a rattling stampede; then paused curiously till we came near, and then were off again, the lubberly huddling along far in the rear of the front caracolers.

We dismounted, and tethered our wayfarers each to a bush, where he might feed, but not fly away to saddleless freedom with the wild prairie band. We entered the nearer and larger of the two lodges.

Worldlings, whether in palaces of Cosmopolis or lodges of the siwashes, do not burn incense before the absolute stranger. He must first establish his claims to attention. No one came forth from the lodges to greet us. No one showed any sign of curiosity or welcome as we entered. Squalid were these huts of squalid tenancy. Architecture does not prevail as yet on the American continent, and perhaps less among the older races of the western regions than among the newer comers Bostonward. These habitations were structures of roughly split boards, leaning upon a ridge-pole.

Five foul copper-heads and bodies of men lurked among the plunder of that noisome spot. Several squaws were searching for gray hairs in the heads of several children.

WENAS VALLEY.
The cross shows the Longmire Ranch, formerly the home of Owhi visited by Winthrop.

One infant, evidently malcontent, was being flat-headed. This fashionable martyr was papoosed in a tight-swathing wicker-work case. A broad pad of buckskin compressed its facile skull and brain beneath. If there is any reason why the Northwest Indians should adopt the configuration of idiots, none such is known to me. A roundhead Klickatat woman would be a pariah. The ruder sex are not quite so elaborately beautified, or possibly their brains assert themselves more actively in later life against the distortion of

WAKEMA: Aged Klickitat Squaw.

childhood. The Weenas papoose, victim of aboriginal ideas in the plastic art, was hung up in a corner of the lodge, and but for the blinking of its beady black eyes, almost crowded out of its head by the tight pad, and now and then a feeble howl of distress, I should have thought it a laughable image, the pet fetish of these shabby devotees. Sundry mats, blankets, skins, and dirty miscellanies furnished this populous abode.

Loolowcan was evidently at home among these compatriots, frowzier even than he. He squatted among them,

sans gêne, and lighted his pipe. One of the ladies did the honors, and motioned me to a seat upon a rusty bear-skin. It instantly began biting me virulently through my corduroys; whereat I exchanged it for a mat, soon equally carnivorous. Odors very villanous had made their settlement in this congenial spot. An equine fragrance such as no essence could have overcome, pervaded the masculine group. From the gynæceum came a perfume, hard to decipher, until I bethought me how Governor Ogden, at Fort Vancouver of the Hudson's Bay Company, with a cruelly waggish wink to me, had persuaded the commissary of the railroad party to buy twelve dozen quarts of Macassar, as presents for the Indians.*

"Fair and softly" is the motto of a siwash negotiation. Why should they, in their monotonous lives, sacrifice a new sensation by hurry? The five copper-skins "first eyed me over" with lazy thoroughness. They noted my arms and equipment. When they had thus taken my measure by the eye, they appealed to my guide for historical facts; they would know my whence, my whither, my wherefore, and his share in my past and my future.

Loolowcan droned a sluggish tale, to whose points of interest they grunted applause between puffs of smoke. Then there was silence and a tendency toward slumber declared itself among them; their minds needed repose after so unusual a feast of ideas. Here I protested. I expressed my emphatic surprise to Loolowcan, that he was not urgent in fulfilling the injunctions of my friend the mighty Owhhigh, and his own agreement to procure horses. The quadrupeds were idle, and I was good pay. A profitable bargain was possible.

The spokesman of the party, and apparently owner of the lodge and horses, was an olyman siwash, an old savage,

*It is only fair to Gen. Hodges, McClellan's adjutant and commissary, to say that he declines to admit any share in this delicate attention to the ladies of Wenas! See Appendix C.

totally unwashed from boyhood up, and dressed in dirty buckskin. Loolowcan, in response to my injunctions, appealed to him. Olyman declined expediting me. He would not lend, nor swop, nor sell horses. There was no mode for the imparting of horses, temporarily or permanently, that pleased him. His sentiments on the subject of Boston visitors were like those of Shabbiest. All my persuasions he qualified as "Cultus wah wah; idle talk." Not very polite are thy phrases, Olyman head man of Stenchville on Weenas. At the same time he and the four in chorus proposed to Loolowcan to abandon me. Olyman alone talked Chinook jargon; the other four sat, involved in their dirty cotton shirts, waiting for interpretation, and purred assent or dissent,—yea, to all the insolence of Olyman; nay, to every suggestion of mine. Toward me and my plans the meeting was evidently sulky and inclement.

Loolowcan, however, did not yet desert his colors. He made the supplementary proposition that Olyman should hire us a sumpter horse, on which he the luxurious Loolowcan, disdainer of pedestrians, might prance back from the far-away Dalles. I was very willing on any conditions to add another quadruped to my trio. They all flagged after the yesterday's work, and Gubbins seemed ready to fail.

While this new question was pending, a lady came to my aid. The prettiest and wisest of the squaws paused in her researches, and came forward to join the council. This beauty of the Klickatats thought hiring the horse an admirable scheme. "Loolowcan," said she, "can take the consideration-money, and buy me 'ikta,' what not, at the Dalles." This suggestion of the Light of the Harem touched Olyman. He rose, and commanded the assistance of the shirt-clad quartette. They loungingly surrounded the band of horses, and with whoops and throwing of stones drove them into a corral, near the lodges. Olyman then produced a hide lasso, and tossed its loop over the head of a roan, the stereoscopic counterpart of Gubbins.

Meantime Loolowcan had driven up my horses. I ordered him to tie Antipodes and Gubbins together by the head, with my long hide lariat. The manner of all the Indians was so intolerably insolent, that I still expected trouble. My cavalry, I resolved, should be well in hand. I flung the bight of the lariat with a double turn over the horn of my saddle and held Klale, my quiet friend, by his bridle. My three horses were thus under complete control.

The roan was brought forward. But again an evil genius among the Indians interfered, and growled a few poisonous words into the ear of Olyman. Olyman doubled his demand for his horse. I refused to be imposed upon, with an incautious expression of opinion on the subject. The Indians talked with ferocious animation for a moment, and then retired to the lodge. The women and children who had been spectators immediately in a body marched off, and disappeared in the thickets. Ladies do not leave the field when amicable entertainment is on the cards.

But why should I tarry after negotiation had failed? I ordered Loolowcan to mount and lead the way. He said nothing, but stood looking at me, as if I were another and not myself, his recent friend and comrade. There was a new cast of expression in his dusky eyes.

At this moment the Indians came forth from the lodge. They came along in a careless, lounging way, but every ragamuffin was armed. Three had long single-barrel guns of the Indian pattern. One bore a bow and arrows. The fifth carried a knife, half concealed, and, as he came near, slipped another furtively into the hand of Loolowcan.

What next? A fight? Or a second sham-fight, like that of Whulge?

I stood with my back to a bush, with my gun leaning against my left arm, where my bridle hung; my bowie-knife was within convenient reach, and I amused myself during these instants of expectancy by abstractedly turning over the cylinder of my revolver. "Another adventure," I

AGED SQUAW OF "KLICKITAT PETER" AT FORT SIMCOE.
The apple tree shown here was planted in 1857 by Fathers D'Herbomez and Pandosy of the Atanum Mission.

thought, "where this compact machine will be available to prevent or punish."

Loolowcan now stepped forward, and made me a brief, neat speech, full of facts. Meanwhile those five copperheads watched me, as I have seen a coterie of wolves, squatted just out of reach, watch a wounded buffalo, who made front to them. There was not a word in Loolowcan's speech about the Great Spirit, or his Great Father, or the ancient wrongs of the red man, or the hunting-grounds of the blest, or firewater, or the pipe of peace. Nor was the manner of his oration lofty, proud, and chieftainly, as might befit the son of Owhhigh. Loolowcan spoke like an insolent varlet, ready to be worse than insolent, and this was the burden of his lay.

"Wake nika klatawah copa Dalles; I won't go to Dalles. Nika mitlite Weenas; I stay Weenas. Alta mika payee nika chickamin pe ikta; now you pay me my money and things."

This was the result then,—my plan shot dead, my confidence betrayed. This frowzy liar asking me payment for his treachery, and backing his demand with knives and guns!

Wrath mastered me. Prudence fled.

I made my brief rejoinder speech, thrusting into it all the billingsgate I knew. My philippic ran thus:—

"Kamooks, mika kliminwhit; dog, you have lied. Cultus siwash, wake Owhhigh tenas; paltry savage, no son of Owhhigh! Kallapooya; a Kallapooya Indian, a groveller. Skudzilaimoot; a nasty varmint. Tenas mika tum tum; cowardly is thy heart. Quash klatawah copa Dalles; afraid to go to Dalles. Nika mamook paper copa squally tyee pe spose mika chaco yaquah yaka skookoom mamook stick; I shall write a paper to the master of Nisqually (if I ever get out of this), and suppose you go there, he will lustily apply the rod."

Loolowcan winced at portions of this discourse. He seemed ready to pounce upon me with the knife he grasped.

And now as to pay, "Hyas pultin mika; a great fool art thou, to suppose that I can be bullied into paying thee for

bringing me out of my way to desert me. No go, no pay."

"Wake nika memloose; I no die for the lack of it," said Loolowcan, with an air of unapproachable insolence.

Having uttered my farewell, I waited to see what these filthy braves would do, after their scowling looks and threatening gestures. If battle comes, thou, O Loolowcan, wilt surely go to some hunting-grounds in the other world, whether blest or curst. Thou at least never shalt ride Gubbins as master; never wallop Antipodes as brutal master; nor in murderous revelry devour the relics of my pork, my hardtack, and my tongues. It will be hard if I, with eight shots and a slasher, cannot make sure of thee to dance before me, as guide, down the defiles of purgatory.

There was an awkward pause. All the *apropos* remarks had been made. The spokesmen of civilization and barbarism had each had their say. Action rather halted. No one was willing to take the initiative. Whether the Stenchvillians proposed to attack or not, they certainly would not do it while I was so thoroughly on my guard. Colonel Colt, quiet as he looked, represented to them an indefinite slaughter power.

I must myself make the move. I threw Klale's bridle over his neck, and, grasping the horn, swung myself into the saddle, as well as I could with gun in one hand and pistol in the other.

The Klickatats closed in. One laid hold of Antipodes. The vicious-looking Mephistophiles with the knife leaped to Klale's head and made a clutch at the rein. But Colonel Colt, with Cyclopean eyeball, was looking him full in the face. He dropped the bridle, and fell back a step. I dug both spurs into Klale with a yell. Antipodes whirled and lashed at his assailant with dangerous hoofs. Gubbins started. Klale reared and bolted forward.

We had scattered the attacking party, and were off.

XI.

KAMAIAKAN.

Towing a horse on each side, by a rope turned about my saddle-horn, I moved but slowly. For a hundred yards I felt a premonitory itching in my spine, as of arrow in the marrow. I would not deign to turn. If *vis a tergo* came, I should discover it soon enough. I felt no inclination to see anything more of any Indians, ever, anywhere. I was in raging wrath; too angry as yet to be at a loss for the future; too furious to despond.

Whatever might now befall, I was at least free of Loolowcan the Frowzy. As to mutual benefit, we were nearly quits. He had had from me a journey home and several days of banqueting; I from him guidance hither. He had at last deserted me, shabbily, with assassination in his wishes; but I had not paid him, had vilipended him, and taken myself off unharmed. Withal I was disappointed. My type Indian, one in the close relations of comrade, had failed me. It is a bitter thing to a man to find that he has thrown away even a minor measure of friendship or love upon a meaner nature. I could see what the traitor influences were, but why could he not resist, and be plucky, honorable, and a fine fellow? Why cannot all the pitiful be noble?

What saved me from massacre by the citizens of Weenas was not, I suppose, my six-shooter, not my double-barrel, not my bowie,— though each had its influence on the minds of Indians,— but the neighborhood of the exploring camp. Much as Shabbiest and Olyman disliked these intruders, they feared them more. Loolowcan also felt that he was

responsible for my safety, and that, if I disappeared, some one would ask him the inevitable question, where had he put me. The explorers, not having had much success in finding a railroad, would be entertained with an opportunity for other researches. Yet the temptation to six siwashes to butcher one Boston man, owner of three passable horses and valuable travelling gear, is so great, and siwash power to resist present temptation so small, that I no doubt owed something to my armament, and something to my evident intention to use it.

I now made for the exploring camp as best I might. Gubbins and Antipodes were disposed to be centrifugal, and, as I did not wish to weary Klale with pursuits, I held to my plan of towing the refractory steeds. At times the two would tug their lengths of rope isosceles, and meet for biting each other. When this happened, I, seated just behind the apex of the triangle, was wellnigh sawed in twain by the closing sides. After such encounter, Antipodes would perhaps lurch ahead violently, while Gubbins, limping from a kick, would be a laggard. Klale would thus become the point where two irregular arms of a diagonal met, and would be sorely unsteadied, as are those who strive to hold even control between opponent forces.

Thus I jerked along, sometimes tugging, sometimes tugged, until I discerned a distant flicker in the air, which soon defined itself as the American flag, and through the underwood I saw the tents of the exploring party, a welcome refuge.

I was tired, hot, excited, and hateful, disgusted with Indians and horses, and fast losing my faith in everything; therefore the shelter of a shady tent was calming, and so was the pleasant placidity of the scene within. Lieutenant M.* was reclining within, buying of a not uncleanly Indian long, neat potatoes and a silver salmon. Dewiness of his

*Lieut. Sylvester Mowry of the Third U. S. Artillery, the meteorologist of the McClellan surveying party.

late bath in the melted snows of the Weenas sparkled still on the bright scales of the fish. It was a tranquillizing spectacle after the rough travel and offensive encounters of the day. Almost too attractive to a man who, after a few moments of this comparatively Sybaritic dalliance, must renew, and now alone, his journey, fed with musty hardtack, and must again whip tired nags over plains bristling with wild sage, and over the aggravating backbones of the earth.

The camp could give me, as it did, a hospitable meal of soldier's fare; but, with friendliest intentions, the camp could do little to speed me. It could advise me that to launch out unguided into the unknown is perilous; but I was resolved not to be baffled. Le Play House, the mission where Loolowcan should have guided me in the morning, was somewhere. I could find it, and ask Christian aid there. The priests would probably have Indian retainers, and one of these would be a safer substitute for my deserter. I would not prognosticate failure; enough to meet it if it come.

Le Play House is on the Atinam, twenty miles in a beeline from camp. Were one but a bee, here would be a pleasant flight this summer's afternoon. But how to surely trace this imaginary route across pathlessness, over twenty miles of waste, across two ranges of high scorched hills? Two young Indians, loungers about the camp, offered to conduct me for a shirt. Cheap, but inadmissible; I am not now, my young shirtless, in the mood for lavishing a shirt of civilization on any of the siwash race. Too recent are the injuries and insults of Loolowcan and the men of Stenchville. I am still in an imprudent rage. I rashly scorn the help of aborigines. Thereaway is Atinam,—I will ride thither alone this pleasant afternoon of summer.

I could not fitly ask the fusillade for Loolowcan, Olyman, and his gang. Their action had been too incomplete for punishment so final. I requested Lieutenant M. to mamook stick upon my ex-comrade should he present himself. I fear that the traitor escaped unpunished, perhaps to occupy

himself in scalping my countrymen in the late war.* Owhhigh in that war was unreasonably hanged; there are worse fellows than Owhhigh, in cleaner circles, unhung, and not even sent to Coventry.

Before parting, Lieutenant M. and I exchanged presents of our most precious objects, after the manner of the Homeric heroes. Hard-shell remainder biscuits he gave, jaw-breakers, and tough as a pine-knot, but more grateful than my hard-tack, well sprouted after its irrigation by the S'kamish. I bestowed, in return, two of my salted tongues, bitter as the maxims of La Rochefoucauld.

Gubbins and Antipodes were foes irreconcilable,—a fact

*Winthrop had evidently not heard of the fate that befell his guide at the close of the Indian war, or perhaps he did not know that his "Loolowcan" was identical with the notorious Qualchen, son of Owhi, whose murder of the highly-respected Indian agent, A. J. Bolon, hastened the outbreak of that war. Bolon, who had been trying to hold back the warriors of Kamaiakan and Schloo by negotiating with those chiefs, had started to return to The Dalles, "accompanied by three Indians," says Snowden, "one of whom was a son of one of the chiefs. By some this was supposed to be Qualchen, son of Owhi, and by others he is supposed to have been a son of Sho-ah-way, another chief. After proceeding for some distance from the mission this young man, whoever he was, dropped behind the party and shot Bolon through the back. With the help of his companions he then cut his throat, killed his horse, built a fire and burned the bodies of horse and rider together."

Gen. Hazard Stevens writes me from Boston that he is convinced that Loolowcan and Qualchen were the same. This is now established beyond question by the testimony of Edward Huggins, the Hudson's Bay Factor, cited later in this volume.

The retribution that overtook Qualchen was as ruthless as his own character. At the close of the Indian war, Col. George Wright, having captured Owhi, sent word to his son that he would hang the old chief if Qualchen did not appear forthwith. "The next day," says Snowden, in a passage that pictures Qualchen in very different garb from that worn by Loolowcan the Frowzy, "about 9 o'clock, two gaily-dressed warriors and a squaw, followed by an Indian hunchback, rode boldly into the camp and directly to Colonel Wright's tent. All wore a great deal of scarlet, and the squaw was bedecked with two highly ornamental scarfs passing over the left shoulder and under the right arm, while on the saddle in front she carried a long lance, the handle of which was wound with strings of many colored beads. The two braves carried rifles, and one had a highly ornamented tomahawk. This was Qualchen, the much-wanted; and he and those with him were immediately seized. 'He came to me at 9 o'clock this morning,' says Colonel Wright in his report, 'and at 9:15 he was hung.' "—*Snowden: History of Washington*, III., 333; IV., 32.

of immense value. Therefore, that they might travel with less expense of scamper to me, I tied their heads together. I felt, and so it proved, that, whenever Antipodes begged to pause and feed, Gubbins would be impelled to keep up a steady jog-trot, and whenever Gubbins wished to inspect a tuft of bunch-grass to the right, his companion would stolidly decline compliance, and plod faithfully along the ideal bee-line. There must be no discursiveness in my troop henceforth.

Then I resolutely said adieu to the friendly camp, and, pointing my train for a defile in the hard hills upon the southern horizon, started, not very gayly, and very lonely. We did not droop, horses or man, but the visionary Hope that went before was weak in the knees, and no longer bounded gallantly, beckoning us onward. The two light-loaded horses, in their leash, were rarely unanimous to halt, but their want of harmony often interfered with progress, and Owhhigh's whip must often whirr about their flanks, hinting to them not to be too unbrotherly. Toiling thus doggedly on over the dry levels and rolling sweeps of prairie, Klale and I grew weary with the remorseless sunshine, and our responsibility of the march.

As I rounded a hillock, two horsemen, galloping toward me, drew up at a hundred yards to reconnoitre. One of them immediately rode forward. What familiar scarecrow is this? By that Joseph coat I recognize him. It is Shabbiest, pleased evidently to see that Loolowcan has taken his advice, and I am departing alone.

"Kla hy yah? Howdydo?" said the old man, "Whither now, O Boston tyee?"

"To Le Play House," answered I, short and sour, feeling no affinity for this rusty person, the first beguiler of my treacherous guide.

"Not the hooihut," said he. "Nanitch ocook polealy; behold this powder,"—the powder I had given him. For this gift, within his greasy garb there beat a grateful heart,

or possibly a heart expectant of more, and he volunteered to guide me a little way into the trail. Moral: always give a testimonial to dreary old grumblers in ole clo', when you meet them in the jolly morning,— possibly they may requite you when you meet at sulky eve.

First, Shabbiest must ask permission of his companion. "My master," he said; "I am elaita, a slave." The master, a big, bold Indian of Owhhigh type, in clothes only second-hand, gave him free permission. The old man's servitude was light.

Shabbiest led off on his shambler in quite another direction from mine, and more southerly. After a mile or so we climbed a steep hill, whence I could see the Nachchese again. I saw also behind me a great column of dust, and from it anon two galloping riders making for us.

They dashed up,— the same two youths who at camp had offered to guide me to Le Play House for a shirt. I was humbler now than when I refused them before noon, having over-confidence in myself and my power of tracing bee-lines. We must, perhaps, be lost in our younker and prodigal periods, before our noon, that we may be taught respect for experience, and believe in co-operation of brother-men.

Now, I possessed two shirts of faded blue-check calico, and was important among savages for such possession. One of these, much bedimmed with dust, at present bedecked my person,— buckskin laid aside for the heat. There was no washerwoman within many degrees of latitude and longitude,— none probably between the Cascades and the Rockies. Why not, then, disembarrass myself of a valueless article,— a shirt properly *hors du combat*,— if by its aid I might win to guide me two young rovers, ambitious of so much distinction on their Boulevards as a checked calico could confer?

Young gallopers, the shirt is yours. Ho for Le Play House!

Adieu, Shabbiest, unexpected re-enterer on this scene! Thy gratitude for two charges of powder puts a fact on the

merit side of my book of Indian character. Receive now, with my thanks, this my last spare dhudeen, and this ounce of pigtail, and take away thyself and thy odorous coat from between the wind and me. Shabbiest rode after his master.

Everything now revived. Horses and men grew confident, and Hope, late feeble in the knees, now with braced muscles went turning somersets of joy before us. Antipodes and Gubbins, unleashed, were hurried along by the whoops and whips of my younker guides; and Klale, relieved of responsibility, and inspired by gay companions, became sprightly and tricksy. Sudden change had befallen my prospects, lately dreary. Shabbiest had come as forerunner of good fortune. Then, speeding after him, appeared my twin deliverers, guiding me for the low price of a shirt totally buttonless.

It was worth a shirt, nay, shirts, merely to be escorted by these graceful centaurs. No saddle intervened between them and their horses. No stirrup compelled their legs. A hair rope twisted around the mustang's lower lip was their only horse furniture. "Owhhigh tenas," one of Owhhigh's boys, the younger claimed to be. Nowhere have I seen a more beautiful youth. He rode like an Elgin marble. A circlet of otter fur plumed with an eagle's feather crowned him. His forehead was hardly perceptibly flattened, and his expression was honest and merry, not like the sombre, suspicious visage of Loolowcan, disciple of Talipus.

Neither of my new friends would give me his name. After coquetting awhile, they pretended that to tell me would be tamanoüs of ill-omen, and begged me to give them pasaiooks' names. So I received them into civilization under the titles of Prince and Poins. These they metamorphosed into U'plint'z and K'pawint'z, and shouted their new appellatives at each other in glee as they galloped. Prince, my new Adonis, like Poins, his admiring and stupid comrade, was dressed only in hickory shirt of the Hudson's Bay Company and some nondescript raggedness for leggins. Deer

are not abundant in this arid region, and buckskin raiment is a luxury for chiefs.

With these companions, the journey, just now dismal, became a lark. Over the levels the horses dashed freshly,—mine as if they wished to show how much I had undervalued their bottom, and how needless had been my detour, under my false leader, to exchange these trusty and tried fellow-travellers for unknown substitutes. Over the levels they dashed, and stout of heart, though not quite so gayly, they clambered the hills macadamized with pebbles of trap.

Antipodes, loping in the lead, suddenly shied wildly away from a small rattlesnake coiled in the track. The little stranger did not wait for our assault. He glided away into a thick bush, where he stood on the defensive, brandishing his tongue, and eying us with two flames. His tail meanwhile recited cruel anathemas, with a harsh, rapid burr. He was safe from assault of stick or stone, and I was about to call in my old defender, the revolver, when Uplintz prayed me to pause. I gave him the field, while Kpawintz stood by, chuckling with delight at the ingenuity of his friend and hero.

Uplintz took from a buckskin pouch at his belt his pipe, and, loosening from the bowl its slender reed stem, he passed through it a stiff spire of bunch-grass. A little oil of tobacco adhered to the point. He approached the bush carefully, and held the nicotinized straw a foot from the rattlesnake's nose. At once, from a noisy, threatening snake, tremulous with terror and rage from quivering fang to quivering rattle, —a snake writhing venomously all along its black and yellow ugliness,—it became a pacified snake, watchful, but not wrathful.

Uplintz, charmer of reptiles, proceeded with judicious coolness. Imperceptibly he advanced his wand of enchantment nearer and nearer. Rattler perceived the potent influence, and rattled no more. The vixenish twang ceased at one end of him; at the other, his tongue became gently lambent. The narcotic javelin approached, and finally

touched his head. He was a lulled and vanquished rattlesnake. He followed the magic sceptre, as Uplintz withdrew it,—a very drunken serpent "rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard," staggering with the air of a languidly contented inebriate. He swayed feebly out upon the path, and squirmed there, while the charmer tickled his nose with the pleasant opiate, his rattles uttering mild plaudits.

At last Kpawintz, the stolid, whipping out a knife, suddenly decapitated our disarmed plaything, and bagged the carcass for supper, with triumphant guffaws. Kpawintz enjoyed his solution of the matter hugely, and acted over the motions of the snake, laughing loudly as he did so, and exhibiting his tidbit trophy.

We had long ago splashed across the Nachchese. The sun, nearing the western hills, made every opening valley now a brilliant vista. The rattlesnake had died just on the edge of the Atinam ridges, and Kpawintz was still brandishing his yellow and black prey, and snapping the rattle about the flanks of his wincing roan, when Uplintz called me to look with him up into the streaming sunshine, and see Le Play House.

A strange and unlovely spot for religion to have chosen for its home of influence. It needed all the transfiguring power of sunset to make this desolate scene endurable. Even sunset, lengthening the shadow of every blade of grass, could not create a mirage of verdant meadow there, nor stretch scrubby cottonwood-trees to be worthy of their exaggerated shade. No region this where a Friar Tuck would choose to rove, solacing his eremite days with greenwood pleasures. Only ardent hermits would banish themselves to such a hermitage. The missionary spirit, or the military religious discipline, must be very positive, which sends men to such unattractive heathen as these,—to a field of labor far away from any contact with civilization, and where no exalting result of converted multitudes can be hoped.

The mission was a hut-like structure of adobe clay, plas-

tered upon a frame of sticks. It stood near the stony bed of the Atinam. The sun was just setting as we came over against it, on the hillside. We dashed down into the valley, that moment abandoned by sunlight. My Indians launched forward to pay their friendly greeting to the priests. But I observed them quickly pause, walk their horses, and noiselessly dismount.

As I drew near, a sound of reverent voices met me,— vespers at this station in the wilderness. Three souls were worshipping in the rude chapel attached to the house. It was rude indeed,— a cell of clay,— but a sense of the Divine presence was there, not less than in many dim old cathedrals, far away, where earlier sunset had called worshippers of other race and tongue to breathe the same thanksgiving and the same heartfelt prayer. No pageantry of ritual such as I had often witnessed in ancient fanes of the same faith; when incense filled the air and made it breathe upon the finer senses; when from the organ tones large, majestical, triumphant, subduing, made my being thrill as if music were the breath of a new life more ardent and exalting; when inward to join the throngs that knelt there solemnly, inward to the old sanctuary where their fathers' fathers had knelt and prayed the ancestral prayers of mankind for light and braver hope and calmer energy, inward with the rich mists of sunset flung back from dusky walls of time-glorified marble palaces, came the fair and the mean, the desolate and the exultant,— came beauty to be transfigured to more tender beauty with gentle penitence and purifying hope,— came weariness and pain to be soothed with visions of joy undying, celestial,— came hearts wellnigh despairing, self-scourged or cruelly betrayed, to win there dear repentance strong with tears, to win the wise and agonized resolve;— never in any temple of that ancient faith, where prayer has made its home for centuries, has prayer seemed so mighty, worship so near the ear of God, as vespers here at this rough shrine in the lonely valley of Atinam.

YAKIMA VALLEY AND MOUNT ADAMS.

View southwest from hills near the city of North Yakima. This broad prairie was a wild bunch-grass plain, when Winthrop rode over it. Now, under irrigation it is a vast and famous fruit orchard.

God is not far from our lives at any moment. But we go for days and years with no light shining forth from kindling heart to reveal to us the near divineness. With clear and cultivated perception we take in all facts of beauty, all the wonderment of craft, cunning adaptation, and subtle design in nature; we are guided through thick dangers, and mildly scourged away from enfeebling luxury of too much bliss; we err and sin, and gain the bitter lessons of penance; and all this while we are deeming or dreaming ourselves thoughtfully religious, and are so up to the measure of our development. But yet, after all these years, coming at last to a wayside shrine, where men after their manner are adoring so much of the Divine as their minds can know, we are touched with a strange and larger sympathy, and perceive in ourselves a great awakening, and a new and wider perception of God and the godlike, and know that we have entered upon another sphere of spiritual growth.

Vespers ended. The missionaries, coming forth from their service, welcomed me with quiet cordiality. Visits of men not savage were rare to them as are angels' visits to worldlings. In winter they resided at a station on the Yakimah in the plains eastward. Atinam was their summer abode, when the copper-colored lambs of their flock were in the mountains, plucking berries in the dells, catching crickets on the slopes.

Messrs. D'Herbomez and Pandosy had been some five years among the different tribes of this Yakimah region, effecting of course not much. They had become influential friends, rather than spiritual guides. They could exhibit some results of good advice in potato-patches, but polygamy was too strong for them. Kamaiakan, chiefest of Yakimah or Klickatat chiefs, sustained their cause and accepted their admonitions in many matters of conduct, but never asked should he or should he not invite another Mrs. Kamaiakan to share the honors of his lodge. Men and Indians are firm against clerical interference in domestic insti-

tutions. Perhaps also Kamaiakan had a vague notion of the truth, that polygamy is not a whit more unnatural than celibacy.

Whether or not these representatives of the Society of Jesus have persuaded the Yakimahs to send away their supernumerary squaws, for fear of something harsher than the good-natured amenities of purgatory, one kindly and successful missionary work they have done, in my reception and entertainment. Their fare was mine. Salmon from the stream and potatoes from their own garden spread the board. Their sole servant, an old Canadian lay brother, cared for my horses,—for them and for me there was perfect repose.

By no means would Uplintz and Kpawintz allow me to forget their promised reward. Each was an incomplete dandy of the Yakimahs until that shirt of blue had been tried on by each, and contrasted with the brown cuticle of each. They desired to dress after my mode; with pasaiooks' names and an exchangeable shirt between them, they hoped to become elegant men of Boston fashion. Twilight was gloom to their hearts until I had condescended to lay aside that envied garment, until it had ceased to be mine, and was the joint property of two proud and happy young braves, and until each, wearing it for a time and seeing himself reflected in the admiring eyes of his fellow, felt that he was stamped with the true *cachet* of civilization. Alas, that the state of my kit did not permit me to double the boon, and envelope the statuesque proportions of Uplintz with a clean calico, rich in pearl buttons. For there came an obtruding question how the two juvenals would distribute the one mantle. Would they appear before the critical circles of Weenas only on alternate days? Would they cleave the garment into a dexter and a sinister portion, one sleeve and half a body to each? Or would they divide the back to one, and the front to the other, and thenceforth present, the one an obverse, and the other a reverse to the world? It is my hope that their tenancy in common of this perishable chattel did not sunder

companionship. Kpawintz would infallibly give up his undivided half to Uplintz, if that captivating young Adonis demanded it. But I trust that the latter was content with grace, beauty, and rattlesnakes, and yielded the entire second-hand shirt to his less accomplished friend. Elaborate toilettes are a necessity of ugliness. Uplintz, fair as Antinoüs, would only deteriorate under frippery.

It had a fresh flavor of incongruity to talk high civilization on the Atinam, in a mud chamber twelve feet

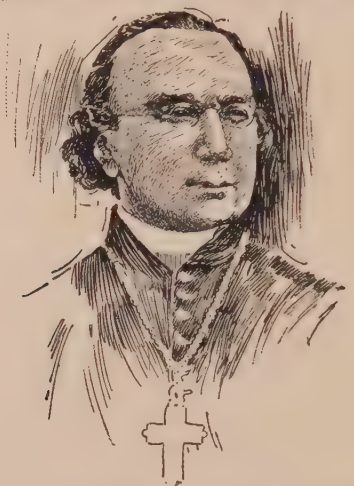
FATHER CHARLES PANDOSY, of the Atanum Mission.

square, while two dusky youths of Owhhigh's band, squatted on the floor, eyed us calmly, and, when their pipe was out, kept each other awake with monotonous moaning gutturals. The mountain gale of to-night was strong as the mistral of Father D'Herbomez's native Provence.

We talked of that romantic region, comparing adobe architecture of the Northwest with the Palace of Avignon, the Amphitheatre of Nismes, the Maison Carrée, and the Pont du Gard. Kamaiakan's court lost by contrast with King René's, and no Petrarch had yet arisen among the

Yakimahs. Then, passing over the Maritime Alps into the plains of Piedmont, we measured Monte Rosa, dominant over Father Pandosy's horizon of youth, with St. Helens, queen of the farthest West, and rebuilt in fancy, on these desert plains, sunny Milan and its brilliant dome.

It is good to have the brain packed full of images from the wealthy past; it is good to remember and recall the beautiful accumulations of human genius from earliest eld to now. For with these possessions a man may safely be a comrade



FATHER L. D'HERBOMEZ, of the Atanum Mission. Later, Bishop of Vancouver, B. C.

of rudest pioneers, and toughen himself to robust manliness, without dislinking himself from refinement, courtesy, and beauty of act and demeanor. Nature indeed, wise, fair, and good, is ever at hand to reintroduce us to our better selves; but sometimes, in moods sorry or rebellious, Nature seems cold and slow and distant, and will not grant at once to our eagerness the results of long, patient study. Then we turn to our remembrances of what brother men have done, and standing among them, as in a noble amphitheatre, we cannot be other than calm and patient; we cannot fall back into

barbarism and be brutal, though our present society be Klalams or Klickatats; and even when treachery has exasperated us in the morning, in the evening, under the quieting influence of Art and History, we can forgive the savage, and think of pacifying themes.

A roof crushes and fevers one who has been long wont to sleep beneath the stars. I preferred my blankets without the cabin, sheltered by its wall from the wind that seemed to prophesy a storm of terrors growing on the mountains and the sea, to the luxury of a bunk within. The good fathers were lodged with more than conventual simplicity. Discomfort, and often privation, were the laws of missionary life in this lonely spot. It was camp life with none of the excitement of a camp. Drearily monotonous went the days of these pioneers. There was little intellectual exercise to be had, except to construct a vocabulary of the Yakimah dialect,—a hardly more elaborate machine for working out thought than the babbling Chinook jargon. They could have inevitably but small success in proselyting, and rarely any society except the savage dignity of Kamaiakan, the savage vigor of Skloo, and the savage cleverness of Owhhigh. A tame lustrum for my hosts, varied only by summer migrations to the Atinam and winter abode on the Yakimah. If the object of a man's life were solely to produce effect upon other men, and only mediately upon himself, one would say that the life of a cultivated and intellectual missionary, endeavoring to instruct savages in the complex and transitional dogmatisms of civilization, was absolutely wasted.

When I woke, late as sunrise, after the crowded fatigues and difficulties of yesterday, I found that already my hosts had despatched Uplintz and Kpawintz to a supposed neighbor camp of their brethren, to seek me a guide. Also the old servitor, a friendly grumbler, was off to the mountains on a similar errand. Patience, therefore, and remember, hasty voyager, that many are the chances of savage life.

Antipodes had shaken to pieces whatever stitched bag he bore. I seized this moment to make repairs. Among my traps were needles and thread of the stoutest, for use and for presents. The fascinating squaw of Weenas, if she had but known it, was very near a largess of such articles. But the wrong-doing of Sultan Olyman lost her the gift, and my tailor-stock was undiminished. I made a lucky thrust at the one eye of a needle, and began my work with severe attention.

While I was mending, Uplintz, with his admiring Orson, Kpawintz, came galloping back.

Gone were the Indians they had sought; gone — so said their trail — to gad nomadly anywhere. And the two comrades, though willing to go with me to the world's end for the pleasure of my society and the reward of my shirts, must admit to Father Pandosy, cross-examining, that they had never meandered along the Dalles hooihut.

The old lay brother also returned bringing bad luck. Where he had looked to find populous lodges, he met one straggling squaw, left there to potter alone, while the Bedouins were far away. The many chances of Indian life seemed chancing sadly against me. Should I despair of farther progress, and become an acolyte of the Atinam mission?

Just then I raised my eyes, and lo! a majestic Indian in Lincoln green! He was dismounting at the corral from a white pacer. Who now?

"Le bon Dieu l'envoie," said Father Pandosy; "c'est Kamaiakan même."

Enter, then, upon this scene Kamaiakan, chiefest of Yakimah chiefs. He was a tall, large man, very dark, with a massive square face, and grave, reflective look. Without the senatorial coxcombry of Owhhigh, his manner was strikingly distinguished, quiet, and dignified. He greeted the priests as a kaiser might a papal legate. To me, as their friend, he gave his hand with a gentlemanly word of welcome.

All the nobs I have known among Redskins have retained a certain dignity of manner even in their beggarly moods. Among the plebeians, this excellence degenerates into a gruff coolness or insolent indifference. No one ever saw a bustling or fussy Indian. Even when he begs of a blanketeer gifted with chattels, and beg he does without shame or shrinking, he asks as if he would do the possessor of so much trumpery an honor by receiving it at his hands. The nauseous, brisk, pen-behind-the-ear manner of the thriving

KAM-AI-A-KAN : Head Chief of the Yakimas.

tradesman, competitor with everything and everybody, would disgust an Indian even to the scalping point. Owhhigh, visiting my quarters at Squally with his fugue of beggars, praying me to breech his breechless, shirt his shirtless, shoe his shoeless child, treated me with a calm loftiness, as if I were merely a steward of his, or certainly nothing more than a co-potentate of the world's oligarchy. He showed no discomposure at my refusal, as unmoved as his request. Fatalism, indolence, stolidity, and self-respect are combined

in this indifference. Most of a savage's prayers for bounty are made direct to Nature; when she refuses she does so according to majestic laws, of which he, half reflectively, half instinctively, is conscious. He learns that there is no use in waiting and whining for salmon out of season, or fresh grasshoppers in March. According to inevitable laws, he will have, or will not have, salmon of the first water, and aromatic grasshoppers sweet as honeydew. Caprice is out of the question with Nature, although her sex be feminine. Thus a savage learns to believe that power includes steadiness.

Kamaiakan's costume was novel. Louis Philippe dodging the police as Mr. Smith, and adorned with a woollen comforter and a blue cotton umbrella, was unkingly and a caricature. He must be every inch a king who can appear in an absurd garb and yet look full royal. Kamaiakan stood the test. He wore a coat, a long tunic of fine green cloth. Like the irregular beds of a kitchen garden were the patches, of all shapes and sizes, combined to form this robe of ceremony. A line, zigzag as the path over new-fallen snow trodden by a man after toddies too many,—such devious line marked the waist. Sleeves, baggy here, and there tight as a bandage, were inserted somewhere, without reference to the anatomical insertion of arms. Each verdant patch was separated from its surrounding patches by a rampart or a ditch of seam, along which stitches of white threads strayed like vines. It was a gerrymandered coat,—gerrymandered according to some system perhaps understood by the operator, but to me complex, impolitic, and unconstitutional.

Yet Kamaiakan was not a scarecrow. Within this garment of disjunctive conjunction he stood a chieftainly man. He had the advantage of an imposing presence and bearing, and above all a good face, a well-lighted Pharos at the top of his colossal frame. We generally recognize whether there is a man looking at us from behind what he chances to use for eyes, and when we detect the man, we are cheered or

"LE PLAY HOUSE."

Ruins of the Atinam Mission.

"As I drew near, a sound of reverent voices met me,—vespers at this station in the wilderness. Three souls were worshipping in the rude chapel attached to the house. It was a cell of clay; but a sense of the Divine was there, not less than in many dim cathedrals. * * * Never in any temple of that ancient faith, where prayer has made its home for centuries, has prayer seemed so mighty, worship so near the ear of God, as vespers here at this rough shrine in the lonely valley."

—*Chapter XI.*

bullied according to what we are. It is intrinsically more likely that the chieftainly man will be an acknowledged chief among simple savages, than in any of the transitional phases of civilization preceding the educated simplicity of social life, whither we now tend. Kamaiakan, in order to be chiefest chief of the Yakimahs, must be clever enough to master the dodges of salmon and the will of wayward mustangs; or, like Fine-Ear, he must know where kamas-bulbs are mining a passage for their sprouts; or he must be able to tramp farther and fare better than his fellows; or, by a certain tamanoüs that is in him, he must have power to persuade or convince, to win or overbear. He must be best as a hunter, a horseman, a warrior, an orator. These are personal attributes, not heritable; if Kamaiakan Junior is a nature's nobody, he takes no permanent benefit by his parentage.

Chieftainly Kamaiakan seated himself and his fantastic coat in the hut. He had looked in to see his friends, the good fathers, and to counsel with them what could be done for Mrs. Kamaiakan the third. That estimable lady had taken too much salmon,—very far too much, alas!—and Kamaiakan feared that he was about to become a widower, *pro tanto*. Such a partial solution of the question of polygamy was hardly desired by the missionaries. It were better to save Mrs. K. the third; for doubtless already, knowing of her illness, many a maiden of Yakimah high fashion was wishing that her locks might glisten more sleekly attractive; many a dusky daughter of the tribe was putting on the permanent blush of vermilion to win a look from the disconsolate chief. The fathers feared that he would not content himself with one substitute, but not to give offense, would accept the candidates one and all. Therefore one of the gentlemen busied himself with a dose for the surfeited squaw, —a dose in quantity giant, in force dwarf,—one that should make itself respected at first sight, and gain a Chinese victory by its formidable aspect alone.

While one compounded this truculent bolus, the other imparted my needs to the chief.

Kamaiakan himself could not profit by this occasion to make a trip to the Dalles and cultivate my society. Not only domestic trials, but duties of state prevented. Were he absent at this critical epoch, when uninvited soldier-men were tramping the realm and winking at its ladies without respect to rank, who would stand forward as champion? Who pacify alike riotous soldier-man and aggrieved savage? Kamaiakan could not leave the field to Skloo-the ambitious, nor to Owhhigh the crafty, when he returned from Squally rich with goods, the proceeds of many a horse-theft. Absent a week, and Kamaiakan might find that for another, and not for him, were the tawny maids. Kamaiakan must stay. A nobleman on the climb must keep himself always before the vulgar.

But a follower of the chief had just ambled up on a pony, leading his sumpter-horse. Him Kamaiakan despatched up the Atinam, where he had heard that a camp of his people had halted on their way to the mountain berry-patches. Among them was a *protégé* of the chief, who knew every trail of the region and had horses galore.

Many are the chances of nomad life. Enter now, in the background, a siwash soon to be a personage in this drama, if the last legs of his flea-bitten white Rosinante can but convey him to the foreground to announce himself.

Enter Ferdinand on the scene, in an Isabella yellow shirt,—he and his garments alike guiltless of the soap of Castile, or any soap of land less royal.

Ferdinand was a free companion, a cosmopolite of his world. He was going somewhere, anywhere, nowhere. He had happened in with dinner in view. So long as the legs of Rosinante lasted, Ferdinand could be a proud cavalier. Now, those legs failing, he drooped. He would soon become a peon, a base footman, and possibly, under temptation, a footpad. Better, then, quarter himself on his friends and

former masters, the priests, until in the free pastures of Atinam Rosinante should grow bumptious again.

As his name imported, this newcomer claimed to be identified with civilization. "No Indian name have I," he said, "I am Fudnun, a blanketeer." He was a resolved renegado from Indian polity and sociality. He had served with the Hudson's Bay Company. He had even condescended to take lessons in cookery from the pale-face squaws of the Willamette.

While Ferdinand was thus announcing himself, and communicatively making good his claim as a blanketeer, the envoy of Kamaiakan returned. He had hastened up the Atinam, and come to Camp No-camp. The able-bodied siwashes had all vanished, leaving only a few children, recently out of the papoose period, and a few squaws far on toward second childhood. Only such were left as had no more than power enough to chase and bag the agile grasshopper and far-bounding cricket, and to pounce upon and bag every tumbling beetle of the plain.

Such industry the messenger had found at the camp; but the able-bodied, capable of larger duties, had vanished up the wild valleys, and scattered along the flanks of Tacoma, to change their lowland diet for that of the mountain-side; — while the fresh horses I should have had swam in the verdure of the summit prairies, the guide I should have had was stuffing by the handful strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, salal-berries; and his squaws, with only furtive tribute to their own maw, were bestowing the same fruits into baskets for provident drying.

Again what was to be done, for day grew toward noon, and by to-morrow night I must be at the Dalles, eighty miles away? My kind friends of the mission were discussing whether the old sacristan could be trusted to know the trail and bear the fatigues, when Ferdinand rose, stepped out of the chorus, to become an actor in the drama, and thus spoke, self-prompted:—

"Fudnun nika, pasaiooks; Ferdinand I, blanketeer. Siks nika copa Boston tyee; friend I to Boston chief. Nika nanitch cuitan, closche yakah klatawah; I've seen the horses, they'll go well enough. Nika kumtux Dalles hooihut, pe tikky hyack klatawah; I know the Dalles trail, and am ready to go at once."

Excellent Ferdinand! What fine apparition, what quaint Ariel, doing his spiriting gently, wooed thee to these yellow sands of Atinam, to be my deliverer? Sweet youth, thou shalt have a back-load of trinkets to carry to thy Miranda when we part. Fudnun, the blanketeer, let us go.

My new comrade showed Boston energy. He drove up the three horses at once. Rest and bunch-grass at discretion had revived them. A tough journey was before us, but thus far they had not failed in the face of worse difficulties than we were to meet. For a supplement, the missionaries lent me a mare of theirs, to be ridden as far as her foal would follow, and left on the prairie for Ferdinand to pick up on return. The kindness of these gentlemen went with me after my departure.

Adieu, therefore, to the good fathers, and may they be requited in better regions of earth, or better than earth, for their hospitality. Adieu, Kamaiakan, prudent and weighty chief! fate grant thee a coat of fewer patches, a nobler robe of state. Adieu the old lay brother. Uplintz and Kpawintz, my merry pair, continue foes of the rattlesnake, and friends to the blue-shirted Boston men.

YAKIMA RUG-MAKER.

"And now that I am on the tariff for squaws,—dry goods buy them as sometimes in Christendom. The conventional price is expressed in blankets. Blankets paid to papa buy: five, a drudge; ten, a cook and basket-maker; twenty, a fine article of squaw, learned in the kamas-beds, and with skull flat as a shingle; fifty, a very superior article, ruddy with vermilion and skilled in embroidering buckskin with porcupine-quills; and one hundred blankets, a princess, with the beauty and accomplishments of her rank. Mothers in civilization will be pleased to compare these with their current rates."

—*Chapter XIII.*

XII.

LIGHTNING AND TORCHLIGHT.

A little before noon we left the hut of blue mud, the mission of Atinam. We forded the shallow river, and Ferdinand cheerily led the way straight up the steep hillside. From its summit I could overlook, for farewell, the parallel ranges, walls of my three valleys of adventure. There were no forests over those vast arid mounds to narrow the view. Hills of Weenas, hills of Nachchese, valley of Atinam,— I took my last glance over their large monotony.

I might glance over the landscape, and recall my crowded life in it, only while the horses breathed after their climb, and no longer. If not eighty, certainly sixty miles away over the mountains is the Columbia, Achilles of rivers. And, says Ferdinand, "it must be a race all day with time, all night with time, a close race with time to-morrow." If uncertainty of success is a condition of success, we shall win the race. But no dalliance, no staying to study landscape; we must on, steadily as the Princess Parizade, whatever sermons there be in the stones along our way.

Vast were the hilly sweeps we overcame. Nags of mine, ye had toil that penultimate day of August. But straight from far snow cliffs came electric airs, forerunners of the nightly gale. And the sun, that it might never be deemed a cruel tyrant, had provided remedies against its own involuntary despotism, in streams from the snows of Tacoma, melted not beyond the point of delicious coolness. Snow crystals married with sunbeams came gliding down the valleys on their wedding tour. Down the gorges in the basalt, and so

by pool and plunge, the transfigured being, a new element, poured to the pebbly reaches below. Whenever we had climbed the long bulk of a dusty hillside, dreary with wild sage, a stunted and abortive tree, the mean ensign of barrenness, and then descended the hot, thirsty slopes of a declivity as dreary, down in the valley always we found the antidote to dust, thirst, and sterility, the precious boon of water hidden among grass and trees,—sunshine's gift brought from the snows to cure the pangs of sunshine. Sparkling draughts of water were ready in vale after vale. I had but to stoop from my saddle while Klale drank, and scoop the bright flow in a leather cup long dedicated to Ægle, in classic fountains of historic lands.

Ferdinand's temptation and test of faithfulness befell him before we had gone two leagues on our way. As the fates threw Shabbiest in the path of Loolowcan, now Ferdinand's tempter appeared. One watches his man narrowly at such a moment. Which Janus-face will he turn? the one that sees the past, or the one that looks toward the future? Will he be the bold and true radical, or the slinking conservative? The combat, with its Parthian flights and Pyrrhic victories, is generally more briefly called life, and its result character.

Thus far I had only the coarse public facts on Ferdinand as a theme for analysis. When Mystery takes care that a man shall exist, and have a few years' career in villany or heroism, Mystery also takes care to set upon the man's front a half-decipherable inscription. Fudnun was attractive, not repulsive, in the traits that mark character. By physiognomy, I deemed him a truish man, a goodish fellow, a wiseish nomad. But how was I to know what education had made of him? what indiscriminate vengeance he might have in his heart? what treachery in return for other blanketeers' treachery? The same spirit of our darksome enlightenment that makes slavery possible, makes maltreat-

ment of Indians certain. Fudnun might feel himself nominated to punish in me the wrongs of his race.

The Indian who was to be Fudnun's Mephistophiles was riding seemingly astray and purposeless across the world, like an Indian. But when the stranger, coming full tilt through a bending defile, saw us, it was too late to skulk. He pulled up his wild black horse, noticed me with a cool Howdydo, and opened fire upon Fudnun, with gutturals not at all cheerful. Fudnun informed me that the tenor of the newcomer's oration was like Shabbiest's to Loolowcan, yesterday.

So, then, big Brownskin on a fiery black mustang, inferior chief with shirt and leggins of buckskin reddened with clay, sulky siwash of Skloo's band, armed with gun and knife,—thou too art inhospitable to the parting guest,—thou too art unwilling that by the aid of Fudnun, my friend, I should speed out of the country toward the Columbia. Now, then, none of this! Avaunt! Make tracks!

But he declined to make tracks, and held the too facile Ferdinand in powwow. I questioned in my prudent heart whether I should do what I twitched to do, namely, use the Owhhigh whip upon this scowling interloper. The wristlet of otter-fur tightened in my grasp; I shook the long lash carelessly about the sturdy legs of the wiry horse of Brownskin the Tempter, stinging them restive, horse and man. With revengeful venom of the blackest in his mind, the copper-headed, snaky beguiler continued his solicitations, urging Ferdinand, as that excellent worthy afterwards told me, not merely to desert, but to aid in a scheme of pillage, and whatever outrage might precede or follow pillage.

Ferdinand, as I trusted, was proof against the wily wheedler, though he sputtered poisonously in a language I knew not. Ferdinand at last shook off that serpent influence, and turned toward the trail. Copper-head, baffled, gave me a glance with a bite in it, and galloped away, too

much enraged to ask *more barbarico* for all my valuables as a present.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Fudnun, shaking his head, showing his white teeth, and seeming as happy as a schoolgirl with a new conundrum; "ha, ha!" chuckled he, as if this were a joke of the freshest. "Yaka tikky memloose mika pe capsualla conoway ikta; he want kill you and steal all the traps. Halo nika; not at all I. Wake kahquah kliminwhit Fudnun,—wake cultus man ocook; not so is Fudnun a liar, —no dastard he."

Certainly not, Fudnun the Trusty! I divined you rightly, then. Your Janus-face points aright. You are not a spoilt Indian. I set you in the scale against Loolowcan the Frowzy, and once more half believe in honesty of barbarians. Having defied temptation, henceforth you are true.

Fudnun had thus far ridden the mission mare, while Gubbins pranced bareback. Now the foal began to sigh for his native heath, and shrink from strange, wild scenes. We therefore stopped, and turned them out into the wide world. They could wallow in the long sedges therealong, and drink of the brook. No Indian of all the country-side would allow his thievish heart to covet an animal with the mission brand. Me, or any other intrusive pasaiooks, he might rob of beast or the burden of beast, but whatever belonged to the priests was taboo. And if mission property could not protect itself, woe be to the thief when the green, gleaming coat of the dread inevitable Kamaiakan was seen along his trail.

Gubbins must again endure a rider more humane than Loolowcan. Antipodes's packs were now ridiculously light, as Æsop's bag at the end of the journey. We could press on fleet over hill and dale, on and on, steadily riding as if we bore tidings of joy, or rode for succor for the beleaguered of a starving city. On, never flagging, we sped, and drew, as day waned, toward the wooded mountains. Never a moment we rested, traversing tenantless wastes, until deep

in the afternoon we came to a large, pure well of exquisite water, predicted by Ferdinand, wisest of nomads.

There, in a glade emeralded with richest of grass, I reposed, elaborating strength for my night ride. Meanwhile, my horses, with never a leg the less than when I proved them on the macadam of Squally, swallowed green landscape fast, as if they feared this feast were a mirage, and the water-sprite would presently roll up her green drapery and vanish. The horses, with or without fancies or forethought, instinctively made ready for the coming trial.

Sweet are such episodes of travel in the fair spots of earth. Sweet, though the fare be but pork toasted on a stick, and hardtack to which mustiness has but slightly penetrated. And if after feast so Spartan, before a night to be sleepless, a siesta propose itself, who will refuse? Not the wise traveller, to whom sleep or food never come amiss. By the Fountain of Fudnun the Jolly, to whom in less busy times life was a long joke, sleep, or repose not quite losing consciousness, might be permitted. For now my doubts of winning the race were beheaded by trenchant intuitions of success, and wriggled away into the background. Such doubts necessarily forecrawl a man on the march toward any object; it is well if he can timely destroy them, lest they trip up the rider's hopeful ardor.

Distance, lying in long coils from Whulge onward, I had nearly trampled to death; its great back showed marks of my victorious hoofs; only the head reared itself, monstrous and unsubdued. One more great rampart of mountains must be stormed, and for this final assault Klale, Antipodes, and Gubbins were still taking in such stuff as courage is made of. Feed on, trusty trio; I love the sound of those jaws. It racks my heart to know that I must still demand much go-ahead of you. But though an exacting, I have been a merciful master. Ye have had long grass, to be digested into leaps, short grass for walking material, and sometimes a prairie-flower for inspiring a demivolt. I have

whipped you, Antipodes, but have I whaled you? And now that you have taken your fill of grass, long, short, and flowery, let us away, to climb the great ridges before nightfall.

We came, not long before sunset, to the great mountain range,—another buttress of the Cascade system.* Full against the plain rose a bulky earthwork. Klickatats on mustangs had been, ever since Klickatats first learned to ride, forever assaulting this fortress in elaborate zigzags engineered with skill. And here, for fifteen hundred feet, we too must climb, driving our horses before us; we bending forward, and they struggling up on tiptoe and consuming energy far too rapidly.

The sun was prematurely gone when we reached the edge of easier slope above this mural front. Where I should have seen, westward, the Cascades and Tacoma bright as sunny cloud, but firmer than cloud, were now no mountains black with pines, was no Tacoma against the rose of sunset. A gloomy purple storm lay over the Cascades, vaster than they. A mass of thunderous darkness had swept in from ocean, and now stayed majestic, overlooking the wide world. Would it retreat with the sun, to do havoc wherever white sails were strained in hopeless flight, and whirl the spray from wrecking coral-reefs to the calm lagoons within? Or would it take a night of Titanic revelry among the everlasting hills, toppling crag into chasm, shaking down avalanches to drown their roar with roar of louder thunder, tossing great trees over into the torrents to see their strong death-struggle in the foam, by the ghastly beauty of lightning, revealing a spectacle born and dead in an instant? Or must it, with no choice of its own, range with the whirl of the globe, taking giant pleasure or doing giant ruin as the chances of Nature offered? Which of these was to be the destiny of that purple storm, poised and lowering over the hidden mountains? I could divine its decision, or its obedience, by prophetic puffs of roasted air, that ever and anon, in a sudden

* The Simcoe Mountains.

calm that had now befallen, smote me, as if some impish urchin, one of the pages of Æolus, dancing on a piping wind-bag, was looking my way and smiting his breezy cheeks.

Beside that envelope of storm hiding the west from floor to cope, there was only to be seen, now softened with dull violet haze, the large, rude region of my day's gallop,—thirty miles of surging earth, seamed with frequent valleys of streams flowing eastward, where scanty belts of timber grew by the waterside.

When August's sun, the remorseless, is gone, whether behind the ragged rims of a hurricane or the crest of a sierra, men and horses revive in that long shade. Twilight is sweet and restoring in itself, and also to an unforeseeing trio of mustangs, as promising the period when men encamp and horses are unsaddled. Therefore, now, although the air was heavy and the light lurid, we chased along the trail, mounting slowly ever, and winding on through files of pines;—vigorously we chased on, as if twilight of eve were twilight of dawn, and our day but now begun.

Among the silent pines, deeper into the darkening wood. But the same power that swept darkness forward in a steady growing inundation, banished also silence. The overcoming storm was battling with stillness, and slowly enveloping the strife with thicker and thicker pall, such as hangs over fields trod by the loud agonies of war.

A far forerunner of the gale struck suddenly upon the mountain-front, like an early shot of battle, fired to know the death range. While the roar of this first blast was passing away, and the trees were swaying back to stillness, a fugue of growling winds came following after. The alarmed whispers from leaf to leaf grew thicker now, joining to an undertone of delicate wailing a liquid sound, but sad, like the noise of a waterfall falling all the hours into a sunless pool where one lies drowned because his life and soul could bear life and light no longer. Again, with gush of blacker darkness, came a throng of blasts tramping close; and after

them was seeming calm,— calm only in seeming, and filled with the same whispers of alarm, the same dreary, feeble wail, and now with sobs desperate, irrepressible.

Fitful bursts of weeping rain were now coming thicker, until control ceased, and the floods fell with no interval, borne on furiously, dashing against every upright object as great crushing wave-walls smite on walls of cliff by the seaside. The surges of wind were mightier than the furious rain drift, and with their strength and their roaring came the majesty of thunder, constant as the wind. Long ago, from where the clouds lay solid on the mountains, great booming sounds had come, as if these masses rolling over the summits had struck with muffled crash upon crags below; and when those purple glooms stayed in hesitating poise upon the Cascades, lightnings were passing in among them, calling them together for the march, and signalling on the laggards. Now a great outer continent, a belt of storm world, was revolving over earth, and shaping itself to the region it traversed. In this storm zone, revealed by the scenic flames of neighbor lightning, were mountains huger than any ever heaped by Titanic forces assaulting heaven from earth. There were sudden clefts, and ravines with long sweeping flanks, and chasms where a cloud mountain-side had fallen in, leaving a precipice all ragged and ruinous, ready itself to fall. There were plateaus and surgy sweeps of cloud-land, valleys of gentleness, dells sweet and placid, passes by toppling crags from vale to vale, great stairways up to Alpine levels on high, garden-like Arcadias among horrent heights, realms changefully splendid,— all revealed by the undulations of broad, rosy lightning and lightning's violet hues, where it shone through their gloom of clouds. These clouds so black and terrible, hurrying on a night so black and dreary, were not then terrible and dreary in themselves, but only while there was no light to prove their beauty,— when light gleamed, they shone transcendent.

Lightning, besides its business of revelation, had some

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MOUNT ADAMS, SEEN FROM SUNNYSIDE.

"One cannot know too much of a nature's nobleman. Tacoma the second, which Yankees call Mt. Adams, is a clumsier repetition of its greater brother, but noble enough to be the pride of a continent."

—*Chapter III.*

gymnastic feats of its own to show the world; to spring at some great round-topped, toppling cloud-crag, and down to the valleys beneath; to shoot through tunnels of darkness, and across chasms, hanging a bending line of light athwart, like the cable bridges of the Andes.

Lightning was also casting blinding splendors over the permanent world below the storm. Wherever the trail bent toward the vantage edges of the mountain-side, every flash disclosed magnificent breadth of lonely landscape, and then the vision was instantly limited to the dense darkness around, darker to dazzled eyes. But soon there were no such moments of darkness nor any silence. Thunder-tone flowed into thunder-tone, as blasts had thickened to a gale, and lightning made pervading light, flickering and unsteady as fevered pulses.

Such was the machinery of this drama, and as to the actors, I and my party, what of them?

Wet were they all, yea, drenched. And why should not a little biped be drenched? It is an honor to the like of him that splendid phenomena should take the trouble to notice him even with ridicule. And drenching by an August thunderstorm is not chilly misery. Nor are men on a hooihut considering damage to their integuments. On a hooihut, we wear no tiles that to-morrow will be pulp; nor coats with power to shrink and never again be shapely. Therefore, while the air beat upon us with electric thrills, and the furious excitements of the tempest were around us, we dashed along the narrow thread of the trail between the innumerable pines,—dashed along, acting with the might of the storm, as if we were a part of it, and re-acting with ardors of our own against its fury.

Ferdinand, wrapped in a white blanket, led the way; Antipodes followed as main body; Klale and I were the third division of my army. Flooded lightning showed us our slender path winding up the illumined vista, and marked more clearly, in the long, coarse mountain grass, by rain pools.

For all the ceaselessness of flashes there would sometimes be moments of utter darkness, when the eyes closed involuntarily, and the look blenched, confounded, and dazzled by the sudden gloom. Then the vista would disappear, the path be blotted out, and Ferdinand, white blanketeer, be annulled, so far as vision knew. But before night could gain power from permanence, or my guide could lose his last ocular image of the silver pathway, again flashes went curving above us, the floods of light poured forth, and the forest was betrayed as if clear noon were master.

The path had now bent inward, away from the edge of the mountain. Under the roofing pines we could see no more the stormy pageantry. The straight black trunks opened before us; we were to go on, on, guided by the beautiful ghastliness of lightning, fit illumination of terrible rites in the penetralia of this austere forest. Very wet neophytes we should arrive in the presence of whatever antique hierophant there might be wonder-working within the roofless sanctuary whither the lightning was leading us.

By this time the grandeurs of the storm were ended. Madness and pangs died away into sullen grief. Passion was over; tame realities were coming. There had been a majestic overture crowded with discordant concords, and there was nothing left for the opera but dull recitative. Night became undramatic; sulky instead of inspired; grizzly instead of splendorous. Solid rain now took the place of atmosphere. While the storm rampaged, it was adventurous and heroic to breast it; now our journey became an offensive plod. So long as lightning declared the path, it was exciting to chase therein; our present meaner guide was the sound of our own splashing in the trail.

Ferdinand still led on, finding the way by instinct. He could see naught, and I could see not even him in his white toga, except when some belated flash of the rear-guard turned its lantern hither and thither, seeking its comrades. We kept together by whistling to and fro. Observe this

fact; for it is said that Indians do not whistle. Also that they eat no pork. For this latter reason some have connected them with the Lost Tribes. With regard to the latter charge, I can speak from a considerable range of induction. Indians only eat no pork when they have no pork. Not one to whom I have offered that viand of low civilization ever refused it, but clutched it with more or less ardor, proportioned to his state of repletion at the moment. My facts for induction on whistling among the red men are fewer. This one, however, I present confidently: Fudnun the Blanketeer whistled tunefully.

Ours was but a faint trail, rarely traversed, often illegible, even by full daylight, to untrained eyes, as I learned afterwards. What wonder, then, that we wandered often and that the keenness of Fudnun's vision was often tried, as he peered about and searched by intelligent zigzags in the darkness of night, under the darkness of pines, along the matted, muffling grass, for the slight clew of our progress? What wonder, then, that at last we erred totally, and searched in vain?

"Halo klap; no find," said Fudnun the Trusty, coming back rather disconsolate.

Perforce of the great controls of Nature, we must submit, and take this night involuntary rest, quite lost in the forest.

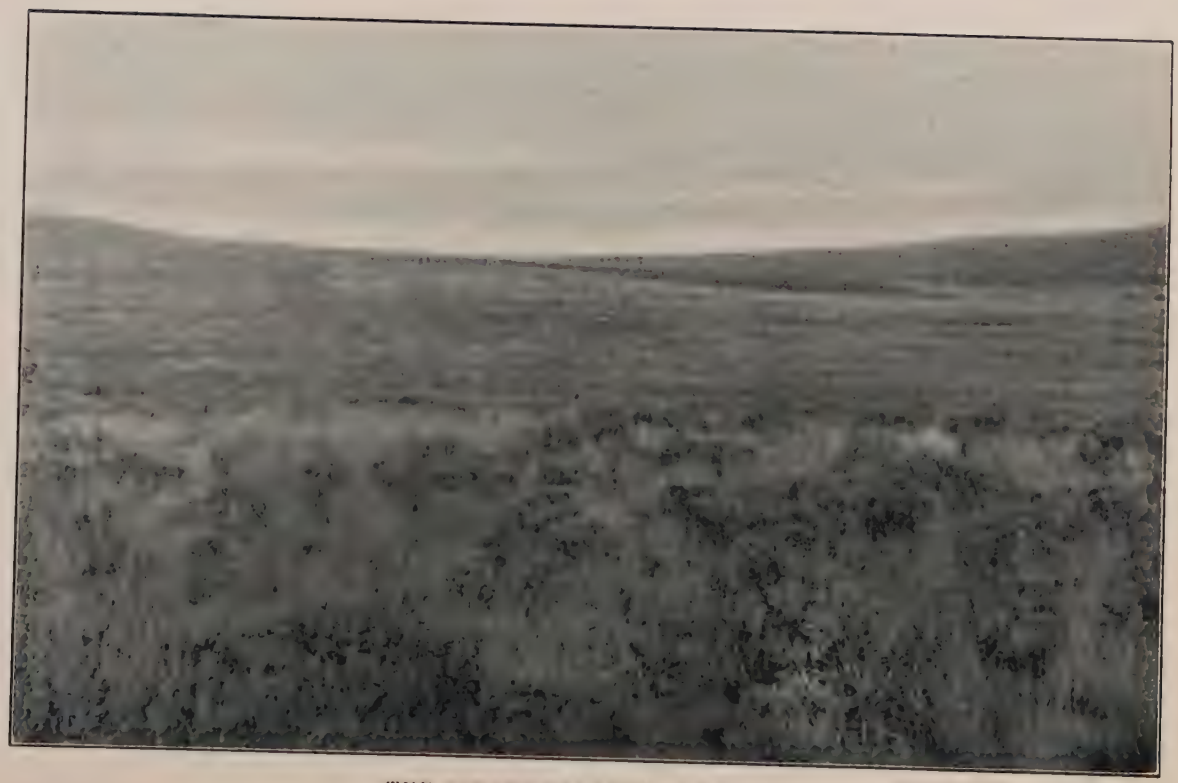
Fudnun unsaddled. The horses could show no dislike to their fare. The grass was long, plenteous, and every blade was hung with lubricating rain-drops. Meanwhile, I, groping about, found some bits of punk and dry fuel in a natural fireplace hollowed in an ancient pine, one of the giants. The *genius loci* here, being of monotonous cast of mind, had given himself totally to pine culture. I could see nothing, but I had a sense that immense rough-barked pines were standing all about, watching my movements,—what was I doing, grubbing there at the roots of their big brother?

I was at work to light a fire. Fire was once a thing to

be kept safe by vestals; but now we can do without them; fire sacred is cared for on myriads of domestic hearths; fire profane is in our pantaloons pocket. One may evoke it in an instant, as I did now. The tricksy sprite alighted in my tindery tipsoo, and presently involved my punk and my chips and all my larger fuel, as fast as I could seek it, by the growing blaze, among the ruins of the forest.

Fudnun took his supper, and soon was asleep, coiled in a heap among the saddles. As for me, I watched and drowsed, squatted before the fire, mummied in my blankets. Not a position, certainly, for cheerful reveries. A drizzle, thick as metaphysics, surrounded me. In its glowing cavity was my fire, eating its way slowly into the dead old heart of the tree, baking my face, but not drying my back. I was fortunately hungry, and hunger is excellent entertainment. A hungry man has something to think of, and if he is his own cook, something to do. I frizzled my pork and toasted my biscuit-chips; then I ate the same, and that part of the frolic was over. I longed for a tin cup of tea, well boiled and bitter, but it was "water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." I could not concentrate the drizzle, nor collect the drops from the grass, nor wring a supply from my wet clothes,—no tea, then, the best friend of the campaigner. In fact, as I could not sleep and recruit, and as I was in rather sorry plight, there was nothing to be done except to endure despondency and be patient.

Such pauses as this, midway in minor difficulty, are profitable, if patience can but come up from the rear, and marshal her sister faculties for steadier future march. In such isolated halts in a man's life, when the future is not so certain as to make him disdain the past, he discovers the lessons there were in empiric days or years, of hurry and dash. In the lonely forest, dark with midnight and storms, where his fire casts but a gloaming light,—in such a solitude a man self-dependent will hear the oracles speak to him if they are to speak. He who would ask his fate at



THE "HORSE-HEAVEN" COUNTRY.

The elevated region north of the Columbia is a vast table-land of rolling prairies. In Winthrop's time and long after, it was a sage-brush and bunch-grass area, given over to wild horses. At present it is partly under cultivation.

Delphi goes not along the summer-blooming plains, nor in among the vine-clad trellises, nor through the groves of olives, gray and ancient in gentle realms of Arcady. The Delphic gorge is stern and wild, and would affright all but one who is resolute to wring a favorable fate from the cave of prophecy. Poetic visions do not visit beds of roses, and no good thing or thought came out of Sybaris.

So there, "lone upon the mountain, the pine-trees wailing round me," I seemed to hear some of those great calming words without which life goes restless, and may not dream of peace. For early, thoughtful years and eras of ours are saddened and bewildered by the sting of evil, others' and our own; poisonous bigotries grapple with faith from its cradle; we are driven along the gauntlet of selfishness; love, the surest test of nobleness, seems the most hopeless test, discovering only the ignoble; we dwell among comrades of chance, not choice, and cannot find our allies; know not any other law of growth than the unreflecting stir about us. So instinctive faith dies, and because without faith the soul dies, we must seek it, and perhaps wander for it as far and not hopefully,—wander perhaps as far as to the forests of Tacoma.

As I sat by my fire, thinking over the wide world, and feeling that I looked less blindly than once upon its mysteries, suddenly I was visited by a brilliant omen.

All at once the darksome forest became startlingly full of light. A broad glare descended through the lowering night, and shed about me strange, weird lustre. I sprang up, and beheld a pillar of flame hung on high in the gloom.

An omen quite too simply explicable. I had kindled my fire in the hollow of a giant dead trunk. Flame slowly crept up within, burning itself a way through the dry core, until it gained the truncated summit, sixty feet aloft, and leaped outward in a mighty flash. Once escaped, after its stealthy growth, the fire roared furiously up this chimney of its own making. The long flame streamed away from its

gigantic torch, lashing among the trees and tossing gleams, sparks and great red flakes into the inner glooms of the wood. Nobler such an exit for one of the forest primeval than to rot away and be a century in slow dying. His brethren around watched sombrely the funeral pyre of their brother. Their moaning to the wind mingled with the roar of his magnificent death-song.

Trust Nature. None of the thaumaturgists, strong in magical splendors, ever devised such a spectacle as this. I had fought my way, a pressing devotee, into the inner shrine, unbullied by the blare of the tempest, and this was the boon offered by Nature to celebrate my initiation.

The fire roared, and there was another roaring. Ferdinand snored roaringly from his coiled position among the traps. A snore is the expression of gratitude for sleep, not less genuine for its unconsciousness. Every breath is a plaudit to Morpheus, the burlesque of a sigh of joy. Snoring is to sleep what laughter is to waking. Fudnun's snore in the solitary woods, among the great inarticulate facts of nature, was society and conversation. He seemed to utter amens of content in long-drawn cadence.

As I could not take my tall torch in hand and be a pathfinder, I patrolled about the woods, admiring it where it stood, a brilliant beacon. The blossom of flame still unfolded, unfading; and as leaf after leaf fell away like the petals of roses, other petals opened about the unconsumed bud. Firelight gave rich greenness to the dark pines. Sometimes a higher quiver of flame would seize an overhanging branch and sally off gaily; but the blast soon extinguished these escapades.

Fire gnaws quicker than the tooth of Time. I was sitting, drowsy and cowering, near my furnace, when a warning noise aroused me. A catastrophe was at hand. Flames grew intenser, and careered with leaps more frantic, as now, with a riving uproar, the giant old trunk cut away at its base, cracked, trembled, swayed, and fell in sublime ruin.

At this strange tumult, loud and harsh in the dull dead of night, the horses, affrighted, looked up with the light of the flame in their eyes, and then dashed off furiously.

Fudnun also was startled. He woke; he uncoiled; he stared; he grunted; he recoiled; he slept; he snored.

Mouldering away in cheerless ruin lay the trunk all along in the dank grass. Its glory had quenched itself in time, for now, Aurora being in the sulks, a fusty dawn, the slipshod drudge of her palace, was come as substitute for the rosy goddess, to wake the world to malcontent. Enchantment was perished. My torch, bright flarer through darkness, became mere kitchen fuel. Fudnun awoke to snore no more. He squatted in a mass, warming his musty members after their bedrizzled cramps of the night. Then we toasted our pork over the embers, completing the degradation of the pine. It had had its centuries of dignity, while its juniors, lengthening upward ungainly, envied its fair proportions. Then the juniors had times of rejoicing within their cortex, in their vegetable hearts, when glory of foliage fell away from their senior's crown, and larger share of sunlight came to the hungry youngsters. And now the junior pines were in high feather that an unsightly monument of the past and *memento mori* was gone, and lay a vertebrated skeleton of white ashes in the glade it sheltered so fatherly once.

Carved Stone Pipe, from Grave near Fort Simcoe.

XIII.

THE DALLES —THEIR LEGEND.

Klale the ardent, Gubbins the punchy, Antipodes the lubberly, had not stampeded far in their panic when the great pine-tree torch fell crashing through the woods. Fudnun easily recovered them by the light of dawn,—three horses well fed and well rested, three sinewy nags, by no means likely to be scant of breath through Falstaffian fatness, but yet stanch, and able to travel the last thirty or forty miles of my journey before nightfall.

Prayerful for sunrise and sun-born ardors in that dull dawn were horses and men. Cold is a bitter foe of courage; hot blood is the only brave blood. All five of us, the grazers three, the snorer one, and the one drowsy watcher, still trembled with the penetrating chill of drizzle on the bleak mountain-top. We might not have the instinctive cheerfulness, child and nursling of sunshine, but we soon, by way of substitute, made an inspiriting discovery,—the trail. Like many an exit from life's labyrinths, it was hidden only for want of searching with more light. We pounced upon its first faint indications, and went at such full speed as a night of damp and cramp permitted, with as much tirra-lirra in our matin song of march as might ring through the vocal pipes of knights-errant carrying colds in their heads.

"Nika klap; find um," Fudnun had shouted, with a triumphant burst of laughter, when he caught sight of the trail, lurking serpentine in the grass; and now, having recovered his reputation as a pathfinder, he would not lose

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BAD LANDS OF THE COLUMBIA.

View down the river from the heights east of the Deschutes, and across to the lava plains and the hills of the "Horse Heaven" beyond.

it again. With single-minded accuracy he kept this one object in view. He fairly shamed my powers of observation by his quick, unerring glance. Shrewd detective, he was never at fault wherever that eluding path dodged artfully, and became but a shattered clew of escape. If ever the hooihut disappeared totally, like a rivulet sinking under ground, Fudnun, as if he bore a witch-hazel divining-rod, made straight for the spot of its reappearance. Sometimes for a mile there would be no visible way, and I, seeing my guide still galloping on confidently under the pines, over the dry brown carpet of their fallen leaves, would call him, and say, —"Halo mitlite hooihut; here's no trail."

"Nawitka, closche nika nanitch; yes, I see it well," Fudnun would reply, pointing where a root had been scraped by a hoof, or a tuft of moss kicked up, or the brown pine-leaves trodden to a yellower tint; and presently, in softer ground, the path would again declare itself distinctly, like a pleasant association reawakening in moments of tenderness. Thus we hastened on through the open pine woods, gaining distance merely. We fled on between tedious ranks of yellow pines, with a raw wind chasing us and growing icier, as we rode out upon the bare, shelterless slopes of the lower regions.

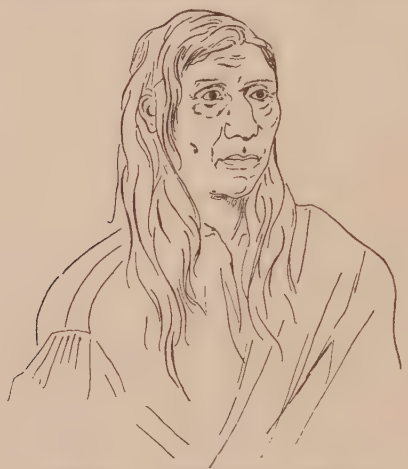
And by and by, as the trail disentangled itself from forest and mountain, lo, in houseless wilds, a house! an architectural log cabin.

"Whose house, Fudnun? What outpost sentry-box of Boston camps to come?"

It is the house of Skloo, Telamon of the Yakimahs, as Owhhigh is their Diomed, the horse-thief, and Kamaiakan their great-hearted Agamemnon; no advanced post of Boston men, but a refuge of the siwashes, between two fires of pale-faces advancing westward and eastward.

The cabin was deserted. Skloo and the braves of Skloo were gone over moor and fell, gone by cañon and prairie, gone after salmon, grasshoppers, berries, kamas,— after all

Indian luxuries and wants, including pillage of pasaiooks and foes of their own color, when to be had without peril. The cabin of Telamon Skloo stood, lonely and deserted, in a spot where the world looked large, and yellow prairies rushed out of the forest, billowing broadly southward, toward the desolate ranges, walls of the Columbia. As well, perhaps, that Skloo was an absentee and his house shut; Skloo, with a house on his back and a roof over his head, would have been totally neutralized as a nomad chief. He



SKLOO: A Chief of the Yakimas.

would have lost Skloo the Klickatat rover, with whatever interest or value he had in that relation, and have been precipitated to the level of any Snooks in Christendom, dweller in villa or box.

I did not envy Skloo his stationary property of house; certain mobile chattels of his I did envy him greatly. A band of his horses were feeding in this spot of the unfenced world. They did not heed our roadster passage as we draggled by, much the worse for wearing travel. They noticed us no more than a wary old grouse notices a gunless man. Antipodes felt the thoughtless dolt stir again within him;

he forgot how he had been taught who was his master, and, with packs flapping like rapid pinions, he bolted, to join that free cavalcade. Fudnun instantly educated him severely back into line.

Just then, over a swell of the ripe, yellow prairie, came at full speed, on a coal-black horse, a young Indian, with his long hair uncovered and streaming in the wind as he galloped. On he rode,— a cavalier free and bold, without saddle or stirrups, whirling his lasso with arm outstretched. He made straight for the band of grazing horses, and the unwarning blast blew from them toward him, as they stood curiously watching our slow tramp along the trail. So the untamed horses of Skloo's prairie did not sniff or see or hear the newcomer until he was close upon them and the whizz of his whirling lasso sang in their ears. Then they tossed their proud heads, shook their plumage of mane, and, with a snort of disgust at their unwatchfulness, sprang into full speed of flight. They bent toward us, and crossed the trail not a hundred yards before us. Their pursuer was riding almost parallel with them. As they dashed by, he flung his lasso at a noble black, galloping with head elate and streaming mane and tail.

The loop of the lasso, preserving its circle with geometrical accuracy, seemed to hang an instant in the air, waiting for its certain captive.

Will he be taken? Must he be enthralled?

Not so. A glorious escape! While the loop of the lasso hung poised, the black had sprung through it unerringly,— straight through its open circle,— touching it only to spurn with his hindmost hoof, and then with the excitement of his success he burst forward, and took the lead of all that wild throng, dashing on like the wind.*

But not at all for this failure and overcast did the speed of the headlong chaser lessen. He did not even turn for

* See *John Brent*, Chapter III., where Winthrop makes the horse Don Fulano perform the same feat.

my applause at the circus-like "act of horsemanship" he had afforded me in this spacious amphitheatre. His powerful coal-black horse still sped on fleet as before, close upon the parti-colored regiment, and the rider had his lasso quickly in hand, and coiled for a fresh cast, more cautious. Far as we could see over the undulations of the tawny plain, so beautifully boundless, the herd was stretching on, rather in joyous escapade than coward flight; and just apart from

PU-PU-MOX-MOX: YELLOW SERPENT;
Chief of the Walla Wallas.

them, their pursuer still held tireless and inevitable gallop,—his right arm raised and whirling with imperceptible motion the lasso, now invisible in the distance.

My good-will was with the dappled herd of runaways, rather than with the bronze horseman in chase. The capture of any wild stampeder would begin or renew his history of maltreatment, as some of them already knew from past experience, and were flying now with remembrance of abuse as well as for the instinct of freedom. There are no absolutely wild horses in the Northwest. All the cavalier Indians have their numerous bands of horses, broken and unbroken, and wild enough, following the nomad movements

SUNSET ON THE COLUMBIA.

From the hills on the north bank, east of The Dalles.

"Before me lay a region like the Valley of Death, rugged, bleak, and severe. A tragical valley, where the forces of Nature had fallen into despairs and ugly warfare. * * * Mount Hood, across the valley, became a cruel reminder of the unattainable. It was brilliantly near, yet coldly far away, like some mocking bliss never to be mine, though it might insult me forever by its scornful presence."

—*Chapter XIII.*

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of the tribe. It is a rough, punchy, hardy stock, utterly unkempt and untaught, but capable of taking care of itself, and capable also, according to the law of barbarism, of producing chance individuals of size, strength, and beauty. Bucephalus is the exception; Rosinante the rule. Bucephalus is worth a first-class squaw, or possibly two of those vexatious luxuries of a cheaper grade. Rosinantes go about five to the squaw.* Papa gets the price; not as in civilization, where, when a squaw sells herself for a Bucephalus, a brougham, and a black coachman, she keeps and uses the equivalent. And now that I am on the tariff for squaws,—dry goods buy them in Siwashdom as sometimes in Christendom. The conventional price is expressed in blankets. Blankets paid to papa, buy: five, a cheap and unclean article, a drudge; ten, a tolerable article, a cook and basket-maker; twenty, a fine article of squaw, learned in the kamas-beds, and with skull flat as a shingle; fifty, a very superior article, ruddy with vermilion and skilled in embroidering buckskin with porcupine-quills; and one hundred blankets, a princess, with the beauty and accomplishments of her rank. Mothers in civilization will be pleased to compare these with their current rates.

Skloo's prairie and the region thereabouts merits tenants more numerous than stray bands of mustangs. Succulent

*This price, however, was subject, for cause, to heavy discount. See Captain Bonneville's account of the Shoshone brave, one of whose wives eloped with a trapper. Pursued by the bloodthirsty husband, the fugitives were found in a camp of white traders, where brief parley led to a transfer of title, the trapper paying two horses for a quitclaim, and the bereft Shoshone consoling himself for the loss of his frail spouse with the thrifty reflection that "two good horses were very good pay for one bad wife."—*Irving: Bonneville's Adventures*, Ch. XLVII.

In the Himes family, who were part of the migration of 1853 over Naches Pass, was a baby girl, nine months old, who had red hair. When the wagon train camped half way down the western slope of the Blue Mountains, it was visited by Pu-Pu-Mox-Mox, the great Walla Walla chief, richest of Northwestern Indians. Seeing this infant, he determined to buy her. The next morning, the Himes wagon was surrounded with hundreds of horses, and the Indian Croesus was dumb-founded to learn that his wealth was powerless to purchase one small, red headed baby.

bunch-grass grows there in plenty for legions of graminivora to fatten on, as they take gentle, wholesome exercise over the hillocks. It was by far the most propitious country I had seen this side the mountains.

At present, exercise, and not grazing, was the business of my cattle. We must hold to our unflagging march for a few hours more. But prostration after my night watch, and straining of mind and body for many days, was overcoming me. I was still wet, cold, and weary, hardly capable of observation, the most instinctive of healthy human faculties. It was now eleven o'clock of the thirty-first of August. The sky began to clear with tumultuous power. Massive black battalions of cloud came rushing by from the reserves of storm that still were encamped upon the mountain strongholds westward. Every gloomy cloud trailed a blast, chilling as Sarsar, the icy wind of death. Between these moments of torture, the sun of August came forth through vistas of blinding white vapor, and fevered me. I grew suddenly sick with a despair like death. Fudnun was descending a slope some distance before me, driving Antipodes laboriously along. I essayed to shout to him, but my voice choked with a sneering, fiendish rattle, as if contempt of my soul at its mean jailer, my poor failing, dying body. I clutched vainly at the coil of my lariat by my saddle horn, and fell senseless.

I slept through a brief death to a blissful resurrection. Awaking slowly, I doubted at first whether I were not now released from earthly trammels, for tireless toil in a life immortal. First, I perceived that I was conscious; therefore I still was in being. Quickly the tremulous blood, in every fibre and cell, told me that I was still an organized being, possessed of members like those old familiar ones, my agents in winning undying thoughts. Next, my eyes unclosed, and I saw the fair sky. With my senses new-born, my first discovery of external facts was the illimitable heaven, bright with evanescent wreaths of clouds, white and

virginal. Whether, then, this were a new world where I had awakened, or the world of my ancient tenancy, I knew that the well-known laws of beauty reigned, and I need not here apostatize from old loves and old faiths. Life went on slowly reviving, drawing vigor from the air, and action, the token of life, became a necessity. I stirred feebly, like a child. The rustle of my first movement called out a sympathetic stir. Another organization in the outer world took note of me. I felt a warm puff upon my cheek, and the nose of Klale the Trusty bent over me inquisitively.

The situation was now systematically explained. I was my old self, on the old earth; wholly satisfactory, whether desirable or not. Let us at least know where we stand,— what are our facts; then, if there is anything to be done with ourselves, or made of our facts, we can make the attempt.

Something toward self-restoration may be done even by a passive, supine weakling, lying among bunch-grass, on a solitary prairie, leagues away from a house,— an unpromising set of circumstances. I was at present a very valueless worldling. But the world that takes us and mars us has also to make us again. Unless our breakage is voluntary, determined, and habitual, we shall mend. Not behind corpulent bottles, purple, crimson, and blue, in a shop where there is a putty-faced youth with a pestle and a redolence of rhubarb, are kept the great agents of Nature,— our mother, father,— who as mother gives us life, and as father warns, flogs, cures, and guides us with severe tenderness. Air, light, and water are the trinity of simple remedies, not sold in the shops, for making a marred man new and whole again. These three medicines were liberally provided near my fainting-fit on the prairie.

The first thing I had to do, to be changed from a limp object to a robust man, was only passive action. I was to breathe and to bask. And when I had sufficiently suffered the influence of air and light, Nature's next potent remedy

was awaiting me. I heard the welcome trickle of water near at hand,—delicious, winsome sound, hardly less articulate than the tones of a beloved voice calling me to a presence that should be refreshment and full renovation. I could not walk, but I dragged myself along toward the source of sound, Klale following, an uncontrolled friend.

Sweet water-music guided me to a neighbor rivulet. It came singing along the bosomy swells of prairie, fondling its long, graceful fringes of grass, curving and returning, that it might not lose, with too much urgency, the self-possessed delight of motion along the elastic softness of its cushioned bed. If there were anywhere above in this brook's career turmoil and turbulence, it suffered no worse consequence than that it must carry along a reminiscence of riot, quickly soothed, in files of bright bubbles, with their skulls fuller than they could bear of microscopic images of all the outer world. Each bubble was so crowded with reflections from the zenith, that it must share its bursting sympathy, and marry with every bubble it overtook and touched, until it became so full of fantasies that it must merrily explode and be resolved into a drop and a sunbeam.

The countless charm of water, so sweetly shining forth its quality of refreshment, revived me even before I could stoop and taste. I sank and lapped. I bathed away the fever from my brow, and let the warm, healthy sunshine cherish me.

In eldest days, had I drooped by a Hippocrene like this, a nymph had surely emerged from among the ripples and laid her cooling hand upon me gently, giving me for all my mortal days a guardian vision of immortality. In younger time, then, had I perchance been blessed with healing at the hands of some maiden leech, a Una, unerringly errant hither upon a milk-white palfrey, hither where a knight was sore bestead. Now, Nature nursed me, and I grew strong again.

OLD FORT WALLA WALLA.

This was a log house and stockade near the junction of the Snake and Columbia Rivers. From Gov. Stevens's Railway Report.

But let us bethink ourselves, Klale, "my trusty frère." We were five; we are two. Where are the three? Where is Fudnun, the Incorruptible, the Pathfinder, the Merry? Where Antipodes? Where Gubbins?

Where? Here! Here, pelting down the slope, overjoyed, comes Fudnun, with whinnying nags. He had advanced sleepily, giving his whole mind to driving Antipodes, until that reluctant steed, pretending to grow unhappy that Klale and I were missing, bolted to the rear; whereupon Fudnun perceived my absence, and turned to recover me, dead or alive.

"Nika kulapi; I wheel about," said he, "halo nanitch; see naught. Cultus nika tum tum; feeble grows my heart. Pose mika memloose; perhaps you dead. Nika mamook stick copa k'Gubns; I ply stick on Gubbins,"—and he continued to describe how he had found the spot of my fall, and my gun lying there, and had followed my trail through the long grass. Not, I am sure, with hopes of my scalp and my plunder without a battle. Fudnun was honest, and, finding me safe, he relieved himself by uproarious laughter.

There is magnetism in society, even a Fudnun's. Strength came quicker to my flaccid tissues. I thought of my journey's end, not far off, and toiled up that dread ascent into my saddle. Klale trudged along and soon perceiving that I swayed about no more, and, instead of clinging with both hands to my saddle, sat upright and held the bridle, he paced gradually into his cradling lope.

By the hearty aid of noon, the Cascades put their shoulders to the clouds, lifted them and cut them to pieces with their peaks, so that the wind could come in, like a charge of cavalry, and annihilate the broken phalanxes. Mount Adams, Tacoma the Less, was the first object to cleave the darkness. I looked westward, and saw a sunlit mass of white, high up among the black clouds, and baseless but for them. It would have seemed itself a cloud, but, while

the dark volumes were heaving and shifting about it, this was permanent. While I looked, the mountain and the sun became evident victors; the glooms fell away, were scattered and scourged into nothingness, and the snow-peak stood forth majestic, the sole arbiter of this realm. The yellow prairies rolled up where the piny Cascades, dwarfed by distance, were a dark ridge upon the horizon, and the overtopping bulk of Tacoma rose directly from them, a silver mountain from a golden sea. No tameness of thought is possible here, even if prairie-land lies dead level for leagues, when on its edge the untamed forces of Nature have set up these stately monuments. More than a hundred miles away on the transcontinental journey, more than a hundred miles away on the sea, these noble isolated snow-peaks are to a traveller memorials of the land he has left, or beacons, firmer than a pillar of cloud, of a land whither he goes.

Again I thought of the influence of this most impressive scenery upon its future pupils among men. The shape of the world has controlled or guided men's growth; the look of the world has hardly yet begun to have its effect upon spiritual progress. Multitudes of agents have always been at work to poison and dwarf poets and artists in those inspiring regions of earth where nature means they shall grow as naturally as water-lilies by a lake, or palms above the thicks of tropic woods. Civilized mankind has never yet had a fresh chance of developing itself under grand and stirring influences so large as in the Northwest.

"Yah wah, enetee," said Fudnun, pointing to a great surging hill a thousand feet high, "mitlite skookoom tsuk, k'Lumby tsuk; there, across, is the mighty water, Columbia River."

One more charge up this Titanic bastion, and I could fairly shout, Victory! and Time beaten in the race by a length! Up, then, my squad of cavalry. Clamber up the grassy slope, Klale the untiring. Stumble forward,

INDIANS FISHING FOR SALMON AT CELILO FALLS, EAST OF THE DALLES.

k'Gubns, on thy last legs. Plod on, Antipodes, in the despairing sulks. If ye are weary, am I not wearier? Have I not died once to-day? Beyond this mighty earthwork is a waste and desolate valley; if I am to perish, let me die on the edge of appropriate, infernal scenery, such as I know of beyond that hill. And that great river, briefest of the master streams of earth, if it be not Styx to us, shall be Lethe. Klale, my jolly imp, k'Gubns, my honest servitor, Antipodes, my recalcitrant Caliban, Lethe is at hand. Across that current an Elysium awaits us, as good an Elysium as the materials permit, and there whatever can be found of asphodel or horse-fodder shall be your meed, and ye shall repose until ye start again.

Such a harangue roused the drooping quadrupeds. We travelled up the steep, right in the teeth of hot blasts, baked in the rocky cells of the valley beyond, and pouring over to meet us like puffs from deadly batteries upon the summit. We climbed for a laborious hour, and paused at last upon the crest.

Behind was the vast, monotonous plain of my morning's march. Distant behind were the rude, difficult mountains I had crossed so painfully; and more distant westward were the main Cascades, with their snow-peaks calm and solemnly radiant. Of all this I was too desperately worn out to take much appreciative notice. The scene before me was in closer sympathy with my mood.

Before me was a region like the Valley of Death, rugged, bleak, and severe. A tragical valley, where the fiery forces of Nature, impotent to attain majestic combination, and build monuments of peace, had fallen into despairs and ugly warfare. A valley of anarchy,—a confession that harmony of the elements was hopeless here, and that the toil of Nature for cycles working a world out of chaos, had failed, and achieved only a relapse into ruin, drearier than chaos.

Racked and battered crags stood disorderly over all

that rough waste. There were no trees, nor any masses of vegetation to soften the severities of the landscape. All was harsh and desolate, even with the rich sun of an August afternoon doing what it might to empurple the scathed fronts of rock, to gild the ruinous piles with summer glories, and throw long shadows veiling dreariness. I looked upon the scene with the eyes of a sick and weary man, unable to give that steady thought to mastering its scope and detail without which any attempt at artistic description becomes vague generalization.

My heart sank within me as the landscape compelled me to be gloomy like itself. It was not the first time I had perused the region under desolating auspices. In a log barrack I could just discern far beyond the river, I had that very summer suffered from a villain malady, the small-pox. And now, as then, Nature harmonized discordantly with my feelings, and even forced her nobler aspects to grow sternly ominous. Mount Hood, full before me across the valley, became a cruel reminder of the unatainable. It was brilliantly near, and yet coldly far away, like some mocking bliss never to be mine, though it might insult me forever by its scornful presence.

The Dalles of the Columbia, upon which I was now looking, must be studied by the Yankee Dante, whenever he comes, for imagery to construct his Purgatory, if not his Inferno. At Walla Wallah two great rivers, Clark's Fork and the Snake, drainers of the continent north and south, unite to form the Columbia. It flows furiously for a hundred and twenty miles westward. When it reaches the dreary region I was now studying, where the outlying ridges of the Cascade chain commence, it finds a great, low surface paved with enormous polished sheets of basaltic rock. These plates, Gallice *dalles*, give the spot its name. Canadian voyageurs in the Hudson's Bay service had a share in the nomenclature of Oregon. The great river, a mile wide not far above, finds but a narrow rift in this pavement for its

passage. The rift gradually draws its sides closer, and at the spot now called the Dalles, subdivides into three mere slits in the sharp-edged rock. At the highest water there are other minor channels, but generally this continental flood is cribbed and compressed within its three chasms suddenly opening in the level floor, each chasm hardly wider than a leap a hunted fiend might take.

In fact, the legend of this infernal spot asserts a diabolical origin for these channels in the Dalles. I give this weird and grotesque attempt at explaining strange facts in Nature, translating it into more modern form.

THE LEGEND OF THE DALLES.

The world has been long cycles in educating itself to be a fit abode for men. Man, for his part, has been long ages in growing upward through lower grades of being, to become whatever he now may be. The globe was once nebulous, was chaotic, was anarchic, and is at last become somewhat cosmical. Formerly rude and convulsionary forces were actively at work, to compel chaos into anarchy and anarchy into order. The mighty ministries of the elements warred with each other, each subduing and each subdued. There were earthquakes, deluges, primeval storms, and furious volcanic outbursts. In this passionate, uncontrolled period of the world's history, man was a fiend, a highly uncivilized, cruel, passionate fiend.

The Northwest was then one of the centers of volcanic action. The craters of the Cascades were fire-breathers, fountains of liquid flame, catapults of red-hot stones. Day was lurid, night was ghastly with this terrible light. Men exposed to such dread influences could not be other than fiends, as they were, and they warred together cruelly, as the elements were doing.

Where the great plains of the Upper Columbia now spread, along the Umatilla, in the lovely valley of the

Grande Ronde, between the walls of the Grande Coulée, was an enormous inland sea, filling the vast interior of the continent, and beating forever against a rampart of hills, to the east of the desolate plain of the Dalles.

Every winter there were convulsions along the Cascades, and gushes of lava came from each fiery Tacoma, to spread new desolation over desolation, pouring out a melted surface, which, as it cooled in summer, became a fresh layer of sheeny, fire-hardened *dalles*.

Now as the fiends of that epoch and region had giant power to harm each other, they must have of course giant weapons of defense. Their mightiest weapon of offense and defense was their tail; in this they resembled the iguanodons and other "mud pythons" of that period, but no animal ever had such force of tail as these terrible, monster fiend-men who warred together over all the Northwest.

As ages went on, and the fires of the Cascades began to accomplish their duty of expanding the world, earthquakes and eruptions diminished in virulence. A winter came when there was none. By and by there was an interval of two years, then again of three years, without rumble or shock, without floods of fire or showers of red-hot stones. Earth seemed to be subsiding into an era of peace. But the fiends would not take the hint to be peaceable; they warred as furiously as ever.

Stoutest in heart and tail of all the hostile tribes of that scathed region was a wise fiend, the Devil. He had observed the cessation in convulsions of Nature, and had begun to think out its lesson. It was a custom of the fiends, so soon as the Dalles plain became agreeably cool after an eruption, to meet there every summer and have a grand tournament after their fashion. Then they feasted riotously, and fought again until they were weary.

Although the eruptions of the Tacomas had ceased now for three years, as each summer came round this festi-

val was renewed. The Devil had absented himself from the last two, and when, on the third summer after his long retirement, he reappeared among his race on the field of tourney, he became an object of respectful attention. Every fiend knew that against his strength there was no defense; he could slay so long as the fit was on. Yet the idea of combined resistance to so dread a foe had never hatched itself in any fiendish head; and besides, the Devil, though he was feared, was not especially hated. He had never won the jealousy of his peers by rising above them in morality. So now as he approached, with brave tail vibrating proudly, all admired and many feared him.

The Devil drew near, and took the initiative in war by making a peace speech.

"Princes, potentates, and powers of these infernal realms," said he, "the eruptions and earthquakes are ceasing. The elements are settling into peacefulness. Can we not learn of them? Let us give up war and cannibalism, and live in milder fiendishness and growing love."

Then went up a howl from deviltry. "He would lull us into crafty peace, that he may kill and eat safely. Death! death to the traitor!"

And all the legions of fiends, acting with a rare unanimity, made straight at their intended Reformer.

The Devil pursued a Fabian policy, and took to his heels. If he could divide their forces, he could conquer in detail. Yet as he ran his heart was heavy. He was bitterly grieved at this great failure, his first experience in the difficulties of Reform. He flagged sadly as he sped over the Dalles, toward the defiles near the great inland sea, whose roaring waves he could hear beating against their bulwark. Could he but reach some craggy strait among the passes, he could take position and defy attack.

But the foremost fiends were close upon him. Without stopping, he smote powerfully upon the rock with his tail. The pavement yielded to that Titanic blow. A chasm

opened and went riving up the valley, piercing through the bulwark hills. Down rushed the waters of the inland sea, churning boulders to dust along the narrow trough.

The main body of the fiends shrunk back terror-stricken; but a battalion of the van sprang across and made one bound toward the heart-sick and fainting Devil. He smote again with his tail, and more strongly. Another vaster cleft went up and down the valley, with an earthquaking roar, and a vaster torrent swept along.

Still the leading fiends were not appalled. They took the leap without craning. Many fell short, or were crowded into the roaring gulf, but enough were left, and those of the chiefest braves, to martyr their chase in one instant, if they overtook him. The Devil had just time enough to tap once more, and with all the vigor of a despairing tail.

He was safe. A third crevice, twice the width of the second, split the rocks. This way and that it went, wavering like lightning eastward and westward, riving a deeper cleft in the mountains that held back the inland sea, riving a vaster gorge through the majestic chain of the Cascades, and opening a way for the torrent to gush oceanward. It was the crack of doom for the fiends. A few essayed the leap. They fell far short of the stern edge, where the Devil had sunk panting. They alighted on the water, but whirlpools tripped them up, tossed them, bowled them along among floating boulders, until the buffeted wretches were borne to the broader calms below, where they sunk. Meanwhile, those who had not dared the final leap attempted a backward one, but wanting the impetus of pursuit, and shuddering at the fate of their comrades, every one of them failed and fell short; and they too were swept away, horribly sprawling in the flood.

As to the fiends who had stopped at the first crevice, they ran in a body down the river to look for the mangled remains of their brethren, and, the undermined bank giv-

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OLYMAN CHARON AND HIS DUG-OUT, AT THE DALLES.

"Between me and elysium flows the Styx, gray and turbulent; and Charon, where is he? There are no canoes on this side. I fired shots, nay, impatient volleys, and very pretty pop-gun noise it seemed by the loud river in this broad, rough bit of earth. Are we to repeat the trials of Tantalus? No, for I see a figure stirring near a log on the beach,—the figure one of the Frowzy, and the log a canoe. He launches, and comes bravely paddling across the long half-mile of furious current. * * * A welcoming howdy-do said I, and for a fitting number of oboli he agreed to ferry me and mine."

—*Chapter XIII.*

ing way under their weight, every fiend of them was carried away and drowned.

So perished the whole race of fiends.

As to the Devil, he had learnt a still deeper lesson. His tail also, the ensign of deviltry, was irremediably dislocated by his last life-saving blow. In fact, it had ceased to be any longer a needful weapon! its antagonists were all gone; never a tail remained to be brandished at it, in deadly encounter.

So, after due repose, the Devil sprang lightly across the chasms he had so successfully engineered, and went home to rear his family thoughtfully. Every year he brought his children down to the Dalles, and told them the terrible history of his escape. The fires of the Cascades burned away; the inland sea was drained, and its bed became fair prairie, and still the waters gushed along the narrow crevices he had opened. He had, in fact, been the instrument in changing a vast region from a barren sea into habitable land.

One great trial, however, remained with him, and made his life one of grave responsibility. All his children born before the catastrophe were cannibal, stiff-tailed fiends. After that great event, every new-born imp of his was like himself in character and person, and wore but a flaccid tail, the last insignium of ignobility. Quarrels between these two factions imbittered his days and impeded civilization. Still it did advance, and long before his death he saw the tails disappear forever.

Such is the Legend of the Dalles,—a legend not without a moral.

So in this summer afternoon I rested awhile; looking over the brown desolateness of the valley where the Devil baffled the fiends, and then slowly and wearily I wound along down the enormous hillside by crumbling paths, and then between scarped cliffs of fired rock or shattered

conglomerate down to the desert below. The Columbia was still two or three cruel miles away, but at last, turning to the right, away from the pavement and channels of the Dalles, I came to the cliffs over the river.

Over against me, across the unfordable whirls of gray water, still furious after its compression in the rifts above, was the outermost post of Occidental civilization. My countrymen were backing from the Pacific across the continent, and to protect their advancing rear had established a small garrison here at the Dalles. There were the old log barracks on the terrace a mile from the river. My very hospital, where I had suffered, and received the kindliest care, and where to my fevered dreams had come visions of Indians, antic, frantic, corybantic, circling about me with hatchets because I had brought the deadly pest into their tribe, — that log cabin, vacated by its occupant, the officer in command, that I might be well lodged through my illness, was still there among the rough, yellow pines, unaltered by one embrowning summer. There was the sutler's shop near the shore, and, grouped about it, tents of the first-comers of the overland emigration, each with its gypsy supper-fire. Truly an elysium of civilization as elysian as one could desire, and Mount Hood standing nobly in the background, no longer chill and unsympathizing. But between me and elysium flows the Styx, gray and turbulent, and Charon, where is he? There are no canoes on this side. How shall we cross, Fudnun, the Blanketeer?

"Kloneas; dunno. Pose mika mamook po; suppose you fire a shot," said Fudnun, "pesiwash chaco copa canim; and Indian come with canoe."

I fired shots, nay, impatient volleys, and very petty popgun noise it seemed by the loud river in this broad, rough bit of earth. No one appeared to ferry me. I waved a white blanket. No one heeded. I fired more shots, more volleys. It would be farcical, or worse, should we be forced to stay here "dum defluat amnis," to wait until this

PETROGLYPHS NEAR CELILO FALLS.

Such crude works of Indian art, pecked in the basalt rocks, are common along the Columbia. While absence of much weathering proves them comparatively modern, the ethnologists are unable to learn the history of their manufacture or unravel their meaning.

continental current run driblets. Are we to repeat, with variations, the trials of Tantalus? No, for I see a figure stirring near a log on the beach. At this distance I cannot distinguish, but I can fancy the figure to be one of the Frowzy, and the log a canoe. It is so. He launches, and comes bravely paddling across the stream. We scuffled down the craggy bank to meet him.

"Howdydo! Howdydo!" said Olyman Charon, landing

Indian House of Slabs, on the Columbia.

his canoe, and lounging bow-leggedly up to shake hands. A welcoming howdydo, said I in return, and for a fitting number of oboli he agreed to ferry me and mine in two detachments. I would cross first with the traps, swimming Klale; Fudnun would come afterward with k'Gubns and Antipodes. I upheld Klale's head in the bow while Charon paddled and steered aft. The river proved indeed almost a Styx to poor Klale. It was a long half-mile of stemming a furious current, and once or twice the stout-hearted little nag struggled as if his death-moment had come. But

Charon paddled lustily, and we safely touched the farther shore.

It was sunset of the last of August. I had won the day, and not merely the day. Across the tide-ways of Whulge, the Squally prairies, the wooded flanks and buttresses of Tacoma, by the Nachchese cañon and valley, from traitors on Weenas, from the Atinam mission, from the camp of the flaring torch, across Skloo's domains, and at last over the region of the Devil's race-course here at the Dalles;—over all these stages of my route I had hastened, and my speed was not in vain. I had seen new modes of savage life. I had proved Indian treachery and Indian friendship. I knew the glory and the shame of Klalam and Klickatat. Among many types of character were some positively distinct and new ones; Dooker Yawk, the drunken; Owh-high, the magisterial; Loolowcan, the frowzy; Shabbiest, the not ungrateful; merry Uplintz, and hero-worshipping Kpawintz; Kamaiakan, the regal and courteous; Fudnun, the jocund;—all these had been in some way intimately associated with my destiny. I had conquered time and space by just so little as to feel a respect for my antagonists, and some satisfaction in myself as victor. My allies in the contest, my three quadrupeds, had borne them nobly. I had a serene sense of new and large experience, and of some qualities in myself newly tested. Of all my passages of wild life, this was the most varied and concentrated. There had been much grandeur of nature, and vigorous dramatic scenes, crowded into this brief journey. As a journey, it was complete with a fortunate catastrophe after the rapidity of its acts, to prove the plot well conceived. I had rehearsed my longer march, and was ready to begin to enact it.

I left Klale to shake himself free of the waters of his Lethe, and nibble at what he could find of the promised asphodel, until his comrades came over, and myself moved about to greet old friends. My two comrades of the morrow

THE GRAND COULEE.

Part of the famous abandoned river-bed of the Columbia in Central Washington. From Governor Stevens's Railway Report of 1854.

were in a tent, hard by, playing poker with Pikes of the emigration, and losing money to the said crafty Pikes.*

So, when the morrow came, I mounted a fresh horse, and went galloping along on my way across the continent. With my comrades, a pair of frank, hearty, kindly roughs, I rode over the dry plains of the Upper Columbia, beyond the sight of Mount Hood and Tacoma the less, across John Day's River and the Umatillah, day after day, through throngs of emigrants with their flocks and their herds and their little ones in great patriarchal caravans, with their white-roofed wagons strewed over the surging prairie like sails on a populous sea, moving away from the tame levels of Mid-America to regions of fresher and more dramatic life on the slopes toward the Western Sea. I climbed the Blue Mountains, looked over the lovely valley of the Grande Ronde, wound through the stern defiles of the Burnt River Mountains, talked with the great chiefs of the Nez Percés at Fort Boisée, dodged treacherous Bannacks along the Snake, bought salmon, and otter-skins for finery, of the Shoshonees at the Salmon Falls, shot antelope, found many oases of refreshing beauty along the breadth of that desolate region, and so, after much adventure, and at last deadly sickness, I came to the watermelon patches of the Great Salt Lake Valley, and drew recovery thence. I studied the Utah landscape, Oriental, simple, and severe. I talked with Brother Brigham, a man of very considerable power, practical sense, and administrative ability. I chatted with the buxom thirteenth of a boss Mormon, and was not proselyted. And then, in delicious October, I hastened on over the South Pass, through the buffalo, over prairies on fire, quenched at night by the first snows of autumn. For two months I rode with days sweet and cloudless, and every night I bivouacked beneath the splendors of unclouded stars.

And in all that period while I was so near to Nature,

*See p. 15 note.

the great lessons of the wilderness deepened into my heart day by day, the hedges of conventionalism withered away from my horizon, and all the pedantries of scholastic thought perished out of my mind forever.

Animal-shaped Bowl, or Mortar, Carved in Lava. Found in Grave on Yakima Reservation.

A PARTIAL VOCABULARY

OF THE CHINOOK JARGON.

In reprinting Winthrop's Chinook Vocabulary, no attempt has been made to expand it into a dictionary of the jargon. Through the courtesy, however, of Dr. C. M. Buchanan, of Tulalip, several corrections and explanations are added to Winthrop's list. These and other additions are enclosed in brackets. Readers who wish a fuller manual of this curious *lingua franca* are referred to the work of Dr. George Gibbs (*Dictionary of the Chinook Jargon*, 1863), and the full and excellent compilations of John Gill (*Gill's Dictionary of the Chinook Jargon*, Portland, 1909), George C. Shaw (*The Chinook Jargon and How to Use It*, Seattle, 1909) and others.

The following extracts from a manuscript account by Dr. Buchanan explain the most important features of what he has called "the barbaric Volapük of early commerce in the Northwest."

"A thorough knowledge of a few dozen words will give one sufficient material with which, after actual practice, to carry on ordinary conversations. In practice the sentences are built up by agglutination or association of words, just as a child builds houses and various other wonderful structures from its blocks. In so doing there is always a very wide sphere for the exercise of ingenuity on the part of the speaker, and upon this, in a measure, depends the skill with which he may handle Chinook and convey his thoughts therein. The jargon is essentially a spoken and not a written tongue—it is very much alive. * * There are no hard and fast rules for the spelling of words, and every one in writing Chinook follows the dictates of his own judgment in the fabrication of phonetic equivalents, which are at best only approximations.

"A Chinook word is elastic and expresses a broad and general idea rather than one altogether specific, hence the extreme elasticity of the jargon. Specific ideas must be expressed by qualifiers or modifiers added to the word, as will be readily seen in practice. Each word is a tool whose general uses and whose specific uses must be so mastered before successful work can be done or satisfactory progress be made.

"In Chinook the verb is absolutely inflexible, and never changes its form for mood, tense or anything else; these are always indicated by the agglutination of a word indicating the mood, tense, etc. The idea of tense is most simple and rudimentary, that is, past, present and future; *ahnkutty*, *alta*, *alki*.

"Intensity of meaning or duration of time may be indicated by prolongation of the sounding of a word, thus: *Laly* (time)—la-a-a-aly (a long time). This is based upon an instinctive principle common to all tongues, just as we in English phonetically indicate prolongation of time or extension in space or intensity of feeling by means of the intonation. So we say 'a long time' and 'a lo-o-o-ong time.'"

Aha, *yes.*
Ahti *or* achti [Ahts], *sister.*
Ala, *I wonder; surprise.*
Alki, *future, by and by.*
Alta, *now, present.*
Ankoti [Ahn-cutty], *before; time past.*
Attle, *to be pleased.* [Yutl or youtl, *glad.*]
Aquine *or* Aquatine, *belly.*
Boston tilicum, *American* [*people*].
Bote, *boat.*
Callapooya, *mean Indian.*
Canim, *canoe.*
Cansu [Kon-se or kon-sih], *how many.*
Chaco, *come.*
Chick-chick, *wagon, etc.*
Chicu *or* che-chu [Chee], *new, clean.*
Chickamin, *iron, etc.* [also *money*].
Chil-chil, *button.*
Chuck, *water, river.*
Cli, *to cry.*
Cloocheman, *woman.*
Closche nanitch, *look sharp.*
Cluckamon [See Chickamin], *money.*
Cochon, *pig, pork.*
Copa mitlite pire, *to burn.*
Copa nika mitlite, *it belongs to me.*
Cop-su-wallah [Kop-shwal-lah], *steal.*
Couway (*courez*) cooly [Coley], *run.*
Cultus hee-hee, *dance.*
Cultus, *common, inferior* [*worthless, useless*].
Cultus tee-hee, *play.*
Cum-tux, *understand, hear.*
Dah-blo *or* derb, *devil* [also "le job," *the devil*].
Ding-ding, *hour.*
Dlie, *dry.*
Drait [de-late], *straight.*
Eh-ee, *uncle.*
Elita, *slave.*
Enetee [In-ah-tie], *across.*
Esik [Is-sik], *paddle.*
Essil, *corn.*
Gleese, gleach, *grease, oil, tar, etc.*
Gleese-stick, *candle.*
Halo, *none, nothing.*
Haloa mah [Hul-loi-mah] *another kind.*
Hankachim, *handkerchief.*
Haul, *pull.*
Haus [House], *sail, tent.*
Ho, *let; an interjection.*
Hoel, *mouse.*
Hooe-hoo, *swop, sell.*
Hooihut [Oy-hut], *road.*
Hui [Hyu], *much, many.*
Hui-haus [Hyu-house], *town.*
Hyack, *quick, make haste.*
Hyas, *very greatly.*
Ichfat [Itshoot], *bear, animal.*
Ikta, *what things.*
Illahee, *earth, dust, floor, etc.*
Ilip *or* eelip, *the first.*
Inati, *over, across, outside.*
Ipsuit, *find* [Ip-soot, *to hide, conceal*].
Iscum, *take, bring.*
Ittle-whilly, *flesh.*
Ituel, *victuals.*
Kah, *where.*
Kah mika chaco, *where do you come from?*
Kah mika klatawah, *where are you going?*
Kahquah *or* kapwah, *alike, like.*
Kah ta mika wah-wah, *what did you say?*
Kaloock, *swan.*
Kaliaton, *lead;* k. hyas, *balls;* k. tenas, *shot.*
Kamooks [Comox, cow-mux], *dog; mean, poor fellow.*
Kanoway [Konaway], *all.*
Ka-puet, *needle.*
Kappo, *coal.*
Kap-sualla [Kop-shwal-lah], *steal.*
Karabine [Cal-a-peen], *rifle.*
Kata [Kah-tah], *why.*
Katock, *year.*
Kaw-kaw, *crow, raven.*
Kaw-heloo, *goose.*
Kaw-wash [Kwahss], *afraid.*
Kee-a-wali, *love.*
Kee-la-pi, *turn over* [Keelapie tum-tum, *to change one's mind*].
Keelapy, *come back, return.*
Kiasee *or* 'sie [Kon-see, kon-sih], *how many, much.*
Kicemali [Kee-kwil-lee], *down below.*
Kicuali tyee [Kee-kwil-lee tyee], *devil.*
Kimtah, *back.*
Kinny-ki-nick, *smoking-weed.*
Kinoose, *tobacco.*

Kitlo, kettling, *kettle.*
Klatawah, *go, walk.*
Klale, *black.*
Klahyam, klah-hye-am [Klah-how-yah], *good bye.*
Klahya, klah-hyg-gah [Klah-how-yah], *how d'ye do.*
Klahana [Klah-hah-nee], *out.*
Klaska, *them, those.*
Klaxta, *who.*
Klimmin, *little, soft.*
Klipse, *upset.*
Kliminwhit, klimink-whit, *lie.*
Kloneas [Kloh-nass], *don't know; may be.*
Klosche, *good.*
Klowawah, *slow.*
Knitan [Ku-ih-tan], *horse.*
Knitan-house [Kuihitan house], *stable.*
Ko, *stop; arrived.*
Kock-sheet [Kok-shit], *break, strike kill, etc.*
Kock-sheet-stick, *war-club.*
Koll, *cold.*
Kollo [Klah-hud], *fence.*
Kollaps, *or* k'laps [Klap], *find.*
Komsock, *beads.*
Konamoxt, *both* [Konaway, *all;* mox, *two;* konamux, *both*].
Kopa, *with, by.*
Kopet, *enough, done; stop, let me alone.*
Kotsuck, *middle.*
Kowee, *tie in, tie up.*
Kullu *or* kulla, kullie, *bird of any kind*
Kum-tux, *know, understand.*
Kutl *or* kul-kul [Kull], *hard.*
Kwanasim, *always* [Konaway, *all;* sun, *day;* kwannisum, *all days* or *always*].
La bouche, *mouth.*
La coope, te-cope, *white.*
La crame, *yellow.*
La hache, *axe.*
La lame, *oar.*
La vest, *jacket.*
Le bya (la vielle?), *old woman.*
Le cassette, *trunk.*
Le cou, *neck.*
Le dents, *teeth.*
Le langue, *tongue.*
Le loim, *sharp.*
Le molass, *molasses.*
Le mouton [Le mooto], *sheep.*
Le main [Le mah], *hand.*
Le pied, *foot.*
Le pipe, *pipe.*
Le plush [Le Plash], *boards.*
Le polo, *pan.*
Le pomme, *apple.*
Le pois, *peas.*
Le poshut, *fork.*
Le porte, *door.*
Le poule, *fowl.*
Le nez, *nose.*
Le selle, *saddle.*
Le shabree, *plough.*
Le tête, *head.*
Lip-lip, *boil.*
Lolo, *carry.*
Lope, *rope.*
Lum, *spirit of any sort.*
Mahcook, *buy*
Mamook, *work, do.*
Man, *man.*
Masatche, *bad* [Vile, dirty, evil].
Masatche man, *enemy* [*vile man*].
Memloose [May-muh-loos], *die, dead, destroy.*
Mesika, *ye* or *you* [*you, your, yours.* There is no such thing as case in Chinook, therefore one form represents at once the nominative, possessive and objective].
Mika, *you.*
Mitlite, *leave, stop; place, set down.*
Mit-mit-stick, *mast* or *tree.*
Moon, *month.*
Moos-moos, *beef, cattle.*
Moosum, *sleep.*
Mowitch, *deer.*
Muck-a-muck, *eat, drink, food.*
Musket, *gun.*
Musket-stone, *flint.*
Musket tenas, *pistol.*
Na-wit-kah, *yes, indeed.*
Nanitch, *see.*
Neim [Nem], *name.*
Nesika, *we, us.*
Nika, *I.*
Nika attle copa mika, *I am pleased with you.* [See "attle," supra].
Nika sia, *my love.*
Nik-wah, *here to me.*
Oapcan, *basket.*
Ocook, *this, that.*
Oelk, *snake.*

Oelhin, *seal.*
Olilly *or* olalely, *berry.*
Olo, *hungry.*
Olyman saolrocks, *second-hand, old clothes* ["Old man" or "ole man," *worn out* or *worthless*].
Opitchure [Opitsah], *knife.*
Opotche [Opoots], *back* [vulgar].
Oree, *brother.*
Pasaiooks, *French, foreigners.*
Pat-le [Pahtl], *full.*
Pe, *and, but.*
Pechi, *green.*
Pel [Pil], *red* [Pil-pil, *blood*].
Pesispy [Pah-ses-sy], *blanket.*
Pesispy sail, *woollen cloth.*
Peshooks, *thickets.*
Petick (?), *world.*
Pil-pil, *blood.*
Piltin, *fool, foolish.*
Pire, *fire.*
Pire-gleese, *tallow.*
Pire-ship, *steamer.*
Pire-stone, *flint.*
Poo, plook, *shoot.*
Polikely [Poh-luk-ly], *night.*
Pose, *if, suppose* [Spose, *used for any expression of condition*].
Pusse [Pish-pish], *cat.*
Quak-quak, *duck.*
Quallon, *ear* [Kwoh-lahd-dy, *Indian word more commonly used*].
Quanisam, *always.*
Sah-hah-lee, *high up, heaven.*
Sah-hah-lee-tyee, *God.*
Sail, *cotton cloth, etc.*
Samon, *fish.*
Sapolel, *wheat.*
See-ah-hoos, *face* or *eyes.*
See-ah-pal, *hat, cap.*
Shecollon, *pantaloons.*
Shixe, *friend*
Sitcum, *half.*
Siwash [*Corrupted "Sauvage"*], *Indian.*
Siyah, *pay off.*
Skookum, *strong, stout; ghost.*
Skookum man, *warrior.*
Snas, *rain.*
Sonture (ceinture), *sash.*
Stogeon, *sturgeon.*
Talipus, *wolf.*
Tamala, *to-morrow.*
Tamanoüs, *guardian spirit.*
Tamoluck, *barrel.*
Tatoosh, *milk, cheese, butter* [Tatoosh, *breast* or *mammary gland*].
Tee-ah-nute, *leg.*
Tee-coop *or* t'kope (cope), *white.*
Tee-hee *or* hee-hee, *laugh.*
Tenas, *infant;* t. cloocheman, *girl;* t. man, *boy;* t. le porte, *window.*
Tikky, *want, wish.*
Tilicum, *people.*
Till-till, *tired, heavy.*
Tin-tin, *bell, watch.*
Tipsoo, *grass, feathers, hair, beard, wool, etc.*
Tipu, *ornament.*
Tissum, *pretty.*
Tit-the-co-ep, *cut.*
T'kope (cope) tilicum, *white man.*
Tocta, *doctor.*
Tolo, *win.*
Tumpelo, *back.*
Tum-tum, *heart.*
Tyee, *chief, master, etc.*
Utescut, *short.*
Uttecut, *long.*
Wah-wah, *talk.*
Wake, *no, not.*
Wapato, *potato.*
Weltch, *more.*
Yack-wah, *this way* [or here].
Yah-hal, *name.*
Yah-wah, *yonder.*
Yaka, *him, she, it.*

All words in Chinook are very much aspirated, gutturalized, sputtered, and swallowed.

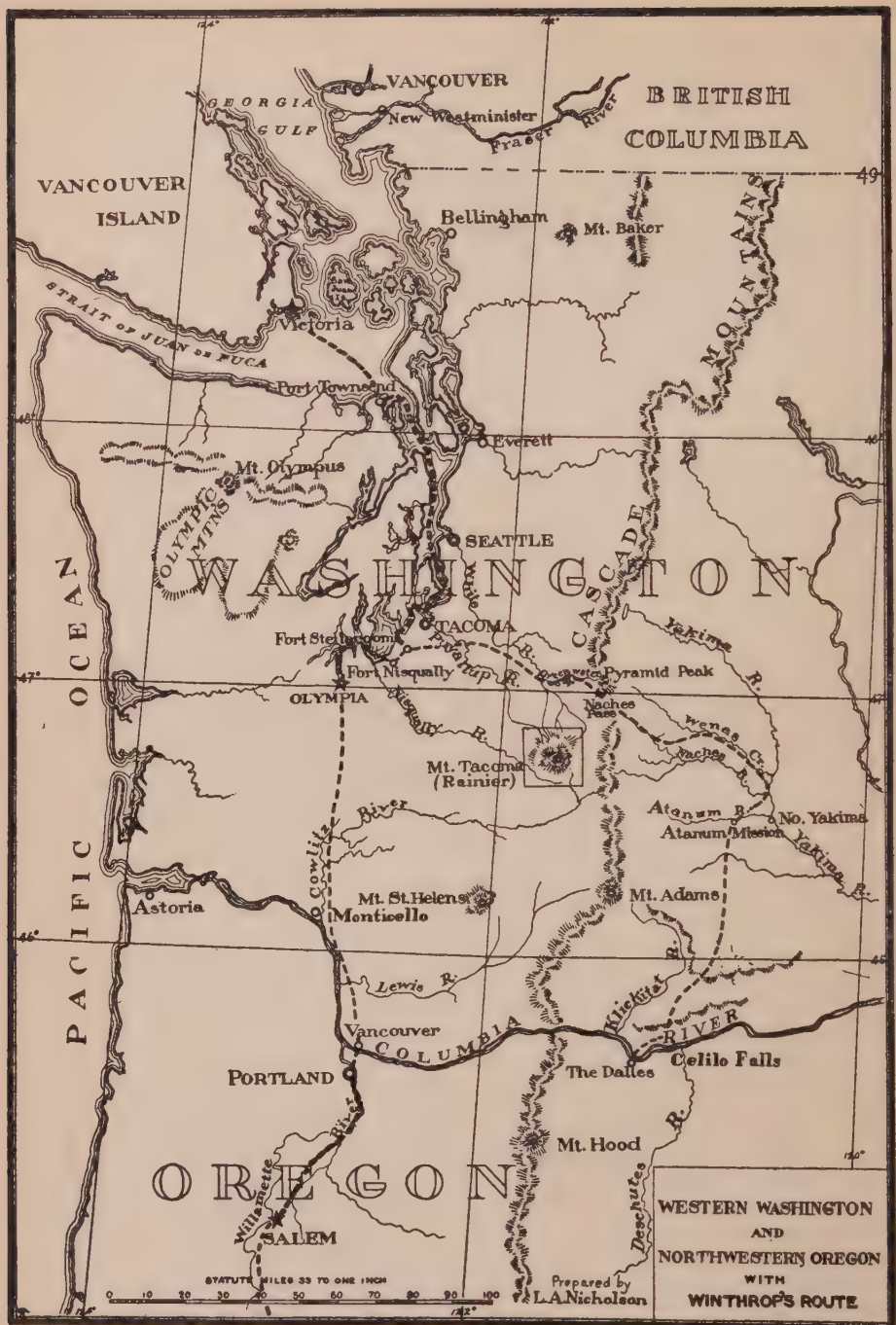
SAN FRANCISCO IN 1853.

CALIFORNIA AND THE NORTHWEST

WESTERN LETTERS AND JOURNALS

OF

THEODORE WINTHROP



VANCOUVER
GEORGIA GULF
New Westminister
Fraser River
BRITISH COLUMBIA
VANCOUVER ISLAND
Bellingham
Mt. Baker
STRAIT OF JUAN DE FUCA
Victoria
Port Townsend
Everett
Mt. Olympus
OLYMPIC MTNS
SEATTLE
WASHINGTON
CASCADE MOUNTAINS
TACOMA
Fort Steilacoom
Fort Nisqually
OLYMPIA
Pyramid Peak
Yakima R.
Naches Pass
Wenas Cr.
Naches R.
Mt. Tacoma (Rainier)
Atanum R.
No. Yakima
Atanum Mission
Yakima R.
PACIFIC OCEAN
Cowlitz River
Astoria
Mt. St. Helens
Monticello
Mt. Adams
Lewis R.
Klickitat R.
Vancouver
COLUMBIA RIVER
Celilo Falls
The Dalles
PORTLAND
Mt. Hood
Deschutes R.
OREGON
Willamette River
SALEM
STATUTE MILES 33 TO ONE INCH
0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100
Prepared by L.A. Nicholson
WESTERN WASHINGTON AND NORTHWESTERN OREGON WITH WINTHROP'S ROUTE

WESTERN LETTERS AND JOURNALS

I.

CALIFORNIA.

Theodore Winthrop's letters from the Pacific Coast cover the period between his departure from Panama, in March, 1853, and his arrival at old Fort Dalles, Oregon, homeward bound, on August 31, following. With the exception of his weeks of illness at The Dalles, on his first visit there in the spring, and of his month's stay at Victoria and Bellingham Bay, with the forced march that took him so swiftly across the new Territory in the last days of the short northern summer, this correspondence accounts in detail for his half-year on the coast.

The letters were addressed to members of his family. Written for their friendly eyes, and without thought of publication, they are devoid of all effort at style or effect; nevertheless, they contain many charming notes of travel, and some vivid snap-shot pictures of Western life and scenes. They are such letters, indeed, as a young man of quick intelligence, wide reading and extended travel would naturally write to the beloved widowed mother and her children at home, anxious to know what might befall that roving, inquisitive, and semi-invalid son and brother, three thousand miles away in the newest West.

Duplicating these letters in many particulars, Winthrop's journals also add much that the letters omit. They thus aid us materially in piecing out the story of his summer west of the Rockies. From both sources, the letters and the journals, we get many side-lights on the incidents narrated in "The Canoe and the Saddle." Many paragraphs in the book were evidently developed from the hasty notes of the diary and the more careful narrative of the letters.

In "The Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop, edited by his sister," 1884, there was published a somewhat condensed transcription of the letters. In reprinting them here, I have added a number of passages and, indeed, several brief letters that were omitted from that very enjoyable volume. My aim has been to retain everything that has more than a private interest. The first letter was written on shipboard, en route from Panama to San Francisco:

"Near Acapulco, March 14, 1853.

"My dear Mother:—Nearly half way to cool weather again, and looking forward to the enjoyment of warm clothes and a fast walk. Panama, whence I sailed on the 8th, is fading in recollection, and my existence apart there becoming like a dream. Yet it was difficult to tear myself away. I shall long remember the Cathedral Plaza and the life around it. I find it still a question whether I shall ever have any energy again. As I am seeking my fortune, I must not allow apprehensions; but my heart sinks when I think how little my infirm health fits me to join battle with giants such as I see around me.

"Our voyage thus far has been agreeable. I had already known the officers of the ship, and have found them pleasant company. We have few passengers, generally uninteresting. The Ocean has been strictly Pacific, hardly broken by a ripple. We have sailed along with a remorseless glare of sunlight. I have felt the heat more on this trip than any time at Panama. First, we sailed close along a rather bold, hilly shore, thickly wooded and completely solitary. At the gulf of Nicoya, we gradually left the land bluer and fainter in the distance until we lost it entirely, striking across the Bay of Tehuantepec. We are now in sight of the distant Mexican coast, and to-night shall be in Acapulco. The ship behaves admirably, steadily making from 220 to 240 miles a day.

"No events; a few flying fish skipping out of the water and a couple of water-spouts stretching down slender arms of cloud into the sea, like bent sherry cobbler tubes, have

hardly varied the monotony of our tropical sailing. The water is beautifully blue, and the horizon cloudless; the nights are fine, with a young moon.

"I feel very far from home, and have no idea what I am going to do in San Francisco. I shall try, before I am finally settled in anything, to run about the country a little, and work off Panama. As we approach Acapulco, sailing straight down a broad path of moonlight, fires of burning brush appear all along the shore. At midnight we plunged into the land, and all at once, a way opening, found ourselves in a smooth lake surrounded by hills with no apparent exit—the harbor of Acapulco. We lay between the coal hulks until morning. Then I went ashore. The town is surrounded by hills, high, barren and burnt, looking as if recent volcanic fires had passed over them. With many cracked and ruined houses, it shows traces of the late earthquakes. Everything is parched. The houses are all of one story,—huts rather than houses; and the people live lazily in the shade of the corridors that surround them. The square is covered with booths for selling fruit and liquors. I close, as the steamer will soon be off, and hope to write soon and in good health at San Francisco."

"San Francisco, Cal., March 27, 1853.

"My dear Mother:—I arrived here on Thursday evening, March 24th. We had fine weather and a fine coast from Acapulco until we crossed the Gulf of California. At San Diego we saw American California; shores like downs, bare of all except scanty herbage and grass, with higher hills in the distance sprinkled occasionally with snow. The change to really cold weather, thermometer 45°, was severe but refreshing, and I felt new life when I could button together what the moths of Panama had left of my thick coat, and walk rapidly about the deck. The shore was bare and uninteresting. San Diego is in three parts,—a desolate harbor with a few sheds and three coal

hulks; an old town six miles from the beach, and a new town containing the barracks. The harbor is land locked. Approaching Monterey, the coast became apparently more fertile; there were some trees and more verdure; the hills, too, were higher and finer, and the rocky points brilliant with surf. Monterey is prettily situated in a beautiful sweep of bay, wooded with pines; a green and smiling country surrounds it, a good deal cultivated, and with all the freshness of spring. But the general appearance of the coast is hardly inviting; its fertility and beauty are said to be behind the Coast Range.

"About 1 p. m., on the 24th, we began to see the 'Heads' at the entrance of San Francisco Bay. After a gale the night before, the day was splendidly clear of the fogs that usually beset the coast and have recently caused the loss of our *Tennessee*. A large number of ships were beating in and out, and a Yankee pilot boat hailed us. The entrance is worthy of the noble bay. The south shore is barren and sand-hilly, but having a wild, seashore look; on the north the cliffs come precipitately down into the water. The narrow entrance is somewhat beset with rocks, which are covered with birds and basking seals. After the first set of points, the coast trends inward to another set, the real Golden Gate, equally bold and fine, and about as wide as the Narrows.* This continues perhaps two miles, when you discern the shipping and the town creeping round the point, and the whole breadth of the lake-like bay opens grandly before you. The effect is simple in its elements,—an expanse of calm water bounded by sharply defined hills. From their summits you have striking panoramic views across the bay and down upon the wonderful town, which is a realization in rapidity of growth, if not in splendor, of our fairy tales.

"On approaching, we found all the 'paraphernalia of civilization;' we were boarded by news boats; our arrival

*Below New York Harbor.

was announced by a succession of telegraphs. Firing our gun and rounding the point, I was astonished to find an array of shipping apparently as great as that in New York. Fine ships were lying out in the stream, and blocking the crowded wharves. Back of them stretched an extent of city seeming interminable, and exaggerated by the evening mist and smoke. The wharf and steamers alongside were filled with people awaiting our arrival, and there was far more bustle and noise and throng than ever on a similar occasion at home.

"The activity here is appalling. The original town was, as you know, built upon a narrow, crescent-shaped bit of ground backed by steep hills. As it extended, the hills were cut away, and the water filled up, until an office which was at the waterside is now half a mile from the wharves. But they could not fill in rapidly enough, and much of the lower town is wharf-built — planking upon piles. This part is principally composed of small wooden buildings. But farther in, upon terra firma, there are broad streets and many substantial edifices of brick and stone, some being really good in architecture and appearance, though flimsy wooden affairs still predominate.

"Although land is exceedingly valuable, most of the better buildings are of only two stories, and the extent is consequently greater. Everywhere construction and destruction are going on together. People are generally convinced that the town is a fixed fact. Few cities offer such fine sites for houses. The hills, however, are being dug down; and in making a call yesterday I found the easiest method of getting away was to step down a sand bank eight feet high. It is indeed an astonishing place. To me, coming from the *poco tiempo* of Panama, the contrast was especially striking. But the whole thing appears unsubstantial. It is generally agreed that the 'emplacement' of the town is not the best in the bay, and there are still

persons who expect that the whole will be abandoned and Benicia or some other locality chosen.

"San Francisco is even more alive at night than during the day. The shops are all in full blast, and the gambling houses filled; night auctions of old clothes and new, hats and all Jew wares, are common. To-morrow or next day I shall go up to Benicia, and perhaps begin my little journey to the mines, and perhaps home. A few days will settle the matter. I cannot think of anything else but how to get on respectably and to have something better than the miserable life of the last two years. Having no profession and no mercantile education or experience, I have nothing to fall back upon and nothing particular to look forward to. Ill health has destroyed my hopefulness. It is of course some advantage to have visited this coast, but there are disagreeable things connected with the life. The standard of right and wrong, of character, manners, and everything, is peculiar; and a man gradually falls into indifference to such things.

"Monday, March 28.— Another rainy day, chilly and dull. A little fire is necessary here during the morning and evening for the whole year. The streets being all covered with wood, you walk upon a very wet footing, enormously thick boots are *de rigueur*, generally worn outside the pantaloons, more apparently in reminiscence of old times than from the necessity of the case. Except the unfinished state of everything, there is no air of a new place about San Francisco. The men are well dressed and look as if they had seen the world. The shops are handsome within, and the display of goods sometimes brilliant. All restaurants, etc., are furnished handsomely and more in the European style than anything one sees at home. People in business live luxuriously and work hard.

"Wednesday, March 30.— This morning Capt. Knight has placed me in charge of the ticket sales here. It is not a position that suits me, and I take it only temporarily,

waiting for something better. It gives me, however, something to do, and I shall at least have an opportunity to see the place and get an idea of how things are managed.

"Thursday, March 31.— To-morrow sails the steamer and this is the busy day of all. We are expected to sit up all night.

"Friday, 3 a. m.— Up all night and jolly."

Here is an amusing bit of fooling, which contains some local color, as well as a delightful suggestion of intimate family ties. This letter in doggerel was written to Winthrop's sister Sarah. "Judge" was his pet name for her,— handed down from their childish plays, in which she had taken that character, while the boys, Theodore and William, were, with prophetic instinct, always soldiers. The last line evidently refers to the great fires which had recently devastated San Francisco:

"San Frisco, March 30, 1853.

"My dear little Judge:— Your memory I'll nudge to recall my existence afar. By chance I am hurled to this end of the world, and have quit my much-loved Panama. There I basked in the sun from the dawn to the dun, and lolled in a hammock all day. Here I bustle about in the noise and the rout, nor tranquil a moment can stay. There the moon of the tropics shone soft on my optics, and I gazed on its rays with delight. Here the romance is off, and I sneeze and I cough, if I chance to be caught out at night. There fruits were the go;— by the way, 'tisn't slow to breakfast on plantain well fried. Here 'tis salmon instead,— beef, pork, cabbage head; and horses ten dollars the ride. Of the beautiful bay I can't enough say, but there it was quiet and dead; while here ships and boats are as thick as the motes that glance where the sunlight is spread. Here I've seen but few dames, and don't know e'en their names. They can't lisp 'amistad' and 'amor.' And I've lost the soft eyes and the half-uttered sighs that touched me so deeply before. There all things were strange, and your glances might range o'er buildings a century old. Here,

sleep but an hour, and story and tower have sprung ere their ashes were cold.

"Here I stopped.

"T. WINTHROP."

"San Francisco, April 14, 1853.

"My dear Mother:— My second impressions of San Francisco correspond with the first in that I am agreeably disappointed with the town and its surroundings. In respect to mere position, the place has not much to boast of. It began upon the sandy beach of a cove in the bay at the foot of some sand-hills,and as the city progressed they cut down the nearer parts of the hills and threw their sand into the water extending the flat until the present waterfront is nearly a half mile beyond the original. Many old vessels that lay anchored in their own element are now built into blocks of solid edifices. The sand-hills that remain partially excavated above the town are barren. Only at this season they are scantily covered with grass and a few stunted bushes. Of these the only interesting one is the California lilac so called (*Ceanothus*?), bearing a pretty bluish flower, delightfully fragrant; sometimes a large tree, but when dwarfed by insufficient nourishment or by the strong sea-winds, a shrub hardly perceptible.

"These hills, destined soon to fall before the encroaching city, overhang it, and give a bird's-eye view of its rectangular plan and everywhere unfinished appearance. The general tone is bricky and dusty, almost all the new buildings being substantial fireproof brick of one story. It may safely be called the dirtiest place in the world. A single day will transform it from a slough, navigable only in a pair of gaff-topsail boots, to an ankle-deep dustpan; and when you consider that besides the immense street traffic, there is hardly a half block where they are not cutting, or filling, or building, or pulling down, you may imagine that the springy plank pavements send up dust thick as a London fog. But

the same hills, though desolate enough in themselves, give you not merely views over the dusty waste but beyond it, across the quiet inland sea, to the smooth, treeless hills that like carefully kept green pastures surround it. The forms of these, though not bold or picturesque, are graceful and lovely indeed; and in this atmosphere, clear but soft, they assume a richness of hue that reminds me of the shores of Greece. In this landscape there are no picturesque effects, no spots or nooks of beauty; the grand characteristic of the views is breadth, outline, panoramic effect. Along the southern shore of the bay, the same soft, swelling hills prevail, but the soil is richer, and now in spring they are either beautifully green or thickly carpeted with flowers, among which the golden glow of the Escholtzia is conspicuous. They are entirely without enclosures, and you can ride or walk where you will. Most of the flowers are new, but I find very fine my old fancy, the Bartsia,* large yellow pansies, and blue and white lupines. They say that farther in the interior, where the real fertility of the country begins, the flowers are richer and more varied.

"I spent my second Sunday at Benicia. At the time of the great fires in San Francisco,† some persons, frightened by these, and thinking that the rapidity of the tide would make so exposed an anchorage as San Francisco was before wharves were built always dangerous,— afraid, too, of the violence of the northwest winds which prevail, and thinking that there was not room enough here for the town,— were considering whether a more desirable locality might not be found for the western metropolis. Some people interested in real estate persuaded the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to establish its depot at Benicia, bribing it by the present of a large tulè ground or peat bog. The site of the town is desirable enough for an inland one, and if certain projected

*_Castilleia_, Indian paint-brush.

†In 1849, 1850 and 1851.

railroads should, sometime in the future, be built, it may become important. Meantime, the Company has wasted enormous sums in establishing its works there, thirty miles from San Francisco.

"The steamboats that ply on the bay and rivers are as complete in equipment as any of our own; they are fast and explosive; thirty persons were scalded to death on the *Jenny Lind* the other day. The sail up the bay just at evening is very beautiful; everything is on a broader scale than the bay of New York. The Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers issue first, as you will see on the map, into Suisun Bay, and then through Carquinez Straits into San Francisco Bay. Benicia lies just above the entrance of Suisun Bay on the slope of low hills,— a straggling town without a tree. The bend of the river here is very beautiful, and the opposite bank, rising abruptly, and sprinkled with low trees, looks like a park. In the background are the two fine summits of Monte Diablo, two thousand feet high, distant thirty miles, but immediate in the clear air. The water of the river is muddy, but looking down on it, and especially where the sun falls vertically upon the broad spread of Suisun Bay, it has a pink color, something like this blotting-paper, entirely novel to me, and pretty. The same soft hills covered with flowers rise above the town. With a friend, I lay basking in the sun and enjoying the view and thinking that this part, at least, of California was worthy of the name. On one of the hills is the grave and monument of Miles Goodsell of New Haven, a borderer who died here.

"April 16.— Last Sunday I had a fine long walk down the bay and over the sand-hills. We walked about fifteen miles, and collected enormous bunches of flowers. The seaward views are noble, particularly from Fort Point, one of the heads of the Golden Gate, where the United States is building a lighthouse. Here you look near two hundred feet down a precipice. There is a grand beach

and ocean swell outside. Beyond, the outer heads make the outworks of the bay. The conformation of some of these sand-hills is singular. In some places they sweep away inland, advancing like a cataract of water, smooth and softly rounded to the top and then breaking precipitously.

"The weather has been almost perfect since my arrival, exactly the thing for outdoor exercise, and urging me to terminate my tiresome confinement to the office and begin my wanderings. You need not be surprised to see me home towards autumn, if I should come across the plains or by Mexico. I have not yet made many acquaintances, though some enjoyable ones. Jonathan Edwards, who returns home by this opportunity with his pile, has been very pleasant and kind. Miss Susan Dolibar, now the wife of Mr. Thompson, I have seen. Hall McAllister is an important character here. The Chinamen form a very large and odd portion of the population."

To his younger brother, William Woolsey Winthrop:

"Dear Billy:— I approve entirely of your plan of going to Europe. You could not employ time and money better. Perhaps I may offer you a contribution. You must improve your French. I hope to see you before starting, and give you the benefit of my experience. I wish I could be your guide. Such a tour will do more to enlarge the mind and quicken the perception than any other way of spending thrice the tin."

War-club made of the Bone of a Whale. From Neah Bay.

II.

THE NORTHWEST.

Winthrop's letters and journals describing his travels in Oregon and Washington, while of course retelling many of the incidents of "The Canoe and the Saddle," add much of interest that is not found therein. They fill out the narrative of his entire summer in the Northwest, and vividly picture conditions on the frontier. We get frequent glimpses of men who were prominent in the new Territories, as well as of the local representatives of the Hudson's Bay Company, the huge commercial organization by which Great Britain sought to hold this vast region for the fur trapper and Indian trader, and which continued here as a mercantile concern long after its political significance had passed. Winthrop's visit was, of course, at a time when the question of title had been settled, and when American ownership and occupation of the land was no longer a matter of diplomatic negotiation or frontier politics.

All of the men of note mentioned in "Canoe and Saddle," as well as others, appear frequently in the letters and diaries. Most prominent of these are the Hudson's Bay factors, Peter Skeen Ogden, Dr. William F. Tolmie, and Edward Huggins, with many officers of the United States army, on duty at Vancouver Barracks and old Fort Dalles.

The Hudson's Bay Company required its servants at the several trading posts to keep a daily record of events. To this excellent practice we owe much information of value to the student of northwestern history, and incidentally some interesting side-lights on Winthrop's book and letters. As long as the Company maintained its "Fort" on the Nisqually, such journals were faithfully kept there,— much in the fashion of a ship's log. Commonly the day's record begins with a statement of the weather, and of the trade in the "sale shop." Then a note is made of the employment of the different men of the post for the day,— some at the Company's farms on the great gravel prairie south of the Fort, or caring for the Company's cattle; others loading lumber for San Francisco, or counting pelts brought in by the Company's French-

THE COLUMBIA AND MOUNT ST. HELENS,
FROM NEAR PORTLAND.

"Dearest charmer of all is St. Helens, queen of the Cascades, queen of Northern America, a fair and graceful volcanic cone. Exquisite mantling snows sweep along her shoulders toward the bristling pines. Sometimes she showers her realms with a boon of light ashes, to notify them that her peace is repose, not stupor; and sometimes lifts a beacon of tremulous flame by night from her summit."

—*Chapter III.*

Canadian trappers or bought from its Indian customers. Record is made of the movements of Chief Factor Tolmie, and occasionally of the arrival or departure of strangers from "the States,"— "Americans," as the old entries say.

In one of these manuscript volumes, now turning yellow with age, and inscribed: "Nisqually Journal, October 4th, 1852, to May 28th, 1854," several entries concern us directly. These not only record Winthrop's visit to the Fort, but, what is more important, they establish the identity of that fickle redskin, "Loolowcan the Frowzy." Here we learn as a fact what has hitherto been largely a guess of the historians, namely, that Winthrop's guide in his trip across the Cascade Range was a personage well known to our Territorial history,— none other, in fact, than the notorious Qualchen, Owhi's son, who later murdered A. J. Bolon, the Indian agent, and thus touched off the waiting mine for the great Indian war of 1855-7.

These entries in the "Nisqually Journal" are in the handwriting of a clerk, but they contain notes and interlineations in that of Edward Huggins, the Company's last factor at the Fort. It is evident that Mr. Huggins made his annotations some years later than 1853, since Winthrop, at the time of his visit, had published nothing, had not even decided upon literature as a career, and could not then have been called an "author," as the factor's note describes him. They were made, undoubtedly, after the publication of "The Canoe and the Saddle." Mr. Huggins, as his sons inform me, greatly admired this book, and at different times owned several copies of it. One of these, which he annotated, has most unfortunately been lost.

Three passages from the old "Journal" are given below. To distinguish between the additions by Mr. Huggins and the clerk's general record, the former are enclosed in brackets. It will also be noted that the dates of the "Journal" differ by a day from those of Winthrop's letters. This discrepancy, however, is explained by the fact that the Fort records were often made the morning after the events recorded, and dated one day late. Thus while Winthrop's letter of July 23 announces his arrival at the fort on that day, the "Journal" records it under date of July 24.

The pertinent entries in the "Journal" are as follows:

"Sunday, July 24, 1853.— Very warm. Captain Howard, accompanied by a Mr. Winthrop [Theodore, author] arrived from Vancouver. Captain Howard states that he is about commencing to work the newly discovered coal mine in Bellingham Bay. [Note: This is the Captain Howard of the celebrated Forrest divorce-case fame, and it is rumored that he is out here to be away when the case is again tried, he being an important witness. This is all table talk, though, and very likely there is no truth in the report.]"

"Tuesday, August 23rd.— Fine. Very warm. * * * Evening, arrived from Victoria Mr. T. Winthrop, an American, who accompanied Dr. Tolmie. Dr. Tolmie will be here in two or three days."

"Wednesday, August 24th.—* * * Trade very brisk in sales shop. Took upwards of $400.00, principally from Klickatats, a party of whom with the Chief Howchai [Ouchi] have just arrived with a band of horses. Mr. Winthrop [Theodore Winthrop] having obtained three horses and an Indian Guide [Qualchen, son of Ouchi] from the Klickatats, left for the Dalles, by way of the Mountains [Naches Pass]."

With the quotation of these illuminating extracts from the "Nisqually Journal," we proceed with Winthrop's letters:

"Portland, Oregon Territory, April 29, 1853.

"Dear Mother:— I left San Francisco on Sunday, the 24th, in the *Columbia*. Outside the bay we met a stiff norwester which made me seasick as usual, and put us back nicely. The steamer followed the coast at a distance of from three to ten miles. The shores are mostly bold and harborless, deeply wooded with forests of pine; these begin soon after leaving San Francisco, and continue north, clothing the Coast Range, and forming the inexhaustible wealth of the country. Already the lumber trade is very important, both from ports along the coast, principally Humboldt Bay, and on the Columbia, where numberless sawmills are fast opening little breathing-holes in the sunless forest. The size of the redwood pines is almost fabulous. What do you think of one 96 feet in circumference, one 35 feet in diameter, and one 313 feet long? Here at Portland, more than 120 miles from the sea, ships are freighted with spars and timber for China. For ages Oregon will supply lumber to the new world of the Pacific. These deep pine woods give a gloomy look to the coast. The shores are bold and surf-beaten. Some of the headlands are precipitous and striking. We stopped in the night at Port Orford,— a small military post and settlement.

"The bar at the mouth of the Columbia is dangerous. Even crossing it, as we did, with the most favorable wind and tide, the swell and roar of the breakers was grand. Passing this you enter a spacious estuary, enclosed between

FRONT STREET, PORTLAND, IN 1852.
View looking South from Oak Street.

a low piny point to the south, and on the other side, a high wooded bluff, terminating in a clear green spot, an old battle-ground of the Indians. You look out upon a broad expanse of water, surrounded by low mountains, black with pines. In the distance, and more than a hundred miles inland, the beautiful cone of Mt. St. Helens, one of the noblest of snowy mountains, is a crown to the view. The river at this point is very grand and solitary, worthy of being the great stream of the Pacific Coast.

"Proceeding, you bend to the right, and find in a small cove the few houses of Astoria. There is a little clearing on the slope, giving just room enough for perhaps twenty-five buildings. The situation is not fitted for a town, and the anchorage and channel will hinder, if not prevent, its becoming the site of a great place, such as must arise at the mouth of the Columbia. Just above, a very pretty and picturesque promontory called Tongue Point runs out from the technical left bank of the river, commanding its whole sweep. Five miles or so brings you to the real course of the stream, from one to three miles in width. As it narrows, some bold basaltic cliffs rise above, in three very narrow terraces, with deep water at the base, and covered with thick firs. The opposite banks are low, and deciduous trees with fresh spring foliage make a beautiful contrast. Two or three little threads of cascades fall down the cliff.

"The scenery all along is of a similar character, wild and imposing as the lower course of a great river should be, but solitary. The first stopping places are hardly more than a sawmill and a house. Opposite the mouth of the Cowlitz, a village called Rainier is growing up, to meet the trade from Puget Sound (which I hope to visit). At this point the splendid peak of St. Helens came out brilliantly white against the sky; it is a rounded cone, of which you see nothing but the snowy summit, one third of the mountain, above surrounding ranges. It is a volcano, and still occasionally smokes from a black spot on the side. At the

town of St. Helens, the course of the river brings the peak opposite and full in view,— a grand object for perpetual admiration,— quite isolated. The clouds hid the other peaks, Rainier and Hood.

"St. Helens, which has now about thirty houses, is at the proper head of navigation for large ships, and is likely to become the important point. The Company has built a fine wharf, and is about to transfer its depot there. Here the bank is a rock of basalt, perhaps twenty feet high, affording an admirable locality for town and port. One mouth of the Willamette comes in here. From this point it became too dark to see. Vancouver is said to be a lovely spot; I am going there to-day. Portland, up the Willamette, the farthest point to which vessels of any size can go, straggles along the bank of the river, a thriving place of 1,500 people, rescued from the forest."

"Portland, Oregon, April 29, 1853.

"Dear Sister: — It was natural for me to have gone to California when on the Pacific Coast, but coming here, to a country once so much more thought of than California, and of late so little in comparison, has a different effect. Oregon still seems distant from the old United States,—still seems to be the far Northwest; and there is a feeling of grandeur connected with the mountains and forests and the great continental river of this country that belongs to nothing in the land of gold. The Columbia is most imposing in its lower course, a great, broad, massive stream. Its scenery has a breadth and a wild power every way worthy of it. It will bear cultivation admirably; also and sometime — a thousand years hence — the beauty of its highly finished shores will be exquisite.

"There is a heartiness and rough sincerity impressed upon people by the kind of life they lead in these new countries. An easy hospitality, given and received without much ceremony, is a thing of course. Prices are so high

ASTORIA IN THE EARLY FORTIES.

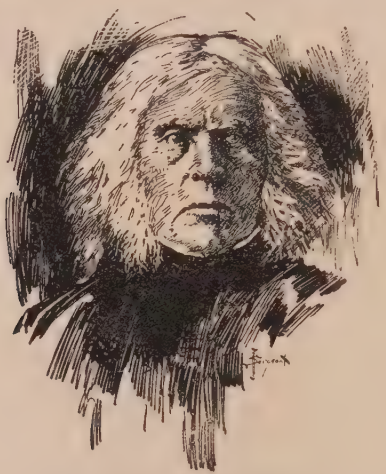
that the old ideas of economy are thrown aside. Money is easily made and freely spent; a dollar is nothing. All the men of the country are young, and almost all prosperous. Here in Oregon, so far as I have seen, the style is quite different from that of California. The population of Oregon is not all of the most valuable kind. It consists largely of the successors of the pioneers, who have not the energy of a real farming population, and are half nomad still, without the local attachment necessary to progress.

"The very bad land system of Oregon, framed to prevent speculation, has prevented investment in land by settlers who could not wait until a residence of four years upon a spot gave them its ownership, or of two (under the new law) the privilege of purchase. At present no one not living upon a tract can possess it; there are no titles even to house lots in the towns. As no one can buy, of course no one will make large or permanent improvements. The prosperous people are the cattle and produce farmers, principally in the valley of the Willamette, where the bulk of the population is collected. Everything they can raise meets a ready market, either shipped down the Willamette and Columbia or Umpqua for San Francisco, or carried back into the northern mining district on pack-mules. These mines are principally supplied from the upper Willamette and Umpqua with fresh provisions, and now indeed all provisions are more conveniently carried to them from this district than up the Sacramento. It is the Paradise of farmers. Lumbering also is lucrative, and store-keeping. Manual labor of all kinds is highly paid. Oregon, however, is essentially a new country, and has the wants of a new country. In this it differs from California, which has taken a peculiar tone from its colonization and the enormous San Francisco commerce, making it like a finished old place. There must always be a marked difference in their character and people.

"In a few minutes I shall turn in between the blankets

of my host, Mr. Malcolm Breck, who has a large country store and business here. Good night!

"April 30.— My plans are quite grand for a tour in these regions till my money is all gone. On the steamer coming here, I met a character,— a typical pioneer. Born in Kentucky, educated as a surveyor, and passing his early life on the frontier, he moved to this country fifteen years ago with his family in the first emigration, took up a whole



DR. JOHN McLOUGHLIN.
Famous Hudson's Bay Factor at Fort Vancouver, prior to Winthrop's visit. "Father of Old Oregon."

claim, and now by the sudden colonization of the country and rise in farm produce finds himself a rich man. He is rough, ugly, and backwoodslike, but has the real love of nature and freedom, with a tinge of romance."

"Vancouver, Washington Territory, May 1, 1853.

"My dear Mother:— I rode over here from Portland yesterday. The distance is about eight miles by land, but eighteen down the Willamette and up the Columbia. In these eight miles there are three ferries — across the Willamette, across a slough of the Columbia, and then across

the main stream, here a mile broad. Vancouver, formerly Fort Vancouver, is the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company and of the United States army for Oregon and Washington Territories. It is upon the right or north bank of the Columbia, six miles above the Willamette. Having long been settled here, the Company have cleared and cultivated a large space of land, and given to the broad meadow on the river bank the beautiful smoothness of an English

GEN. B. L. E. BONNEVILLE.
The explorer celebrated by Irving. Commandant of the U. S. Army Post at Vancouver during Winthrop's visit.

lawn. There is a belt of fine trees along the river, and about a quarter of a mile back the ground rises in a terrace, upon which are the houses and barracks of the United States troops. Below, upon the flat, just above the inundations of the river, are the stockade and warehouses of the Company. The stockade contains four or five very large block storehouses, with the house of the Governor and several minor buildings. When the Indians were numerous and dangerous, these stockades were necessary for protection, but now

the Indians have dwindled into insignificance. The beautiful tract of the Company will probably soon be purchased by the United States, or absorbed illegally by squatters. The trade is still considerable, though more with the whites than the Indians. The United States station includes a number of neat log houses, forming three sides of an oblong, and looking down to the river over the exquisite green lawn. Back of all is the deep pine forest and two or three outlying trees.

"I was fortified with a letter of introduction from General Hitchcock* to the commanding officer, Col. Bonneville,† who received me very kindly, and gave me quarters in his house. I was soon at home with all the officers. I had also a letter to Governor Ogden of the H. B. Co. He is of New Jersey but a British subject, all his life in the service, and looks like an old gray lion. I had intended to stop here, and go up the Columbia only as far as the Cascades and the Dalles, and then visit Puget Sound; but I found that Captain Brent, with a small party, was going to Fort Hall and Salt Lake, and to return thence to California, and I decided at once to join him. The Hon. Mr. Fitzwilliam, a young Englishman of my own age, is also of the party, on his way across the plains, and we shall travel as pleasantly as possible. Captain Brent goes on government service, and we shall see some of the most interesting parts of the less visited Indian country. I have not yet decided whether to go on with Fitzwilliam across the plains and report to you, via St. Louis, or return to California. Most likely the latter. We shall travel expedite, and be about thirty days from the Dalles to Salt Lake City, where, if sufficient inducement

*Gen. Ethan Allen Hitchcock, an old family friend, and an army officer of distinction.

† The celebrated "Captain Bonneville," whose western exploration and adventures furnished Washington Irving with the materials for one of his most famous books. The Captain Brent mentioned below was Captain T. L. Brent, depot quartermaster at Fort Vancouver.

offers, I may turn Mormon. Once off, you may not hear from me for a long time, but you need have no anxiety, as we travel with perfect security. I expect to gain health and strength enough to last the rest of my life. I should come of course straight on home with Fitzwilliam but I have left all my traps in California, and seen nothing of that country — not even the mines. However, *quien sabe* but I shall knock at your door about the end of July in a flannel shirt and buckskin breeches?"

"Dalles of the Columbia, May 16, '53.

"My dear Mother:— We left Vancouver on Monday in the little steamer *Multnomah*. At 4 p. m. we reached the landing at the foot of the rapids, in the midst of the Cascade Mountains. These mountains are of trap formation, and present bold broken crags and precipitous fronts. The scenery had already been grander and wilder than any river I had seen, and upward to this place it became more and more singular and striking. The mountains are from 1,500 to 5,000 feet high, and the great river forces its way through them in a wild pine-clad gorge for sixty miles. We encamped at the landing, and next day took the luggage of the party up to the foot of the principal rapid in small boats, where we portaged them by, on a rude tram road. The company being large, — Captain Brent's party, with one hundred days' provisions, and Capt. Wallen's* company of infantry with baggage, ammunition, caissons, etc.,— this process occupied two entire days, till we got on board a flat boat.

"Our boat was navigated by two *ignorami*, and we had to stop and cut a big steering oar in the woods. It blew a gale — our flat came near being wrecked, which would have been awkward with sixty men on board; and we put into port about seven miles up, where we encamped. Next morning, with scenery growing still wilder, we went up stream, the strong wind helping our crazy craft to struggle.

*Captain Henry Davies Wallen, U. S. A.

About noon we put into port again, waiting for the wind to fall, and I had time to climb a mountain and see the course of the river. We got away in the afternoon, and camped about twenty miles up, in a splendid place. The tents and numerous camp-fires made the woods and the crags most animated. Many pretty cascades came tumbling into the river. On the third day we reached the Dalles, and were most hospitably entertained at the Barracks, I being quartered with Major Alvord,* the commandant, to whom I had a letter from General Hitchcock. The campaign thus far has been delightful, with a pleasant and lively set of officers, and all the excitement of a small military expedition. We find there need be no apprehension about the Indians.

"The Cascades of the Columbia are rapids, not falls, but very picturesque. Here at the Dalles, the river is drawn into a narrow compass between walls of trap, about forty feet high, and at the Dalles proper, is confined in a space of eighty-five yards. This I will visit to-day."

"Portland, O. T., June 13, '53.

"My dear Mother:—*L'homme propose? Dieu dispose!* I made my preparations to return across the plains, and reached the Dalles, as I have written you, but went no farther. There I had, very mildly, the small-pox, which I probably caught from a friend whom I visited in Portland, at the moment when the disease was most infectious. He, poor fellow, had it terribly; but with me the fever was slight, and the eruption has left almost no traces. The day I wrote you I had a slight fever, so that I was hardly able to keep my saddle in a ride to the Dalles, and on returning I felt so ill as to lie down. I was quartered with Major Alvord. On the disease pronouncing itself, he gave up his room to me and camped out. From him and all the other officers, as well as Doctor Summers, I received every

*Major Benjamin Alvord, U. S. A.

FORT VANCOUVER IN 1853, WITH MOUNT HOOD IN DISTANCE.
The Hudson's Bay Company's stockade is on the right, the United States Army post on the left.

kindness, though of course they had to avoid me. The disease has been virulent here, the Indians dying in crowds — almost every one who was attacked. With me, except the slight irritation caused by the eruption, the illness itself was nothing; the chief discomfort was the idea of having a dangerous malady and the fear of giving it to others. I was of course disappointed in not being able to go with Brent and Fitzwilliam. I was pronounced safe in about three weeks, and am now in excellent health. It was useless to try to overtake my party; so I determined to defer the trip.

"The country about the Dalles is desolate and wild in the extreme. Sad must be the disappointment of the emigrants, who have heard of the beauty of the country, on arriving there in the autumn, when every green thing is parched, themselves wayworn, their wealth of cattle become poverty,— half starved and almost hopeless. But the beauty of Oregon is farther on, and if the rest of the Willamette and the adjoining valleys correspond with what I have seen, Oregon is certainly one of the loveliest places on the earth.

"While I was ill, the Columbia rose enormously,— its regular June flood from the melting of the snows. This made a difference of thirty feet in the water level below, in the broad part of the stream. The country about Vancouver and at the mouth of the Willamette is now a vast lake. The narrow channels of the Dalles were filled almost to the brim, and the rapids at the Cascades nearly obliterated, showing only huge tossing breakers and a current of astonishing velocity. Through this the Hudson's Bay Company's boat, which brought us down, was shot, half-laden, by the Indians, most beautifully. The Dalles proper (for the whole of the narrow channel through the basalt, for four or five miles, is also 'the Dalles') is a spot where the whole body of the river is confined within three narrow rifts in the rock, the widest only about sixty yards, and the others almost jumpable. The difference of level between high and low

water is more than sixty feet. When the river is low it must be even wilder and stranger. There is nothing beautiful except the grandeur of the mighty rushing torrent mass. These three channels are cut in a bed of rough trap rock, which crops out all over the barren, bare country. It needs, however, only moisture to make it fertile, and the little valleys of some small streams are rich.

"The barracks are a mile from the river, upon a hillside, scantily wooded with pines and oaks, with a noble view of Mt. Hood, always magnificent with its unsullied snows. Just at the angle of the Columbia below, the rounded snowy cone of Mt. Adams fills up the gap of the range. These snowy summits are all isolated, not forming the beautiful ranges of the Alps. They rise singly and apart, and it is only at a certain elevation that you command more than one or two at a view. As single peaks, all are very fine, but I have not yet seen any picturesque high mountain scenery.

"I left the Dalles on June 4th, in one of the H. B. Co's. boats carrying furs, collected during the winter at Fort Colville by a fine specimen of a wild highlander, who has charge of that post. He was followed by a fine 'tail' of half-breeds and Indians, with one picturesque old white-headed Canadian, of whom I bought a noble pair of buckskin pantaloons. The free life that these men lead in the wilderness has great charms for me. Captain Wallen and I had a pleasant trip down the river, floating almost fast enough, but the Indians pulled like good fellows, rising up to their oars. We stopped once or twice for them to 'muck-a-muck,'* which they are ready for forty times a day. We got to the Cascades about 1 p. m., and making the portage, while the lightened boat shot the rapids, got away on the lower river by 5 o'clock. The evening was lovely. At nightfall the Indians all went to sleep in the bottom of the boat, and we floated rapidly down stream all night, by starlight, dozing in our blankets. At 4 a. m. we landed at Van-

*To eat, in Chinook jargon.

couver, where I was kindly received again by Gov. Ogden. The flood had been very destructive to the crops; the whole of the lovely meadow was a great lake. The officers of the garrison are pleasant company, and the H. B. Co. live in solid, comfortable style, with plenty of good beer. I enjoyed my final convalescence. The Indians upon the Columbia are a miserable race, living principally upon salmon and roots. The fishery at the Cascades is fabulously productive, and the Indian lodges for drying the richly colored fish are real curiosities. The fish are caught in a scoop net, which an Indian — standing on a framework, built over the most rapid spots — sweeps down against the stream till he catches his quantum. I have seen them take four or five splendid fish in as many minutes. The whole world lives upon salmon, till it is tired of it.

"I came back to Portland and found my friends as before. I met here William Moulthrop, formerly of New Haven, whose father has a very fine ranch about twenty-five miles from this place. He and his father both came out to the coast in command of different vessels, and falling into the Oregon trade have settled in the country."

"Scottsburg, Umpqua River, June 28, 1853.

"My letters come to you from places which you never heard of perhaps, but of importance in this growing country. This is a town just cut out of the woods, and rough enough in appearance, and almost inaccessible at times, but a large business is done here. It is one of the principal points of supply by mule trains for the North California and Oregon mines, and for a large and beautiful farming country on the upper Umpqua River.

"Leaving Portland, I followed up the Willamette valley. The scenery is exquisite. Of the river I did not see much, as it flows between banks thickly wooded with firs; but the valley is composed of beautiful smooth prairies, sprinkled with belts of heavy timber, or open groves of

oaks. This is the general character of the country,—smooth grazing meadows, suitable for any kind of farming. The plains are broken by constant water courses. On one side the Coast Range closes the view, a rough and rather desolate chain. On the other are the Cascade Mountains, higher and more distant, and defined by the great snow peaks, which rise almost isolated and at nearly regular intervals. From many spots several of the peaks can be seen far off upon the horizon. From one hill near Salem, the present capital of the Territory, I could see Mts. St. Helens, Adams, Hood, Jefferson, and the Three Sisters. At this great distance, nearly two hundred miles, the smooth, rounded cone of St. Helens is particularly beautiful, rising as if at once from the plain, magnificently defined against the sky in the blue distance. Looking at the peaks so far off, they are perhaps even more imposing than a connected range, and I have seen few more striking views than one near Salem, where the eye could command all of them, with a vast expanse of plain and forest, sprinkled with cultivated spots and backed by the far blue mountains. It is the part of the world to live in!

"Most of the valley being open, excellent roads are made merely by driving wagons over the grass till a track is worn. To a traveller on horseback, progress is easy. The donation law, giving to every family settled before 1849 a section of land, and to every single man a half section, has strung along cabins at a distance of a mile or so, with their little spots of cultivation; but in general the wide plains are open and grazed by herds of the finest cattle. The stock of American cattle here is exceedingly good, the best alone supporting the trip across and being improved by it, as well as by the excellent pasture of the country. Though the Willamette valley is not very wide, each small stream that flows into it has its own little spot of smooth verdure in the forest, with a supply of fine oak and fir timber for the cabins, and a stream of water at the door. Labor is dear,

and the prices of farm products high. The old farmers of Oregon found themselves suddenly rich on the discovery of the gold, and became lazy, so that nothing has been done to develop the country in proportion to its resources. Many settlers are half-breeds and Canadians of the H. B. Co. There is one extensive district called the French Prairie, where you naturally ask for a glass of water in that language. A few Indians remain, but they are lazy and good for nothing, and the salmon fishing makes them comparatively rich. The Indians of the lower country are more powerful and more dangerous.

"I bought a fine American mare, and riding from Portland to Oregon City one evening, started next morning up the river. The short interval between the farm houses makes it always possible to get something to eat, and if there is a lady of the house, she is always captivated by talking of the trip across the plains, which almost all the Oregon women have made. You turn your horse into the rich pastures, and take a nooning under the trees, or a bath in some living brook. In the forests, whether oak or fir, the fern is usually breast deep. Everything grows in this country. The weather has been delicious, and the heat bearable, except at noon, the nights cool enough for blankets,— one of the first things, by the way, to think of in Oregon.

"My first night brought me to Salem, a village of less than a thousand people, on one of these exquisite plains. The streets are wide, and the original oak trees have been left about. Mt. Hood is everywhere in plain sight. There were rumors of gold discoveries in the neighboring mountains, but nothing authentic. My second day carried me through a region of equal beauty to Marysville, the head of high-water steam navigation on the Willamette, on another fine plain, where the Coast Range comes nearer. Whenever one has hit on a good site for a town, his next neighbor starts a rival one, so that there are often two settlements within a quarter of a mile in open warfare. If you buy a

lot in one, you lose the good opinion of everybody in the other.

"I stopped the third night at a farmer's house,— a backwoodsman enriched by the mines, and now not even taking the trouble to milk his cows, except for the household. All the farmers who have stuck by their business and been even half industrious are now rich. Rough enough, too, are some of them, 'Pike County' men, as they say,— real backwoodsmen who have fallen into pleasant places.*

"My fourth day I was to have arrived at the house of Mr. Applegate at Youcalla, but having taken a nap and a bath by the way, and crossed the Callapooya mountain, the dividing ridge between the Willamette and Umpqua, I only arrived in the valley of the latter just at nightfall, and missed the house. Finding out my mistake at a house several miles beyond, as it was already late, I found a nice oak grove, turned out my horse to graze, made a splendid fire in a hollow tree and a capital bed of my blankets and the big leather saddle cover, ate two soda biscuits, and turned in for the night. Next morning, I rode back to Youcalla, to breakfast. Mr. Applegate was of the emigration of 1843, and is a man of remarkable intelligence and energy. He looks like a backwoodsman, but thinks like the most cultivated. He has nearly confirmed my partially formed intention of settling in this country. His farm is a pretty meadow, completely encompassed by hills covered with grass, which serve as a range for the cattle that form his wealth. The neighborhood of the mines makes every farming product valuable."

"Fort Vancouver, July 11.

"I cannot now take time to describe my day with Mr. Applegate, my trip to Scottsburg, with sail down the Umpqua to the mouth, my journey up the river again by another route to Winchester, whence want of time pre-

See note on "Pikes," page 15.

vented me from going to the mines. I returned another way, down the left bank of the Willamette, through the beautiful Yamhill country, diverged across the Tualatin plains and the Skapoose Mountains, to the town of St. Helens on the Columbia, and stopped by the way to ascend the Chehalem Mountain, whence there is a noble panorama of the plains and the snow peaks, worthy of the Alps. If I had a home, a wife, and something to fix me to a local habitation, I should most certainly establish myself here in Oregon. But until I have some such tie I shall probably continue a rolling stone. I have now considerable experience of the way to get on in this country, and, if I could decide to be stationary, could make a small fortune in six months. I am now at the Hudson's Bay Company's place, where I am always at home. The exploring expeditions to meet Major Stevens* on the Northern Route are just starting. I should have joined one of them if I had been upon the spot when they were organized, but now do not think it best. I have never felt better. I close in Portland, in splendid weather."

To his brother William:

"Vancouver, July 12th, 1853.

"My dear Brother:—I wish you could see the great 'brick' of these parts, Governor Ogden of the H. B. Co., and other minor bricks of the same;—certainly the nicest set of men whom I have had the good fortune to know, free

* Major Isaac Ingalls Stevens, who had been appointed by President Pierce as the first Governor of Washington Territory, and who was coming west through the Dakotas and through Montana, at the head of a large expedition, exploring a route for the "Northern Railway." Stevens had won his major's rank by brilliant fighting at Chapultepec, in the Mexican War. He resigned from the Army in March, 1853, to accept the governorship, but returned to it, with the rank of Colonel, in 1861. Distinguished service in the field characterized his Civil War record until his death at the battle of Chantilly, September 1, 1862. The subordinate expedition of Captain Geo. B. McClellan, acting under General Stevens's orders to survey the Cascade Range for a practicable pass for the Railway, left Vancouver late in July.

and hospitable, full of fun and good sense. This Oregon is a noble country! The summer climate is almost perfection, and the winter, though rainy, not severe or disagreeable. It offers a grand field for a man who is either a world in himself, or who can have his own world about him. There are very few enlightened or educated men here, so that one might want society; yet any man who unites sense to education can do anything he pleases. It would take but little

GEN. ISAAC INGALLS STEVENS.
First Governor of Washington Territory.

to induce me to give up the old country and live here, but my unhappy, unsettled disposition is always in the way. Look me up a charming young woman, who has no objection to a red beard, and can do anything, from preaching to dancing the polka, from making a cocktail to running a steam engine; marry her by proxy, and lock her up till demand. Boston is said to be a good place, and so look around for me there. If I return this summer, it will be with the intention of coming out again with a plan formed on my knowledge of the country and its capabilities.

HAIDA BASKET MAKERS; With Labrets and Nose Ring.

"Take care of Mother and the girls, and begin as soon as you can to buy desirable bits of land in New Haven. I rely much upon you for the duties which a man at home can perform."

"Fort Nisqually, Puget Sound, July 23, 1853.

"Dear Mother: — I am still on the move, as you see. Who knows where I shall stop? My last was from Vancouver. We went down the Columbia that morning in a

PETER SKEEN OGDEN.
Noted Explorer and Hudson's Bay Factor at Fort Vancouver.

small steamer, which deposited us among blood-sucking mosquitoes at Monticello, a village near the mouth of the Cowlitz River. Captain Howard and I took possession of the room of the H. B. Co.'s resident, and were glad to be awakened at midnight by Lieutenant Trowbridge,* who

*William P. Trowbridge, of the United States Engineers; afterwards professor of mathematics at the University of Michigan and later professor of engineering successively at Yale and Columbia.

was left by the steamer, and came down in a rowboat. He goes up to make tidal observation on the Sound. Next day we went up the Cowlitz, thirty miles in a canoe, with four Indians to paddle or pole. The stream flows through forests thick as those of the tropics, and buzzing with mosquitoes; the forests are rich, but almost gloomy in their solitude; fir trees principally, some maples, alders, poplars, and other water-loving trees. Very rapid current, and progress something like two miles an hour.

"The Indian lodges of the better class are entirely above ground, built of boards, and with a small oval hole to squeeze through for a door in the gable end; dimensions, about 20 feet by 12 feet by 15 feet (to peak of roof). They are sometimes fitted up with bunks like a ship; mats, baskets, pots, pans, etc., according to the wealth of the owner. Of a chief here you would perhaps say he is worth so many blankets; they hardly go as high as horses in this quarter. All understand the Chinook jargon, the most comical of all languages, in which I am becoming expert. Their dress is a shabby mixture of the aboriginal with the white.

"At the Cowlitz head of navigation, we spent a tedious next day, waiting for horses until evening, when we rode out to Jackson's prairies, eight miles. We passed the H. B. Co.'s beautiful Cowlitz farms, rich with ripe grain. Over the trees that belted the river, nearer than ever rose graceful St. Helens, and now first clearly seen, the immense bulk of Rainier, the most massive of all,— grand, grand above the plain! Mr. Jackson is an old settler, and has a splendid farm. All the scanty population is alive with hopes and questions about the great Railroad and the exploring parties. Every man is confident it must come through his place. Plenty of blackberries, huckleberries, and raspberries; last very fine. Indians dry many for food. Next morning rode through a country of mixed prairies and timber land,— grand forests of cedar trees; a yew tree like the English; a gigantic tree laurel, evergreen. Indians

LOOKING DOWN THE COLUMBIA, AT THE LOWER CASCADES. Copyright by Weister.

This is the center of the canyon which the river has cut through the mountain ranges. The Columbia here falls thirty-seven feet in four miles, to meet the tides from the ocean, 160 miles distant.

smoke the aromatic leaves. Prairies are still rich and already claimed by scanty settlers; dry and dusty.

"Stop and noon at Ford's; thence, in the cool of the hottest of days, ride till midnight by moon, fifty-two miles to Olympia. Four miles from Ford's are the 'Mound Prairies,' spotted with small round mounds — at first just distinguishable, and becoming on other prairies as we go on fifty feet in diameter, and ten to fifteen feet high, covering an immense tract. The 'Mound Prairie' is marked by a mound of another class, fifty feet or much more in height, almost perfectly regular, like the Marietta mound, with some large trees upon it. A Yankee has built a house on the apex, and intends to make a nursery of trees on its fertile sides.

"About 11 p. m. the sound of a cascade announced our arrival near Olympia, at the head of the Sound. We could just see a pretty little fall, the mills, and the expanse of the great inland sea. A few houses make Olympia a thriving lumbering village, cleared from the woods, with stumps in the main street. Plenty of 'Ostend' oysters and large, queer clams.* Puget Sound terminates here in a point, spreading below to a great lake with low banks, thick with firs. Tide rises nearly twenty feet, water clear; but low tide leaves a great mud flat below the place. Stopped there

*The native oysters of the Sound are small and not unlike in flavor to those of the British Channel, which Winthrop has in mind. They are greatly esteemed by epicures, but fashion has dictated the transplanting of seed of the larger eastern oysters from the Atlantic coast beds. These ripen perfectly, but do not propagate, in the shallow bays at the head of the Sound and on the coast.

The clams of Puget Sound have a wide reputation for their abundance and excellence. The "large, queer clams" mentioned by Winthrop are the "geoducks," which weigh several pounds, and are edible.

The Puget Sound clam was the subject of a celebrated *bon mot* by the late Francis W. Cushman, of Tacoma, representative in Congress and the wit of the lower house. Cushman was a Republican, and his best speeches were in support of the tariff. "Our friends the enemy," he said in one of these, "are welcome, if they wish, to return to the lean panic years of the Nineties; but as for me and my constituents, we want no more hard times. We remember too well those sad years on Puget Sound, where we had nothing to live upon but clams. When the tide was out the table was spread. We dug clams, and ate clams, till our stomachs rose and fell with the tide!"

a day. Next morning Trowbridge and I, leaving Captain Howard to bring up the traps, started in a noble clipper of a canoe* for Steilacoom, the United States fort. Paddled along against the tide. Indians took it easy; shot a duck and a polecat; pulled up a gigantic purple starfish; made a vocabulary of the Snooquamish language. Had a jolly time. Splendid sheet of water, with islands and nooks of bays. Mt. Rainier hung up in the air. Landed 9 p. m.; walked two miles through the woods to the barracks;

Olympia in the Sixties.

waked officers; supper, and to bed. Barracks in a dry, barren plain; scanty trees. To-day walked over to Fort Nisqually — a Hudson's Bay Company farm and station. Dr. Tolmie, in charge, going to Vancouver Island to-morrow, invited me to go; probably shall, and perhaps join the other party there.

*What Winthrop means by "a noble clipper of a canoe" is made plain by an existing manuscript, written by Edward Huggins, the Hudson's Bay factor, and entitled: "A Perilous Canoe Trip from Fort Nisqually to Alki Point, in 1852." This document, indeed, describes the very canoe in which Winthrop journeyed with Dr. Tolmie to Vic-

"These disjointed words have been by violent efforts written in a small house where the thermometer is at 90°."

"Victoria, Vancouver Island, Aug. 15th.

"Dear Mother:— I can hardly represent to myself the summer life at home, the dusty streets, quenched by an occasional shower, to the joy of the party assembled in the porch, just out of reach of the sprinkles; the delicious evenings, just cool enough to restore after the sultriness of the glaring day, with open windows and music, or a moonlight walk; the crush of Commencement; the after calm. To me

toria. It was a dug-out, large enough to carry three tons of cargo and eight men, and stanch enough to ride out a severe March gale.

Mr. Huggins's narrative recalls the magnificent distances between settlements, when the villagers of Alki (now part of Seattle) had to send thirty miles for supplies. He relates that early in March, 1852, word was brought to Nisqually that Messrs. Denny, Maynard, Bell, Terry, and Lowe had established themselves at Alki Point, and were in need of provisions. Dr. Tolmie agreed to sell them a hundred bushels of potatoes at a dollar per bushel.

"I was directed," says Mr. Huggins, "to convey these vegetables in our large mail canoe, to their destination. The canoe had been obtained from northern Indians, Haidas, I think, who lived on Queen Charlotte and adjacent islands. It had been a war canoe. We used it to convey passengers and mail between Nisqually and Victoria. Sometimes these passages would occupy as long as eight days, since no attempt would be made to cross the Straits during the blowing of a stiff wind. Mrs. Huggins once made a trip in this canoe in 1853 with Theodore Winthrop, the celebrated author and soldier."

The remainder of the manuscript is given to an account of this adventurous trip down the Sound, in the face of a storm.

Supplementing Mr. Huggins's reminiscences, the following paragraphs from *Pioneer Days on Puget Sound*, by Arthur A. Denny, founder of Seattle, further indicate the importance of the canoe to the existence of the first settlements:

"We obtained our mail from Olympia, the nearest postoffice, by a canoe express, for which service we hired * * * to make weekly trips between Seattle and Olympia. All were required to pay twenty-five cents a letter, and nearly all subscribed something in addition to support the express. * * *

"We travelled almost entirely by canoe, and never expected to make the trip from Seattle to Olympia in less than two days. In the Winter, I have frequently been three days, and camped on the beach at night. In after years, I paid as high as ten dollars steamer fare to Olympia, and when it got down to six dollars we thought it very reasonable. It always cost me more than that amount by canoe, when travelling alone with an Indian crew."

a year passed without a winter seems to have no right to a summer, and I am hardly conscious of its having come and gone. The weather here just now is like a New England October, the days warm and cloudless, but the nights so cool that two blankets do not come amiss. A heavy smoke from the burning woods casts a haze over everything, as in our Indian summer. The arm of the sea upon which Victoria is looks beautiful in the sunny afternoon, with the smoke just obscuring the rocky, too barren shores, and veiling the white houses of the village.

"Since I last wrote, I have, besides cruising about the island, taken a trip over to the American shore to the coal mines on Bellingham Bay,— Captain Howard's coal mines. I took a large clipper canoe, and five Indians with one wife, provisions, etc., and started one fresh blowing morning, when they thought it something of a risk to go. It looked squally at first, but I soon got confidence in my vessel, which went nobly over the heavy swells, just on the safe side of danger,— the Indians highly excited as the seas struck her. We crossed a somewhat dreaded traverse between this and a neighboring island, and then gently glided along among the small islands of the archipelago. Everywhere the Indians were salmon fishing, sometimes with a small flat net, extended between two large canoes, and sometimes singly, in great fleets of little canoes, trolling with the line fastened to a paddle. My Indians were of the Nook Lummi tribe, and were in good spirits, as they were going to visit their friends.* Like all on this coast, they were a careless, jolly, happy race, amusing themselves with jokes and me with songs, some of which were pretty and original.

*Winthrop, who spent some days among this tribe at Bellingham Bay and Fraser River, uses two forms for their tribal names: "Nooh Lummi" and "Nook Lummi. The former, as Dr. C. M. Buchanan informs me, "is the Lummi way for Lummi." But the Indians south of the Lummis are of different linguistic stock, and when they attempted to reproduce the 'Nook-Lummi,' the strongly aspirated 'h-h' evolved into an interference sound. Winthrop was correct in using both forms, but he heard one among the Lummis and one among their neighbors."

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THE SOUND AND ITS ISLANDS; FROM HUNTER'S POINT, NEAR OLYMPIA.

"Splendid sheet of water, with islands and nooks of bays. Mt. Rainier hung up in the air."— *Letter of July* 23.

I tried to write down the notes of one, and on laying down my paper, one of them, with a quizzical face, pretended to be able to sing it, the rest roaring with laughter. We sailed and paddled by turns, getting on pretty well, though impulsively, for if one stopped to speak or light his pipe, all stopped, and the canoe naturally followed their example.

"Toward evening we landed in a deep, quiet, solitary, tarn-like cove, walled in by rocks and overhung by great pine trees. As the canoe entered, thousands of ducks rose from the water, and flew screaming about; but the door was shut by the canoe; when we fired, the whole place was alive with echoes. As we landed, a young Indian stepped on the cover of a box to jump ashore, and split it; whereupon the owner of the box and he became 'silex,' or in the sulks; the former wrapped himself up in his blanket toga, as the dying Cæsar might have done, and lying down in the bottom of the boat, refused to be comforted; neither of them would eat anything, like a pair of pouting children. After a while they relaxed, and were very glad to get some prog the others had put away for them. It was a capital evening, and my kibobs of fresh mutton relished amazingly. Then in the dim evening and by the starlight we floated on, some paddling and some sleeping; and made the destined shore about midnight. Next morning I found that by some misunderstanding we had come to the wrong part of the Bay,—rather, were not in the Bay at all. Our course then was inland, up a good-sized river, thickly shrouded with almost tropical vegetation. Presently we came to an Indian salmon weir, a high framework of poles reaching across the stream, and serving also as a light foot-bridge. At intervals, wicker-work shields are suspended in the water, and just against them, baskets, like a lobster pot; the salmon, rushing up stream, is met by the shield, and turning, falls into the pot. This fishery belonged to one of my men, and as we came, an Indian was just taking a noble salmon out; we accepted the invitation to breakfast, and such a kettle

of fish! of which a mighty portion was first served out to me, sitting in state on a mat-covered dais, in a hut neither clean nor well ventilated. Hurrah for savage life!

"P. S.— I close this August 22nd, at Nisqually, returned from below, and regretting that I cannot catch the mail with a complete letter."

A bill for Winthrop's purchases from the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Nisqually,— blankets for the Duke of York, Olyman Siwash, and the Fishy, and supplies for his Cascade trip:

6	Pln Blankets 2½ pts. B M B	$18.00
½	yd. Appleton Sheeting	.10
6	Tongues	1.50
	Rope	.50
1	Pack Saddle	5.00
2	Loaves Bread	1.00
	Paid Indian	1.00
	Expenses of sending for Indian (guide)	3.00
	Fort Nisqually, Aug. 23rd, 1853.	$30.10

Rec'd payment
Edward Huggins

¾ yd bag & cord	$1.00
Flannel shirt	2.00
Cotton do	1.00
Thread	.12
Socks	.75

"Dalles, Aug. 31, 1853.

"My dear Mother:— I arrived here to-day across the mountains from Nisqually, after an adventurous and rather arduous journey of seven days, in the course of which I was pretty much thrown on my own resources, my Indian guide having left me to shift for myself in the middle of a great prairie. I have no time to give a full account. I start to-morrow for the Salt Lake, with the mail carrier, and shall leave there October 1st for home, likewise with the mail. Write me to St. Louis, so that I will have news on my arrival. No false start this time I hope!

"I am in much haste to make my preparations for the morrow. Captain Brent has just returned, and gives me an excellent account of his trip."

BELLINGHAM BAY AND SAN JUAN ISLANDS.

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

III.

WINTHROP'S NORTHWESTERN JOURNAL.

Two memorandum books survive, partly filled with notes which Theodore Winthrop made during his stay in Oregon and Washington. The first begins with some notes regarding the mouth of the Columbia River, and substantially repeating the letter to his mother of April 29. The rest of the matter in this book is comprised of a detailed account of his trip from Fort Vancouver to The Dalles, where he was stricken with smallpox. This account follows:

"Fort Vancouver, May 9.— Left the Bank at 10:45 a. m. in the *Multnomah*. Fitzwilliam remained behind for the *Allan*. For a couple of hours the banks continue low and wooded, as about Vancouver. We pass some wooded islands, come into a lake-like expanse of the river, above which the mountains close up the view. Mt. Hood becomes more distinct, though the lower part of it is shut off more by the hills. The southern snow slope is much smoother than the north,— broken only once by a crest of rock; the northern slope is much varied. The day is splendid; the wind up stream; and steamer making six or seven miles an hour. The hills gradually draw up and hide the summit of Mt. Hood, and presently descend steep into the river with no valley. Little Cape Horn is a remarkable precipice of basalt, sheer for one hundred and fifty feet, then with a slope, and up three hundred more; the basaltic structure strongly marked, especially at the water. Cascades on both sides the river. The mountains close the end of the river finely, but are bare except of fire-killed stalks of fir. Canoes float down the long bows like clipper ships. A

beautiful cascade falls two hundred and fifty feet down a wall of rock into a wild chasm with pines.

"The mountains now leave the right bank a little; on the left they continue wild and sterile. Many cascades. All trap, precipitous above, dèbris below. On the right bank, a remarkable truncated cone sprinkled with trap called Castle Rock. Here the sweep of the river is very fine. Castle Rock has a strongly marked crystalization. On the up side is a remarkable face with Roman nose.

"At the Cascades. — The salmon fishery has fairly begun, and thousands of fish are hanging up to dry on all the Indian huts. Boys, men, and women carry four or five on their backs; an Indian horseman has two big ones slung by the head behind the saddle, with tails tied together.

"About 4 p. m. we arrived at the lower landing, and soon the stuff was out of the steamer and the tents pitched. We stopped aboard the boat and had a jolly time. The spot was a lovely one, a meadow where the bold and picturesque trap cliffs on that side of the river retire; opposite, high, bold mountains, one nearly 3,000 feet. At evening, the advancing and retreating outlines of the mountains on the left, coming almost precipitously down, were very striking. Castle Rock stands up in the center of the valley like a feudal tower, which it would have been the site of, on the Rhine or Danube. The trap cliff above shows a fine pyramidal structure with the front fallen off,* as does one above, from the front of which projects another small pyramid. The river rushing and roaring by, the lofty mountain, the dark pine, the bare sticks, the soft meadow, the cottonwood trees and shrubs, even the factory house behind the log house,

*The upper cliff referred to here is doubtless what is now known as the North Abutment of the "Bridge of the Gods." The range here cut by the Columbia ends abruptly in Table Mountain, rising 4,100 feet above sea level. This is fabled in Indian legend as part of the great natural bridge which the natives believe once spanned the river, and the destruction of which by the angry Tyhee Saghalie, chief of the gods, dammed the stream at the Cascades.

the tents and soldiers, and the splendid sky and sunset, made a glorious scene. Just at this spot the river is narrowed to perhaps half a mile, and is not unlike some parts of the Susquehannah and Danube. The bank is grassy, and at this stage of water about fifteen feet high. Below, the shore is a beach covered with stone. Here was an Indian lodge and a couple of their beautiful canoes with the projecting bow and shells inserted; sticks stretched across. The captain of the *Multnomah*, being a trump, gave us first-rate fare; and I got a piece of beef and soft bread, which served us nicely.

"May 10.— Early in the morning I walked over with Captain Brent to Mr. Chenoweth's, about two miles along the bank of the river.* He made better arrangements about the transport of the stuff of the troops, and I went on with him to an Indian village beyond to get men. He has a nice house and site, with a delicious spring of water under the bank a short distance off. Here the river foams round large rocks. The road thus far is good enough, but beyond there are steep and bad places, but nothing impassable. Back in one very retired and thickly wooded spot, where there are forest trees besides pine; a sort of cemetery with a structure of boards is rude but interesting as a relic; a crudely carved idol upon one side. At the terminus of the board railway there are some picturesque crags of broken trap.

*Francis A. Chenoweth, who in 1850 settled with several friends on the north bank of the Columbia at the lower Cascades. Chenoweth was a man of parts and worth. He was speaker of the first legislature of Washington Territory, and later one of the territorial justices. In 1851, he and his associates built the first portage tramway at the Cascades, a frail affair consisting of wooden rails laid on planks, with an equipment of rolling stock totalling one small car and two mules. This primitive railway is remembered by many persons still living, whom it assisted to reach their future homes. Among these is Mr. Clarence B. Bagley, of Seattle, who came west with his parents in 1852. Mr. Bagley tells me that after their lares and penates had been carried over the four-mile tramway, the family travelled on down the river with Chenoweth in a scow which he operated for the conveyance of new settlers, who were then pouring into the lower Columbia Valley in great numbers.

The rail goes through thick woods to an open spot on a hill, where are the lodges of an Indian village filled with salmon, fresh and dry, decorating them with red tapestry. Indians lie about, hardly alive, their long black hair daubed in grease.

"Returning, I went back to the landing; and about 2 p. m., after a dispute with Sandy, who refused the boat to Mr. Chenoweth's Indians, we got them off in two boats. They shot the first rapid finely and we marched along. At Chenoweth's, I turned off to find a duck pond. After wandering a little in the pines, I came to the big black swampy pool; saw a few ducks, and fired once, but out of range. The chain of trap crags with broken precipitous fronts here on the right bank is grand. Our heavy boats had a hard tug up, but arrived at the railroad about 6:30, and we spent the night in Mr. Jones's house, a wild spot among the rocks. Salmon were plenty, and after supper we turned in on the floor. On account of the gorge of the mountain, the winds draw through uniformly up or down stream. There are about one hundred and fifty of the Cascade Indians. Slavery exists among them in an easy form.

"Wednesday May 11. — The transportation of anything is difficult here, but particularly of so much stuff as we were obliged to have. They commenced about nine o'clock on the railroad, and made five trips, a distance of one and one quarter miles. The railroad is a convenient but simple affair, a roadway of two boards with a square rail on each side. There was only one small car dragged by two mules and held back by one man.* We sent likewise two loads with ten oxen over the highway, which is bad. Just at this spot, you command a fine sweep down the river and the

*While we are with Winthrop at the Cascades, it is interesting to recall that out of the feeble tramway and Chenoweth's scow grew the great transportation system of the Columbia. Chenoweth and his friends, after the Indian wars in the Fifties, purchased two small steamboats. On the south side of the river, a rival company built a second tramway, also operating a steamer in connection with it. Competition continued until, in 1859, J. C. Ainsworth, then a steamboat captain, consolidated the two concerns into the Union Transportation

CAPTAIN SOM-KIN.
Chief of Indian Police, Umatilla Reservation.

rapid current. Mr. Jones's house is among the rocks and pines, rough and romantic. He came from Indiana last year. His wife does not like being so far away, but finds it healthy. We all walked over to the houses above the portage. Just at the swiftest part of the principal rapid the Indians were fishing on a rude platform or staging, such as I had seen below. One man stands out on a board across the swiftest part they can reach, just below a plunge, and with a dip net attached to a long pole thrusts it down as deep as he can, beginning up stream and pushing down. In the course of fifteen minutes we saw five large salmon caught, killed by a couple of hard raps over the noddle while they were entangled in the net, and taken ashore by sluggish fellows in waiting. The largest thus far may weigh fifty pounds. It is a simple but sure way of taking them. They save all possible parts and the huts were filled with dried, and drying ones, richly colored. Perhaps this exclusive fish diet is one thing that causes the race to dwindle. This vil-

Company, which was soon enlarged under the name Oregon Steam Navigation Company, to embrace all the steamboat interests from Celilo to Astoria, with property in boats and docks appraised at $172,500. No assessment was ever levied on the stockholders of this well-organized monoply, who within a few years divided more than $2,500,000 in profits, after expending a still larger sum from the proceeds in developing their property.

From this promising beginning, thanks to gold discoveries in Idaho and the rush of miners, cowboys and adventurers to the "Inland Empire," grew some celebrated western fortunes. Absorbing the tramways, the company built two portage railroads, one around the Cascades on the north bank of the Columbia, the other from The Dalles eastward around Celilo Falls; and in spite of some competition, reaped vast returns during the great era of steamboating. The river was alive with steamers, which seldom carried fewer than two hundred passengers, while receipts from passengers and freight often ran to fifteen or eighteen thousand dollars for a single trip between Celilo and the head of navigation on the Snake. From Portland to Lewiston the fare was $60, meals and berths extra. The journey was made in three steamers and over the two railways, and occupied three or four days.

The Oregon Navigation Company was bought in 1879 by Henry Villard and his associates for $5,000,000. The Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, organized by them, built a railway along the south bank, abandoning the famous portage road on the north side, the route of which is now traversed by the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway. See *Lyman: The Columbia River*, 237 ff.

lage was in a charming spot, with a little pond back of it; there were six or eight houses. Just as we were taking supper in the large upper room of the store Fitzwilliam arrived.

"Saturday, May 14.— We left camp at 5:45. Showery and blowing fresh. Arrived at the Dalles, 9 p. m.

Middle Blockhouse at the Cascades of the Columbia.
Built by Captain Henry C. Hodges in 1855.

Here the entries in the first memorandum book cease, owing to the writer's illness; and we have nothing further in the way of a diary until August, when Winthrop resumes his notes in a small buckskin-covered book, which he seems to have carried with him throughout the remainder of his stay in the West. Save for a break of eight days at Salt Lake, the notes in this volume are continuous till after he had passed the Rocky Mountains, on his way home. These notes were hastily written with a pencil, in a minute hand, and are now occasionally undecipherable. Often they are fragmentary,— mere scraps of information picked up from whites or Indians, bits of native lore, words from the different Indian languages, facts about the development of the country, prices of town lots in the new paper cities, and fragments of Chinook jargon.

Here we meet Hamitchou, the Nisqually medicine-man, and from him get an outline of the Hiaqua Myth, told at length in Chapter Seven of "The Canoe and The Saddle." Much other matter illuminating and supplementing the book is set down. The notes made on his homeward trip, between The Dalles and Salt Lake, vividly picture a portion of what was then called "the Great American Desert," but now, with railways and irrigation, is fast becoming rich and populous. Daily he meets caravans of immigrants, some of which are to traverse his recent route over the Naches Pass.

"Victoria, Vancouver Island, August 4, 1853:— A good motto from Martial: *Hominem pagina nostra sapit*,—'our page has a flavor of mankind.'

"Town lots of 66x132 feet sell at $50, and in undesirable location larger at same price. Seventy-seven town lots registered.

"Indians of the North — divide. Little difference between children of nature and slaves of civilization. Hamitchou told me he was hyas tyee of our crew, 'Mastou' and 'Unstou' or 'Hahal' (the handsome).* Hahal thinks that good men when they die go nobody knows where, and are happy; but the bad, disembodied, are forced to haunt their old abodes, and with the same appetites as during life. They prowl about camps, while others are asleep, stealing the fragrance of food. Each of these Indians has his *daimon*, guardian spirit, called 'tamanoüs'— one or more different animals, or objects in nature, trees, etc. A-Wy said salmon was his tamanoüs because it made him sick one evening.

"Chinook jargon contains many words of the Nootka Sound Indians, and probably existed before the Hudson's Bay Company. Vancouver found it already spoken. Wives are worth all along ten blankets, and then friends steal and resell the blankets. The old fellow's wife has gone off; now he wants his blankets back.†

*" 'Halhal' is probably the plural form of the Indian word for good, — meaning 'good-good,' or very good (either in looks or otherwise)." — *Dr. C. M. Buchanan.*

†East of the Cascades, the Indians were horsemen, and their wealth consisted chiefly of horses. But on the Sound, where horses were few,

"Dr. Tolmie told the Indians at Squally that I wanted to go up Mt. Rainier to see Tamanoüs (as Moses and other seers did). There was a peculiar kind of shell money which they say (Cook or) Vancouver brought to the country. A wise old man, who killed many elk, made a sort of pick of their horns and went to the top of a high mountain to find some of this money, which Tamanoüs gave him to understand was there. He arrived at the top and found a great lake with much otter, but giving no thought to these he set himself to digging this wampum or hiaqua. He dug twenty strings of it and started down the mountain, a rich man. (But riches take to themselves wings, etc.) On his way down, he was overtaken by a violent snow-storm, and was in danger of death. To propitiate the tamanoüs, angry, he threw away one string after the other (the Indian described this with action), but the storm did not abate until he had cast away the very last. He then returned sadder and wiser, sure that the tamanoüs of the mountain did not wish his hoards to be taken. Work up artistically.* The superior civilization and rum of the whites makes these mild savages their satellites. Mt. Rainier and some of the other snow peaks are called 'Tacoma' by the Indians.† A large body of water, as the Sound, is called 'Whulge'; its inhabitants, Whulgeamish. Our crew names: 1. 'Unstou' or 'Hahal'; 2. 'Mastou,' or La Hache; 3. Khaadza; 4. Snawhay-lal; 5. A-A-whun, short A-wy; 6. Ai-tu-so, a Haida; 7. Nackatzout, a Luckibo or wolf, Haida; 8. Paicks. Women:

the poorer siwashes counted their wealth by blankets. In each district, the price of wives was figured in the common medium of exchange. See pp. 205 and 260.

*It is thus apparent that Winthrop was planning a book about the West, when he wrote down this outline of the Hiaqua Myth, which he later "worked up artistically" in Chapter VII. of "Canoe and Saddle."

†Snowden's inference that Winthrop learned the Indian name for the mountain from his guide, Loolowcan, is evidently incorrect, as it here appears that he had heard the word in use among the Indians on the Sound, before he met the frowzy son of Owhi.

1. Tlai-whal; 2. Smoikit-um-whal (Smoikit meaning chief); Sudzilàimoot, term of reproach.

"Dual: Nitika, we two; Mitika, you two, Cascade language. Chillewhaletin is a chief's name; Skai-ki, the blue jay; Entoia, my love or true friend, Haida. Chillhailam, a dangerous savage chief. We camped on Whidbey's Island at Sch-itl-sch-itl or Burnt Elder Leaves. Kinslai, how d'ye do? Haida. Wow-we-allah, name of chief. Kut-kidd-mantz, Haida. Nikitz, not. Nikitz-aam, not good. Naas, long. Soolila, Cowalitsh for push on, make haste. Haida, general name for all the northern tribes.

"*Tribes on the west side of the Sound:* 1. Stichàsamish (at Olympia); 2. Lehawàmish; 3. Laughsnamish; 4. S'hotlemàmish; 5, S'homamish.

"*East side* (*Whulgeamish*): 1. Squallyamish; 2. Puyallopamish; 3. Pachnawàmish (or vulg. Dinsamish); 4. Sinahomish; 5. S'kywamish; 6. Snoqually meuwh; 7. Skagit (Whidbey); 8. Kikkyaloose; 9. Swlaguamish; 10. Nuatelamish; 11. Nooh-Lummie.*

"The Indians troll for salmon, fastening the line to the paddle. Near the point where we stopped, or Kowitchin village, Doctor vaccinated and got Kamas from Hahal's mother. We saw a regatta-like assemblage of canoes trolling for salmon.

"Dr. Tolmie's first legend.—Once upon a time there were five brothers, whose father was dead; four being fine grown men, the fifth younger. In some way they had excited the displeasure of a sorcerer, who determined upon revenge. Knowing that they were going seal fishing, he made a seal of cedar wood, enchanted it, and placed it upon a rock near where they would fish. The first brother threw his spear

*Dr. Buchanan has furnished me with the following, as being the now generally accepted forms for some of the tribal names at which Winthrop had to guess — phonetically: "4. Snohomish; 5. Skaywhahmpsh, or Skykomish; 6. Snoqualmie; 8. Kikiallis, at head of Camano Island, near Utsaladdy; 9. Stillaguamish; 10. Nook-whah-chah-mish, or upper Skagit (river).

into the seal without effect, the seal only diving and coming up. The second, third and fourth did the same. They at once saw that something was wrong, and on the seal running off with all their spears in it, they urged their younger brother to return home and take care of their mother, since, following this strange destiny, they might never see home again. The seal swam far, far away, towing the frail and leaky canoe. Waves and sea, monsters, terrible birds, storms, etc. At last, near a wild, unknown shore, the seal

SEATTLE IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES.

Founded in the year of Winthrop's visit to the Sound, Seattle is not mentioned by him. A little later Gov. Stevens suggested it as the terminus of the Pacific Railway.

disengaged itself, and hurrying away unhurt was lost to view. The brothers landed and dismally waited in terror for what the future might bring forth. Presently they saw a canoe approaching, with a little, old, dwarfish, deformed man in it, who had only one eye. As he came near the shore, he stopped his canoe and began diving. Each time he dived he brought up an enormous salmon. The hungry brothers, seeing so much good provender near, were anxious for a share; and while the old fellow was diving, they watched the chance and stole a fine salmon, which they began cook-

SIWASH BOATMEN OF WHULGE.

"No clipper that ever creaked and rumbled heavily along the ways, and rushed as if to drown itself in its new element, staggering under the intoxicating influence of a champagne bottle cracked on the rudder-post by a blushing priestess,—no such grand result of modern skill ever surpassed in mere model the canoe I had just chartered for my voyage to Squally. Here was a type of speed and grace to which the most untrammelled civilization has reverted, after cycles of junk, galleon and galliot building."

—*Chapter II.*

ing. As soon as the old chap perceived his loss, which he did at once, he lifted his forefinger to the horizon, and, beginning at the east, traced around until he came where the robbers were cooking this plunder. He then went to them and forced them by the same magic under whose dominion they still were to follow him to his village of similar dwarfs, where they were kept prisoners. A war soon arose between the birds and the dwarfs, and the birds darted their feathers at the dwarfs. After a bloody contest, the dwarfs were victorious but were unable to draw out the feathers from their wounds. The brothers performed for them this service, and in return a whale was despatched to carry them home. He went wallowing and dashing along, and they were rather astonished at this novel way of travelling. The power of the inimical sorcerer, however, was still against them; and soon the whale, under his influence, sank and left them in the water. Each brother was turned into a grampus, an animal which has ever since helped the Indians in their seal fishing, and is sacred among them.

"An Indian version of St. George and the Dragon.—There was a terrible monster breathing fire and flame which ravaged the whole country. He had his abode in pathless wilderness. A mighty tamanoüs man determined to sacrifice himself for his country. He marched to meet the dragon, provided with a bow and plenty of arrows. As he approached the lair of the beast, he planted these arrows at convenient distances apart in the ground; then, marching up, he discharged the first with no effect. The monster pursued him and received flying shots from each one of the arrows at its station. But the monster's hard hide resisted any such blows, and our medicine-man, using his tamanoüs power, was compelled to turn himself into a little fish, which the pursuing dragon at once swallowed. Our friend, not liking these close quarters, resumed his own shape and cut his way through, thus relieving the country of his adversary. The dragon's skin, when cut off, covered four prairies.

"Story of Mars and his Indian wife.— Once upon a time, Mars thought he would take unto himself a wife from among the children of men. Watching a time when the women were picking berries and had lain down to sleep, he stole the fair Tlaiwhal (or Plaiwhal). (Describe her and the despair of her lover.) She was surprised to find herself in another planet, and disposed to resist her celestial lover, who was, however, very much like men on earth, as was his abode like unto the earth. She waited awhile, and at last a child was born to her. One day Mars, being away, she searched about and found a trap door in the bottom, and saw her native village. It was far, far away. But there are no obstacles to the bold; so she made a rope of hazel-bush withes, and fastening it securely, let herself and her child down. Mars besought her to return, but, being unable to persuade her, he tore his hair, and there was a shower of shooting stars. He then determined to get the child, if not the mother; and called in the blue-jay, or Skaiki, as his ally. The child was in his cradle under the charge of his grandmother, a garrulous old dame; and the blue-jay, engaging her in conversation, took his chance and whipped out the boy, substituting for him a bit of rotten wood ('an image made of punk'). He then flew away with him to his father. In time, the boy became the Sun.

"A chief among the upper-country Indians was very generous and gave away blankets and other presents to the people. Whenever his supply ran out, he made a feast, at which a particular dish figured. Any one who dipped his hand into this dish, was forced to pay him a blanket.

"Start for Nooh Lummi, Sunday, Aug. (14?), at 10 a. m. Victoria Indians call the Olympian Mountains 'S'ngazanelf.' When I first saw Mr. Todd's place, with a glowing wheat field extending like a golden lawn down to the water, it gave a favorable first impression of the country.

"Talk of a gondola! It can bear no comparison either in form or motion with the canoe. Approach of Nooh Lummi

canoe, with fine looking man, wife and child. Our Indians, coming from Squally, tried to propitiate the wind by odd lures, pretending to give bits of meat, etc., and by backing water with paddles. North of Bellenna, we passed between point of Ninganit. After the rough crossing, rough it was, we fall upon a wild bold shore against which a grand roaring surf was beating. Purple rocks, pines rather poor, fire had swept the underwood — large arbutuses (madronas?). In a heavy surf Indians fishing for salmon. Passing through the strait, we open upon a bay sprinkled with small islands, and surrounded by good hills. Indian name of Mt. Baker is 'Kulshan.'* In the distance are the fine, misty mountains of Vancouver Island. Some of the small islands have the pines brushed up from their bare foreheads on the side toward the wind. We land, and get water in a beautiful spot. The noblest of arborvitæ cedars cast a deep, druidical shade over the little spring. Thick reeds and bushes. The Lummi songs are very fine. We put into a beautiful parallelogram of a rocky cove, with a spring near the water; rotten rocks, trees upon thick vegetation. We sail just at dark, leaving our fire gleaming over the bay. The birds have been driven away by our shots. The sea heaves gently up to the dark twilight. Some sleep, some paddle; occasionally the sail is hoisted. A few stars are seen through the clouds. At 11:30 we come to the flat at the mouth of the river, and disembark on a swampy bit, where two men have a log house and a fishing place. They answer our shots.

"Daylight, Monday, Aug. (15?), we start up the whitish-muddy river, which overflows its banks. Almost tropical vegetation borders the stream; above some fine timber.

*"'Kulshan' is a Lummi word indicating that the summit of the peak has been damaged, or blown off by an explosion ('just as if shot at the end,' as one Indian explained it). This word is used of other things damaged or supposed to be damaged in a similar manner, and it is not limited at all in its use to Mt. Baker. The term does not mean 'The Great White Watcher,' or 'The Shining One,' as commonly interpreted."— *Dr. C. M. Buchanan.*

Salmon frame, twenty nets across the stream. A double basket; one turns the fish back, the other catches him. Lodge padrone gives a salmon breakfast. Nook-sa-ak* tribe lives near Kulshan. A child in the Indian lodge found her way to my pocket; horrid papa took her off. Another one at Victoria was as pretty as a delicate Italian, so that I was tempted to throw myself at her feet and offer blankets for her heart and hand. It is always interesting to talk with these clear-headed, independent-judging men of the Indian outposts. General Todd says Mt. Baker was active in 1852, sending up flame and smoke for several days. There was an earthquake in October. The Indian women admired my red whiskers. I had to say that civilized young ladies do not share in this opinion.

"Sunday, Aug. 21.—Leave in Captain Howard's boat for Port Townsend, at 8 a. m.; a calm pull against tide. Afternoon clear. See Mts. Baker and Rainier. Encamp on Smith's Island. Two fires and moon rising, with a broad way over the water. A star near horizon looks like a comet. The bluff above Port Townsend is bold and fine, and the harbor capital. Horrid set of Indians, drunken and quarrelsome. After a great deal of difficulty and jealousy, I got a leaky canoe through the Duke of York, and started. He gave me some liquor for one of the Indians in the bow, which I threw out, and offended him so much that he wanted to turn back, and pretended to do so. The Klalam name of the Sound is 'K'u'K'lults.'

"Monday, Aug. 22.— Is the first day really clear, and as I go up the Sound with a fresh breeze and fair tide, the summits of Olympias are very fine in outline, the snowy ones just marked by a glitter. Several tops sprinkled with snow in the Cascades are visible; at sunrise these were noble.

"Tuesday, Aug. 23.— Indians are insufferably tedious, to a man in a hurry. Moonlight, starlight, and red dawn

*" 'Nook-sa-ak,'—'Nook' or 'Nooh,' the people belonging to 'Sa-ak,' which is the edible root of bracken or fern."— *Dr. C. M. Buchanan.*

splendid over the smooth waters. At sunset and sunrise, Olympias noble. Opening Puyallop Bay, Rainier was grand beyond words, a perfect ideal of a mountain; lifted a little by mist and towering above all the land and along the smooth water. Old Duke of York, or Chitsmash, has plenty of teapots, and two daguerreotypes of himself.

"Owh(eh)high is chief of the Klickatats, Loolowcan his son. Mr. Huggins's efficient aid hurried up matters nicely. Owhigh fine; he wore a shirt stained with red. The young Indians wore, broad beaded bands like an order. One was very handsome and very interesting, a Spokan. A fine set! Grand old fellow, Owhigh. These Indians impressed me by their thoughtful faces.

"Owhigh visits me again. Gravely smokes a pipe, and says, solemnly: 'My son has no shirt,' etc. Fugue by Spokan and others.

"Wednesday, August 24. — We started from the Fort about 3 p. m., and at 5:45 passed a fine lake, then over a fine but dry prairie, by another lake, and across a broad, dry plain.*

"At Montgomery's house (siwash 'Cumcumli'); we find him not at home. His squaw takes good care of us. My Indian boy is disheartened, but I bully and persuade him to go on.

"Thursday, August 25.—We start at 6:30 a. m., through open woods, by a trail down the steepest hillside, zigzag; come to the prairie valley of Puyallop; buy twenty potatoes

*The remarkable gravel prairie over which Winthrop traveled in this first afternoon's ride out from the Fort, and which impressed him so greatly by its beauty, as it still more impresses others who visit it in its present state, is a great outwash plain, built of glacial debris by the Nisqually and other rivers. Several hundred square miles in area, it is dotted with lakes that draw their water supply by subterranean streams from the near-by snow-peak, and it is now fast becoming forested with park-like groups and even groves of handsome young evergreens and oaks. Prior to Winthrop's time, however, the Indian practice of burning the prairie to promote the growth of grass for the deer had kept down the forest. When he saw it, sixty years ago, this plain was almost treeless, but deep in grass,— a range for the droves of cattle

at an Indian lodge; cross and recross the stream for some time. Rainier was very fine on leaving the Fort, and wherever openings in the forest gave a view. We cross a hill and come to Hayward's prairie, then by a bad road to Williamson and McConnell's place,— a fine spot with splendid grass; then through burnt woods, crossing the river, to a grassy prairie, where the view of Rainier is even grander. We stop to give our horses a bite at the foot of a pine hill, and go on to a clear stream to sleep. My Indian guide finds a cap, and we meet his brother. They have a jolly time.

"Friday, August 26.— Start early. Terrible pack up hill and down;* strike the road and follow, but lose it near the White River. Cross the river several times; pack gets wet. Magnificent woods — arborvitæ. These straight, branchless trees are like our (word undecipherable). The Indian trail is very bad, blocked with logs everywhere. The road is bad, but better. It is very pleasant to see white men's handiwork. Occasionally, in crossing the river, we had fine glimpses of splendid timbered hills.

"Kamaiakan is the first, and Tuaiash (or Tuaiuse) the ordinary, chief of the Klickatats.

which the Hudson's Bay Company's branch at Fort Nisqually bred and marketed.

The lakes which Winthrop mentions in the same paragraph were probably those we now call American and Spanaway, the largest of many beautiful forest-rimmed lakes within a few miles of Tacoma. The steep hillside which he descended was that of "McKinley Hill," on which the south part of the present city is built, overlooking the Puyallup Indian Reservation and the broad tide-level "prairie valley" which the Puyallup River has constructed at the head of Commencement Bay, the Tacoma harbor (Winthrop's "Puyallop Bay").

*The hills crossed in this Friday morning's ride were those between the present towns of Sumner and Buckley, and the "road" which Winthrop mentions was part of the clearing which the white settlers on the upper Sound had opened in 1850 toward the Naches Pass, and somewhat improved shortly before his visit. Here Winthrop finds it "bad," but preferable to the Indian trail, with its windfalls. Later in the day, as his afternoon entry shows, and as he has told us in Chapter V. of "Canoe and Saddle," he found it ending in the hopeless tangle and "slashings" of a first clearing through the forest, at the foot of the steep slope of several thousand feet leading to the pass.

"2 p. m.—Meet Hodges.* Evening; Loolowcan wants to turn off to the trail. I keep on the road, which ends about nightfall. No blazes to guide us. I see a fire, and come to the road-makers' camp; picturesque scene, among the lofty trees, by the rushing stream. In ancient times, these would have been robbers.

"Saturday, August 27.—The road ended, and we climbed by the trail up terribly steep hills, with the first grand view of Rainier, the summit of which, seen at this angle, is saddle-like, and perhaps smoking, with a huge cavity below.† The high buttresses of the snow-peak are covered with the profoundest forest that one can conceive.

"The splendid prairies on top of the pass are like a Swiss Alp after late snows. From here on, the road is very bad, — hardly well blazed,— with a steady descent, occasionally over little mountain grass prairies. I pick up an exhausted United States horse, fallen under a log. Encamp late on Sowee's prairie. I had shot four fine grouse, which were spoilt dried, Indian fashion, before the fire. Find water in a little swamp.

"Sunday, August 28.—Start at 5 a. m. Valley of the Nachchese becomes more open; fine grass, with scattered yellow pines; rather desolate. Sometimes the mountains

*Lieut. Henry C. Hodges, the "Lieut. H." of Chapter V. of "Canoe and Saddle."

†The saddle in the summit line, as Winthrop saw it, is the dip between North Peak ("Liberty Cap") and Crater Peak, the actual summit of the mountain. The "huge cavity" referred to is the vast *cirque* which Carbon Glacier has sculptured deep in the north side of the peak, — the largest mountain-side amphitheatre in the United States, south of Alaska, now occupied by a glacier. It is nearly three miles in width, and the face of the ice-stream lies more than a thousand feet below the bordering ridges. The glacier has cut so far back toward the heart of the snow-peak that its head-wall is now almost perpendicular,— a cliff a mile high, and far too steep to hold snow, over which avalanches fall daily from the summit ice-cap to the glacier below. Viewed from the alpine "parks" on either side of it, this glacier presents the most noteworthy spectacle in the entire circuit of the mountain, which embraces more than a score of great glaciers and the canyons they have cut through the high plateau that supports this noblest of extinct volcanoes. See the views from Pyramid Peak.

came very near, making a canyon of the valley; and we were then obliged to take to the hills. Early, came to a deep, cool, green pool in the river; water clear, differing from that of White River, on the west side, which was muddy white. Sometimes these hills become too steep for vegetation, and their slopes are rock slides, along which the terrible path leads among the wildest scenes imaginable, with gigantic, precipitous, ragged, burnt cliffs overhead. The rocks are of the richest red brown. The sky is brilliant. Minter starts up from under a bush.* Noon; horses eat pea-vines. McClellan rides up well. Descending the valley, the plains become broader, covered with fine bunch-grass. Just at evening, come upon Captain McClellan's camp, in a very wide plain. Now we ride fast, among hills that are great rolling masses without forest, and by the side of the river rushing over its rocks. Splendid immensity of landscape. It is an unfinished world, this; and when the next great convulsions come, who knows what places we shall take? The sun set clear, and the light of evening was grand over the broad view. A bear is seen by my guide, who follows. At 9:30, we encamp just on the river; sleep on the stones. The wind blows a gale. Picturesque fire; wild night.

"Monday, August 29.—The beautiful light of morning shows a bold crag opposite, broken and precipitous; the rushing stream is superb, and the country open. As we go on, in the fresh morning breeze, the hills retire, break into ranges. See a horse hobbled, my guide calls, and a shabby Indian in an old brown coat appears. The old rascal tries to persuade Loolowcan to go off with him, which, in the middle of the broad plain, no path to me known, he is very ready to do. At last, on condition of my engaging a horse at Weenas to bring him back, he comes on. We cross the range,† see American camp, and go to Indian lodge. Master asleep, his wives searching children's heads

*J. F. Minter, a civil engineer attached to the McClellan survey.
†The high, barren hills between the Naches and Wenas valleys.

for fleas and lice. The master has plenty of horses, but wants a fabulous price. Guide proves treacherous, and not disposed to go. At last, tired of talking, I determined to shift for myself, and started for the United States camp. Loolowcan demanded his pay. I refused. He rejoined: 'Wake nika memloose.' I found Mowry* in camp buying potatoes and salmon of Indians. Started alone for the priests'; lost my way, but met the same old Indian of the morning. He offered to put me on the road, when up came two boys I had been talking with, and consented to go for a dirty shirt I had on. Remarkable good luck, for with my tired horses, which I was with difficulty driving, I might not have arrived till night, if I had found the place at all. Another boy joined, and we cantered along over two ranges of hills, bare; across two broad valleys, recrossing the Nachchese lower down. At 5 p. m., arrived at the pretty spot on the Atinam where the priests have their little cabin and hut. My difficulties made known, they at once volunteer assistance, and send our boys in search of Camaiockkan. He was supposed to be near by, but messengers did not find him.

"Tuesday, August 30.—Next morning I despair but at the word, lo a savage in Lincoln green arrives, Camaiockkan himself; not so remarkable in appearance as Owhigh, and darker, but a more reliable face. His coat was made of the Hudson's Bay Company's fine green cloth, and put together all in patches. A few minutes put him *au courant de l'affaire*, and he sent off for one of his young men who had just returned from Wasco. The hospitality of the priests and a chat in French made the time pass pleasantly, malgré my anxiety. They told me of a man (perhaps a runaway soldier) who started across the mountains alone, on foot, without prog or ammunition. The Indians saw a white man's track in the trail, no horse, and were astonished. Hyas tamanoüs! They followed up and found him lying

†Lieut. Sylvester Mowry, Third Artillery, U. S. A., of the McClellan expedition.

in a state of extreme exhaustion. They asked: 'Where do you come from?' 'Walla Walah.' 'Where are you going?' —'Walla Walah.' etc., etc. Always the same reply; like the American who, in Paris, could answer nothing but Meurice's Hotel. Making nothing of him, they lifted him upon a horse — he could hardly sustain himself — and took him to the priests, who cared for him and despatched him to the Dalles.

"Presently arrives from a journey Ferdinand, known to the priest, and a very sociable, good sort of a fellow. He promises to go, if the other will not. The other not coming, the priest lent his mare to be taken to the village or camp, and left, if the guide consented to go with me; I giving him one of mine if not. Find no camp, and we leave the mare in a meadow and press on. First over a lofty, rough mountain, with rough, trap pebbles; then across long plains; fresh streams with bushy bottoms, some oak timber; tracks of bear, who had come down to inquire into the state of the acorn crop. Fine day, but very hot and horses tired. Afternoon, tremendous ascent, zigzag, and view over all the rough country behind; no distant mountains on account of smoke or mist. Then open country, with pines again, good road and fine grass. So along till nightfall, when lightning and thunder, settling into a mild drizzle and too dark to see the road except by the flashes. We guide steadily and unerringly on, with an occasional whistle between us. At 9:30, very dark, and in the woods. Ferdinand wanted to stop. We set a tree on fire. I would not unpack, but crouched under my horse blanket. It was dismal, dark, wet, and unpleasant very. I lay under a tree, or watched by the fire in hopes the weather would clear, and we could go on. But we could not until dawn, when our tree fell with a crash.

"Wednesday, August 31.— Dismally we started, and rode up and down in the rain, being as cold as possible. I rode as fast as the tired horse could go. Prairie hens rose. At last to open country again,— a great real prairie,

INDIAN TEEPEE VILLAGE.

On the Umatilla Reservation, east of Pendleton, Oregon. These Indians own large areas of allotted lands but prefer to rent their farms and live a semi-savage life in tents.

with the high mountains in the distance. A band of Indian horses and an Indian tearing along to lasso one; picturesque sight. The plain seemed endless. At last we reach the last mountain and over the crest see the Dalles, far off. Down the steep mountain to the wildest and most striking cliffs yet seen, and marking the formation much more than anything on the other side, and worth the journey to see. We came down by a chasm to the borders of the river and rode on to the lower ferry, where there was no boat. My patience was nearly exhausted and I rode back to opposite the town where I fired and hailed. Two Indians came in a canoe, and the tired horses swam across. Hurrah!!! Seventh day of my journey, and the thirty-first of August.

"Much of the country passed through at the end of the trip would be highly suitable for cattle; the numerous fine streams all have small fertile bottoms for cultivation. The Yakimah Indians are a large tribe, Clickatat a small branch of same family. The Yakimah language is regular. Frères D'Herbomez and Pandosy do not think they are accomplishing much in training the Indians. Owhigh and his band are famous for horse stealing, and two of mine are probably stolen horses. He is a sort of Romulus, and all the evil-disposed come to him.

"Dalles looked familiar, except for two new houses and more tents. River low. Odgen, McKinley (or McHenry), and Brent here. Saw Plummer at once, and made my arrangements. Sammis (?) lent me a horse as far as Olney's,* and thence I was to have one to the Agency, where their horses are very bad. My saddle and other things complete. Sell my gun to Montgomery for $40. Draw $300, and we get away on Thursday, September 1, at 2 p. m., for Salt Lake; pass two or three emigrant wagons. Plummer entertains me with an odd recital of his adventures. At Olney's we find a large number of emigrants with cattle,

*Nathan Olney, interpreter and Indian agent, living near The Dalles, who later came into great prominence during the Indian wars.

etc. White tents picturesque sight with the train winding down the long hill. Find Nathan Olney a fine fellow. Rough set the emigrants, of which more hereafter. Beautiful evening. They play poker all night, while I go up to sleep.

"Friday, September 2.— Emigrants begin to get under way about seven. The people are a rough, slangy set. We don't start on account of rain. Many have friends who have gone out to meet them. A man comes to sell a fiddle. A tremendously tall fellow, who has walked nearly the whole way, came in to hire a horse for the last ten miles, and is laughed at. They all come from some out-of-the-way place in Missouri. Indian tamanoüs manifestations like our spiritual rappings; a few are faithful, some laugh and deceive. Fandangoes; some sensual dances are found among all nations; ours the ballet. After the people had slept off the effects of the night, we got horses. Mr. Olney was so kind as to provide me and make no charge, and we started about 5 p. m. We met a few wagons on the long hill; looking over the country, the whole face appeared to be covered with small mounds like those at Dalles. We come down upon the Columbia again, its valley the very type of desolation in the angry-looking evening. The Falls* are a slide down a ledge of trap rocks, and are confined to a very narrow channel; above extends the same open country and bare crags. The Deschutes is a rapid stream. Stake our horses, and sleep at the ferry house, having made five miles, fifteen in two days. A pleasant man Olney has given me, but I am very sore from Newell's horse. So ends.

"Saturday, September 3.— Trouble in finding horses. Start at 9, in drizzling rain. The poncho of my blanket shows the advantage of being beforehand. In about six miles we leave the Columbia and turn up among the bare, rolling hills, up and down, with a bleak view rendered doubly so by the chilly day. No green thing in sight,— nothing but the autumnal hue of the broad view. From time to

*Celilo Falls of the Columbia.

BLOCKHOUSE AND PORTAGE RAILROAD AT THE CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA.

This blockhouse was erected by Captain H. C. Hodges in 1855, at the middle Cascade, and successfully resisted an Indian siege in the following spring. The railway served for many years to transfer freight from boats [illegible] to boats above.

time we passed trains, all looking more or less done up, but plodding on in hope soon of reaching the promised land. Names on wagons; foot travellers. At two p. m. we found a large train from Mississippi stopped on a hill top, and we got some bread and molasses of them. They were keeping jolly in the rain and cold. Paid 50 cents. Women travel, and even children, fresh and jolly. Little child with yellow mane looking out of the side of a wagon. Men rough and thin, with rough beards, some half shorn, but few really grown.* We then galloped steadily on, and at 3:20 reached John Day's River, twenty-six miles down a long, rough, rocky hill. It is quite a stream, clear and rapid, with a little brush wood in the bottom. Several trading posts and camps give life to the scene as we look down from a very steep hill which may be avoided by longer road to the right. We kept our steady lope, but above the rain was harder and had been; hence on arriving at the flat above the spring, six miles, the road proved very heavy and continued so. On, over the lonely land; stop at two large emigrant camps. They do not want to keep us. Night comes, but we hurry along, and down a hill see lights in the valley of Willow Creek. Pass on to Webster's camp, and get supper; go to Tompkins' and chat with men and women. Coarse but genuine Webster appears to be, and hospitable. The general impression I get is that the emigrants are not so good a sort of people as the more liberal Oregonians. The emigrants come out with their homespun notions of economy,

* Snowden gives some interesting figures that suggest the great volume of overland migration at this period, though not for the year of Winthrop's trip. He quotes the count made at Fort Kearney, on the Platte River. At this fort, which was on the main route to the Rockies, the record for the year 1852, up to July 14, was 18,856 men, 4,270 women, and 5,590 children. "Among them were four men with wheelbarrows, several with pushcarts, while a few others carried all their worldly possessions, including pick and shovel, on their shoulders. There was probably an equal number passing on the north bank of the Platte, who could not be seen from the fort, and still other thousands were coming by sea, around Cape Horn, and by way of the isthmus. Most of these were undoubtedly going to California, but part of them would come to Oregon."— *History of Washington*, III., 152.

which they can not honestly carry out, and often try to, dishonestly. Men some time in Oregon or California, get a look of up-to-snuff, which these new arrivals have not. We got fresh beef at Webster's. It clears during the night.

"Sunday, September 4.— A splendid morning when I wake. P. is just off after the horses, which he does not find till late. We got away at 9. More trains to-day,— trains of twelve wagons. This is a fine day and warm. Mt. Adams and Mt. Hood are on the horizon, old friends to bid adieu to. The landscape is limitless, like the sea. A boy asks if I am just from Oregon. Some remark on our fast riding. A man asks, 'You from Oregon?' 'Yes.' 'Do you know Adams?' Children trudging along after the wagons; women, sometimes on horseback, help drive. See a great pair of booted lubberly legs sticking out of wagon behind. Some of these people are perfectly black with dust. We ride fast. My legs are horribly chafed from the wet ride on other side, and I am obliged to bear against the stirrups. Butter Creek running fast in spots, and dry in others. Meet Captain Thompson; arrange for Olney's horse, which has brought me admirably, and on to Agency over a great plain of the Umatillah. Find Williams in the little frame house of the Agency. Supper. Buy a hide lariat for $5. Cross the river here at a perfectly dry sink, and on by dark to camp at Collins', with whom I turn in and get a good sleep.

"Monday, September 5.— The horses could not be found, and additional are required for me; the men were despatched off in search. All day occupied in this. Emigrants coming in all day. I washed a shirt, etc., and bathed in the Umatillah; not too cold. Horses come in. At sunset we just see Mt. Hood and Mt. Adams. Sugar, 50 cents a pound. Flour, 50 cents. Liquor, $2 a pint. Indians admire my hat ribbons.

"Tuesday, September 6.— More horses to be found. We delay and get packs, etc.,— rather make-shiftings — ready, and start at eleven. Long level reach of 16 miles; 827

wagons this morning at the Agency. Come to Mr. McKay's, a fine fellow. He makes me a whip lash. Brook Owens, a very handsome man from Flathead country, hospitably disposed, and a nice spot on the Umatillah. Turner rides in with Olney's saddle. I give him $25 and mine, he entirely refusing to give up the stolen goods. I am all right with my new rig, and ride off gaily. We follow up in the vale of the stream, still passing trains. A man who has been foolish enough to shave has his lips all cracked, as do others. Camp on open hillside. Hobble horses and cook supper. Whole distance for the day, twenty-four miles. Have passed one hundred wagons, total nine hundred and twenty-seven.

"Wednesday, Sept. 7.—Night perfectly beautiful and clear. Got up at dawn, 4:20. Deliciously cool, not cold. Start at 6:40. Leave Umatillah and in six miles come to the base of the Blue Mountains, bare and smooth. Capital road up first stretch, through open pine timber. Morning, passed forty-one wagons and many persons on foot and horseback. P. M., sixteen miles down a steep hill to Grande Ronde River, rapid and clear. Large number of emigrant white wagons and groups of cattle make a picturesque scene. Up a very steep hill road to the left. Good grass on the highlands. I take the lead, and we travel fast. As evening comes, beautiful blues and purples come over the mountains, and the pines grow deeper in color. Dust around the train glows golden. (Elisha said of the bare stretch beyond McKay's: 'The man who made this country forgot the timber and water. He either forgot it, or it was d—d carelessness.') Down a long hill, and up another; and come in sight of the Grande Ronde Valley. In the cool of evening, with the soft light of the setting sun over the broad yellow plain, it looks like a great dry lake, or a vast crater bed; and the hills around might once have been the walls of a volcano, a particularly steep mountain to the left, dominant over the whole, with a crag at the top. The course

of Grande Ronde River is traced out by a narrow belt of small timber. It is a beautiful sight. There is, however, no picturesqueness in these broad views. This is an admirable spot for colonization; fine grass and water, timber distant on hillsides. To the eye, the valley appears six miles wide, eighteen long. Very little snow in winter but for weak settlers there might be trouble with Indians. The Cayuse make their headquarters here and some Nez Perces. We meet a good many, and a large band of horses.

SHE-CA-YAH; a Cayuse Chief.

Descending to the Grande Ronde, down the long, steep hill, we find sixteen wagons encamped. We camp after sunset, 6:30, a little apart. Dark comes, and it is a little trouble to manage. Whole distance for the day forty-seven and one-half miles. Wagons to-day, one hundred; total, one thousand and twenty-seven.

"Thursday, Sept. 8.— Fine night and capital sleep; morning just cool enough to make one lively. Off at seven, and ride hard, round close to hills on right, over perfect level with fine grass all the way. Stop at White and Gee's camp; I get a capital dinner of beef, cooked to a turn; also

THE DALLES, OREGON, IN 1865.

The town was then an important stopping point for "emigrants," as well as the center of a large trade. On the hill in its rear is seen the United States Army Post, and in the distance beyond rises Mount Hood.

coffee. Several Indians come. Gee has bought fifty cattle at $20. Leave at 11:20, and keep along on highland with good grass and many little springs and streams; then over level highland, with distant Snake River peaks on the left, scant of snow, and the high, bold Blue Mountains on the right, to a branch of Powder River; and then seventeen miles to Powder River, rapid and clear. Digger Indians, with large fresh salmon, look very wild. Toward evening we make a long gallop over the plain, and then through high grass in search of McGillivray's camp. When we arrive at 5:30, in all forty-one miles, we find people camped, twenty wagons, or for the day sixty-three. A fine sunset over the mountains. Sup with the camp and chat with the emigrants. Total wagons to date, 1090. Total distance from Dalles, 235 miles. Powder River slough furnishes good grass and water.

"Friday, Sept. 9.—Beautiful night and sunrise lovely over the mountains. We start at 6:30, over a long sage-brush moor with bare hills to the right, and Snake River Mountains, very like Cairngorm, to the left. The country has the general look of the barren part of Scotland. Jake and I search for camp and prepare dinner, 12:30; 30 long miles and 60 wagons. Camp by a rapid of Burnt River, in cotton-wood, with good grass. I should have thought our plainsmen the slangiest people in the world if I had not heard young Oxford and the Boulevard flaneurs. Our Pacific language is crisped by Spanish. Long noon, and start at 3:10. Showers in distance, and fine clouds. Among the high bare mountains of Burnt River. We cross the stream several times, and at sunset turn off up a little creek and camp. Afternoon, kill a rattlesnake. I am quite sick and wretched. Capital water but little grass. The mountains are like great waves of the sea, overhead, just touched by rising sun.

"Saturday, 10.—Cool morning and fresh wind. We start at 7, and down the valley, crossing the river several times

in 10 miles; come to a poor brackish spring, then to miserable, barren, sage-moor country, and shocking dust. I am feeling miserable, and have eaten no breakfast. At 11:15, come to nice cool spring and a little grass. We have had a sight of Snake River valley, bare of vegetation. At 5:45 camp upon Malheur River. Little spring upon the brink; little grass and no wood. Sheep come in. We camp with

HAL-HAL-TLOS-SOT: THE LAWYER.
Head Chief of the Nez Perces; a wise and trustworthy friend to the whites.

people who are behindhand and somewhat discouraged. They cook for us. Sheep make a row all night. I am sick; the spring was the cause. The air all day has been tainted with dead cattle. I ride a big cream horse; call him Omnibus, a lumbering beast.

"Sunday, Sept. 11.—Leave Malheur camp at 7, and ride over desolate moors of sage to Snake River and Fort Boise; fifteen miles without water or grass. The river is 1,200 or 1,500 feet wide; the horses swim and we ferry. Train of

emigrants arrive and cross rather kla-hyam (good-bye). Ferriage, $5. Large band of Nez Perces; not very fine, nor are their horses. Fort Boise was washed away this spring, and they are building a new one out of the old adobes. The old Fort in ruins is like a low shed; serves for a trade shop. The river banks are low, and above scantily wooded. We stop all day with McIntosh. I am better for the rest, but very sick. The emigrants stop on the other side of the river, and fiddle. Indians come and go.

"Monday, Sept. 12.— Ride over barren, flat sage moors till we strike Boise River. Ford the river. A Shoshone, fine-looking Indian, joins us. Total, thirty-five miles. Night very fine. The fires on the mountains run about like squadrons of an army.

"Tuesday, Sept. 13.— Am still wretchedly ill. Thin young Indians bring in salmon and suckers. Snake River all along is cotton-wooded, and there are pretty good grass hills on the right banks; a broad sage moor is on the left bank. Camp in sand on bank — fifteen miles. After dinner, cross the river, over the hills to the north; keep on our way over rough hills, with groups of rock that might be picturesque if they were less desolate. The famous short trip of the boys, Jake and Elisha, was made in thirteen days from the Agency to Salt Lake City. Late, we come to little stream issuing from marshy hillside. Threatening weather. I am very sick. Eat half a square inch of bread, and am desperate. Fire of wagon boxes.

"Wednesday, Sept. 14.— Only sprinkling of rain in night. Late start — hot day — ride under range of craggy trap hills; 15 miles to a fine stream. Meet 4 wagons; get a little laudanum and a cholera powder, with some saleratus and dried apples. An old fellow talks in a way that would frighten timid man. One mile beyond, we camp, up the hill by a grand gushing spring; capital water and a little grass. Make good bread. I feel a little better. Twenty-three miles — start at 2:20 p. m. Meet an Indian driving 3 oxen,

which we claim and take. Camp on fine stream, with plenty of grass to right of road. Feel better. Forty-three miles.

"Thursday, Sept. 15.—Still a little better; 25 drops laudanum. Good start; leave road and take trail. In six miles, strike Snake River. Deep, with flat banks,— nothing but bushes. All the country for last three days has been desperately desert, with only a few sage fowl. We leave the cattle with an Indian. Get dry salmon, and camp on the river, 17 miles, on a spot with a little grass. P. M., start and ride steadily, leaving river. Always over sage and desolate country, up and down by trail; at last strike old wagon road near a crossing. Just at sunset come down upon a gushing stream. Moonrise just as we camp; wild night and showers. Feel a little better. Thirty-seven miles.

"Friday, Sept. 16.—Morning lowering; always some anxiety about horses. Indians, seven or eight, bring salmon and otter skin. I give a shirt for a salmon, having no powder. We start late and ride four miles to the river. Indians on other side, after long bother, bring over a ferry boat and we cross, sending boy over with horses. Give Indians flour. Very bare country. River flows through a depression in the surface about 250 feet deep, a rift in the trap. We ride till near eight and come down to Rock Creek. Total for the day, 41 miles.

"Saturday, Sept. 17.—Rainy when we get up and make breakfast, but with good appetites we are reasonably jolly. Ride in drizzling rain, with hills in sight on the right. Noon, weather partially clears; windy and showers. My seat is very painful, but far less than other trouble. Leave camp and ride fast. Weather clears; strong wind. Cross sage moors, and strike Snake River, which still runs in a canyon. No river can be seen at short distance. Total for day, 46 miles. Sun sets clear and cold. Wake up several times. Moon splendidly brilliant, but almost too cold to look out of blankets.

"Sunday, Sept. 18.—Dawn cold and clear; ice in coffee

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THE DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA.

"The great River, a mile wide not far above, gradually draws its sides closer and subdivides into three mere slits in the sharp-edged rock, each chasm hardly wider than a leap a hunted fiend might take."

pot; hearty breakfast and splendid, bracing air. Come to Snake River again. Mountains to the north all covered with snow, and Goose Creek hills sprinkled. Very pleasant warm nooning, and feel better. Ride till after sunset, and camp just as moon rises. Sunset was glorious, with clear, broad light over the great level stretch. All jolly, and horses travelling well. Total, 41 miles. We are just below the ford of Snake River, and on the bank. Tomorrow, Fort Hall.

"Monday, Sept. 19.—Poor grass for horses. Morning cold but very clear and fine. Along the river the country improves. A little less sage and more hills with bunch-grass. Noon on the river. I am very sore; take a bath. The day is splendid; warm sun but bracing air. At last the valley of the Snake opens wide, with cotton-wood bottoms, and a small brown spot appears in distance. We ride fast; descend hill and ford deep Portneuf, then a branch of same, and over a long grassy meadow to the old adobe fort. I can remember this without description. The view from the balcony was glorious in its style, this splendid evening, with broad stretch of glowing sunlight, Italian or Greek radiance in the air, the blue peaks in the northwest, and blue hills in south. We were hospitably received, but in the absence of Mr. Mc A. did not get so much information. Captain Grant in charge. Feeling well, and take a long nap; but blankets on floor are not so soft as on mother earth.

"Tuesday, Sept. 20.—Elisha goes after prog, and Jake after horses. I loaf. Indians drying haws, and making them into mashed cakes. Get dinner, and about 1 p. m. ride fast. Again ford the Portneuf; across sage moor and up valley of Bannack. A perfect day, but very warm.

"Wednesday, Sept. 21.—Rise with dawn. Mule has strayed, but still we get a good start. Leave road, and up the Bannack between bare hills and over grassy bottom. Ride very fast. Three antelope take a look at us and depart.

Thirty-five miles this morning. Afternoon, ride fast down the valley, which opens wider into an extensive basin surrounded by high bare hills, sprinkled, however, with shrubby trees. Grass good. Camp just at sunset. Day's total, 60 miles of fast and hard riding. This broad valley, with its sharp outline of hill frame, forms a striking scene as the sun goes down and purples the hills; each cutting bold and bare against the clear, glowing sky. Quite as striking is the expanse of the landscape when moonlit. The night is clear and glorious. Some fears of Indians. Today, 'pose Mormons.

"Thursday, Sept. 22. — My birthday, and a most propitious morning, brilliant as have been all for some days. I wake and call the boys about dawn, help cook and we start with good spines. The valley continues as before; small swelling ridges seem to divide it into basins. Fine hills for sheep range on the left, then some steeper wooded. In the clear air the higher mountains in the distance are very distinct and near. Ride steadier and faster than ever. Warm; horses still fresh. Noon across Bear River, 26 miles. Jake tells story of man eating off his knee who would not take a thousand dollars for his table. These passes of our mountains are not like the awful chasm of the Naches. We go on directly under the mountains, which are high here and bold, and light-colored masses. Join California mail, and on with eighteen animals, jolly, over good road with occasional bit of stone. The valley improves, and first house or hut appears, with crop of corn just in. Streams from the hills cross the road at intervals. At one we find a Dutchman's house, and get a feast of watermelons and muskmelons. Head of Apicius! what a banquet! Some nice green spots on the hillside; only shrubs along the stream. The settlement is a collection of stick huts plastered with mud, built for protection from Indians like a fort in a parallelogram; it looks worse than a mean Spanish town, but they have plenty of cattle and hay and full bins. Flour, $6.00.

We have at table, beets, corn and potatoes. The village is on the rising ground below the hills — two terraces on the mountain-side.

"Friday, Sept. 23.— The active young women bustle about and give us a capital breakfast. There is a little more freedom in talk than there would be out of the Mormon ilihee. We start, seven men strong, about ten o'clock, and ride along the base of the mountains. Stop to dine near Willow Creek Fort, and get a good meal,— tomatoes, steak, and a fathomless boiled pudding. At Willow Creek is a scattering fort (so called). Watermelons and no pay. Fine cattle; valley widens; across a broad plain, with more watermelons, to fort of Ogden; cross river and come to a village with adobes of better style than we have seen. The afternoon has been splendid, and the fine, craggy mountains very bold. They appear to be feldspathic granite, and assume picturesque forms. The boys stop for supper while the California mail goes on. We get not much of a supper at Earle's. Girl drinks toast to 'Lishe': 'Two pretty wives!' No young men appear among the Mormons, who seem thus far to be just what Jake said, 'the scrubs of the states.' Ogden is a pleasant-looking place, and the adobes give it the appearance of an old town. They are mostly cottages, but a few are two story. Just at dark we start again and take the mountain road. Fine night, but my very bad condition makes me melancholy by discomfort. We stray a little, and at last a light appearing make for it. 'Lishe' gets separated from the party. We hail, and a man responds, who guides us to the settlement of Weber. Here we stop with a down-easter, a Maine man who drove his team to Nauvoo after conversion. He remembers New England with regret, and I imagine is not profoundly Mormon. He has only one wife, active, but bad-tempered, and scolds her badly-managed children. We get away early in the morning, and riding along under the hills soon see the Great Salt Lake, brilliantly blue and beautiful

under the morning sun, the bare shores and mountain islands remind of the Mediterranean.

"Saturday, Sept. 24.— Pass a group of hot sulphurous wells. At every step is a fresh stream gushing from the hillside; up the steep ascents go the difficult roads of the wood-cutters. The frosts have just tinged the bushes high up with red, and they contrast brilliantly with the green. Soon we come down to the level of the lake, and strike a fine country, with closer settlements and good adobes. It presents the appearance not of a new, but of an old agricultural country in decay, the want of timber preventing good fencing and neat houses. See some English people, many Welsh, and a few Germans; but foreigners are naturally not so easily reached by the doctrine. There is a look of rustic prosperity, however, and good adobe cottages are replacing the mud and stick structures of their recent yore. But the population is strictly a peasantry. Leaving this fine country, we ride still very fast on the gallop over a gravelly reach, and come to a hill where a hot, salt, sulphurous spring gushes out, and the whole air is filled with a vapor from it.

"Turning this hill we come in sight of higher mountains backing the great stretch of buildings which makes the city of the Great Salt Lake. The first view of the city is astonishing; indeed, it seems as large as a metropolis. The system of laying out large lots, each one and a quarter acres, spreads the town far in every direction, and the streets, which are laid out as broad as avenues, increase this extent. We entered by one of these, which is lined with young cotton-wood trees. A fresh stream of water flows through many streets. The houses have a little shrubbery and young fruit trees about them. All are adobes. The town is laid out in squares of ten acres. Each square contains only eight lots. The lots of the alternate blocks face on different streets. The Indian title not being extinguished in the country, no land can be sold; but it has been occupied by settlers, without authority from the United States, each

BLUE MOUNTAINS OF CENTRAL OREGON.
View from the Powder River Valley.

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

settler paying for the survey of as much land as he could occupy. The town seemed very bustling. There is a general Methodistical air about the people. There was a glorious sunset through clouds down upon the west ridge. The great sweep of the valley is westward, and now the sun makes a noble horizon."

Of the week which Winthrop spent at Salt Lake City the Journal unfortunately tells us nothing more. Had he completed the manuscript of "Canoe and Saddle," this portion of his overland trip might have been related more fully. In its last chapter, he mentions briefly his meeting with Brigham Young, the great head of Mormonism, whom he found to be "a man of very considerable power, practical sense, and administrative ability." A report of that interview would have made good reading.

In "John Brent," Winthrop intimates that his time at Salt Lake was largely devoted to obtaining the rest of which his exhausting trip from the Columbia had undoubtedly left him in need. Resuming his eastward march on October 2, in company with the California mail, he returned to his daily record; and from this time until his arrival at Fort Laramie, the brief entries give us glimpses of the country and people described in the novel. Many of the immigrant caravans which he meets are made up of recruits for the Mormon Church, and his notes about these converts are not more favorable than his description in 'John Brent," where he says:

"In the full, ripe October, with its golden, slumberous air, we rode through the bare defiles of the Wasatch Mountains, wall of Utah on the east. We passed Echo Canyon and the other straight gates and rough ways through which the Later-Day Saints win an entrance to their Sion. We met them in throngs, hard at work at such winning. The summer emigration of Mormons was beginning to come in. No one would have admitted their claim to saintship from their appearance. If they had no better passport than their garb, 'Avaunt! *Procul este profani!*' would have cried any trustworthy janitor of Sion. Saints, if I know them, are clean,— are not ragged, are not even patched. Their garments renew themselves, shed rain like mackintosh, repel dust, sweeten unsavoriness. These sham saints needed unlimited scouring, persons and raiment. We passed them, when we could, to windward. Poor creatures! We shall see more of their kindred anon."

That Winthrop's account of the Mormon recruits as "sham saints" did many of them little injustice is made clear by the testimony of no less an authority than Brigham Young himself. Complaining that assisted immigrants failed to repay advances made to them, Young said, in 1855: "And what will they do when they get here? Steal our

wagons, and go off with them to Canada; and try to steal the bake-kettles, frying-pans, tents, and wagon-covers. They will borrow the oxen and run away with them, if you do not watch them closely Do they all do this? No, but many of them will try to do it." And again: "What previous characters some of you had in Wales, in England, in Scotland, and perhaps in Ireland! Do not be scared if it is proven in the Bishop's court that you did steal the poles from your neighbor's garden fence." In an address in Salt Lake City, September, 1856, J. M. Grant declared: "You can scarcely find a place in this city that is not full of filth and abominations."

The Mormon campaign in Europe was then at its height. In 1853, says Linn, 2,456 converts, recruited from a membership of 30,747 Mormons in the United Kingdom, left British ports bound for Utah. During the fourteen years prior to 1851, according to the report of the General Conference for that year, more than 50,000 converts were baptized in England, of whom nearly 17,000 had "migrated from her shores to Zion."*

We continue with Winthrop:

"Sunday, October 2.— At 11:30, started on a little roan pony, two Californians packing. The city spread out in the distance, with a glimpse of the Lake. Up the bench, and enter the canyon, a real defile through the mountains. Some bushes still green and bright in color; a perfectly glorious day, hardly too warm. I am in tip-top spirits. Up a very high hill, and down. Camp; no grass, but wood and best of water. Splendid evening, and a jolly camp. Fourteen miles.

"Monday, October 3.— Sharp frost, and cold night; not much sleep Charley calls at 2 a. m.; up at daylight; capital morning; good appetite, and start at 6:45. Up the mountain, very steep, with view back upon the bare mountains, and a glimpse of the Salt Lake Valley. Then down a descent longer and more gradual, with small timber; leaves changed by frost, and the scene rather good. Meet trains, mostly of English and Welsh, with plenty of women. Sam Caldwell appears. Noon by spring. Some green English people come up at 2 o'clock. Four miles to the Weber;

*Linn: *Story of the Mormons*, 253, 416, 442.

the valley becomes more picturesque. Cross hill and down to a valley where the road becomes level. Travel very fast under the bare hills to the left; the bottom, with scanty cotton-wood, is like Boisé River. Remarkable groups of worn rocks, like the ruins of a house, set on a hillside. Soon begin red bluffs, and we turn to the left, sharply up Echo Creek canyon. The red bluffs of conglomerate, with some oölite, are very striking; they jut out precipitous, with gullies between. The highest is about 600 feet, with scanty cedar bushes on top and side. Some are actually like a wall of bright red brick. I turn off from the road by a trail close under the bluffs, very grand; a red light cast over the scene by the setting sun. On up the valley the bluffs become lower. Just at sunset, we came to a little bench. The evening is again glorious, and not so cold. Hearty supper; feeling well and in good spirits.

"Tuesday, October 4.— Trumpet at 4:15. A jolly crowd always. The long-haired packer is a type; Caldwell ditto. On beef, bread and coffee, I am well and hearty. Ride fast up the canyon, and meet a large train of Kinkead's; wagons with 4,000 lbs., drawn by 8 and 10 oxen. Freight is 10 to 15 cents a pound. Pass large train of Britishers, who look comfortable, the women walking. All are surprised at my attire. One says: 'You must be going to be married, with so many colors.' They have the air of decayed ladies' maids, with the atrocious dresses that I had wondered at in their mistresses across the water. I give a yell and rush through. Again a great caravanserai of a camp, and all press around curiously. Up long hill, and camp at capital small well spring, with good feed. The look of the whole country is much better than the Snake River; little sage, and no dust of moment. Pinto did a nice twenty-two miles this morning. Started at 1 p. m.; up a hill, and have view of distant ridge, snowy, fresh; then down a steep descent and over a splendid road. Always plain; not a tree. Cross Bear River, very clear and fine, nearly belly deep.

After crossing, wind among hills, always keeping up pretty good speed, and up high hill to camp by a deep spring at 5 o'clock.

"Wednesday, October 5.— Up early to warm. Horses gone; we all go in search. Off at 10:30, with Sam Caldwell, and come down to Delaware Camp. Then meet wagons and plenty of cattle. We ride very fast for an hour, up and down. See an antelope. Come in sight of Bridger* bottom. Find detachment of valley troops. A larger camp of Britishers come in and form a big corral. They look in good trim, and except the matter-of-course grumbling, seem in pretty good spirits. The women have a look of shabby gentility, very different from the homespun of Pike County. They come generally from the Midland counties of England, and number 500 emigrants. In the evening, Sam, 'maintain man,' gets up a dance, and they have a jolly time. There is one very pretty little girl. Hanks dresses up as Old King Cole. The waltzing keeps up till late.

"Thursday, October 6.— Capital morning. Cummins, the captain of the squad, calls in our camp, and makes a speech; singular mixture of good sense, boasting and fanaticism. Calls Walker 'Brother Walker;' stirred up by the Almighty to revenge their not taking care of themselves, and to punish if tithes are not paid. Horses gone, and we do not start till 12. Cross Black's Fork. Camp by Haines Fork at 8:30; 31½ miles.

"Friday, October 7.— Start early. Shoot at a coyote. Ride with no water to Green River. Cross at 12:40, Pilot

*Col. James Bridger, a celebrated frontier character, who discovered the Great Salt Lake in 1824, had built a "fort" or trading post on the Green River. Orson Pratt, one of the Mormon leaders, describes this fort as made up of "two adjoining log houses, dirt roofs, and a small picket yard of logs set in the ground, and about eight feet high."

Bridger had been an old hunter, trapper, and by and by that forlorn hope of civilization, the holder of an Indian trading post. It was there that that miserable bungle of an administration more fool, if possible, than knave,— the Mormon Expedition in 1858,— took refuge. — *Winthrop: John Brent,* 360.

IMMIGRANT TRAIN OF "PRAIRIE SCHOONERS."

This reproduction of an old print recalls the great westbound tide that set in with the opening of the "Oregon Country" and the discovery of gold in California. On his homeward trip, as the Journal shows, Winthrop daily met hundreds of these wagons, the first "Pullmans" of transcontinental travel, each with its family of home-seekers, headed for Utah or the new communities on the Pacific Coast.

Knob to right, in desert country. Wind River Mountains in distance, with slight snow. Great elevation of table-land gives them less height. Timber on the sides; summit bare. The desert is grand, fresh, always invigorating and inspiring. Cross Big Sandy, and ride fast across Little Sandy. Camp at 10:30 p. m.

"Saturday, October 8.— Country more and more desert. Twenty miles to Pacific Spring, and commence South Pass,

Carved Seated Figure holding Dish; made of Steatite.

a gradual ascent that an alderman might run up after dinner. There is no timber, and the pass is a broad, massive backbone of a continent. The ascent from Pacific Springs is very gradual; could trot the whole way, about four miles. At top is a sort of circular dry basin, with short grass. The actual summit is hardly perceptible, and we travel for some time along a sort of table-land. Wind River Mountains look better on the side. Strike Sweetwater, clear and fresh. Rising one long hill, and looking back, the great sweep of country is fine, and the two table-like

buttes, with break, are striking landmarks. Camp on Sweetwater.

"Sunday, October 9.— Requires courage to get up these frosty mornings. Mount a mouse-colored macho, Ratlett.* Over a long expanse of desolation. The Wind River Mountains show more snow on this side. The road and the country generally are white with alkali, dazzling the eyes. Macho requires beating, then goes pretty well. He gives out. See herd of antelope. Camp at 10 p. m. Beast comes up in the morning.

"Monday, October 10.— Roll on in wagon, and reach S. Lajeunesse's fort; forms three sides of a square. Walk a mile to Devil's Gate. This I shall not forget. On in wagon through the mountains to right of the Gate, through which I get a glimpse of the plains beyond. The Indians sometimes drive buffalo down this pass, and kill them in great numbers. The view here is more than interesting; the granite ridges break the monotony of the level. The lights are very fine, as sunset comes on, glorious, and the moon rises. Camp about seven on Greasewood Creek, near Independence Rock, a round granite pile, isolated and rising steep about 100 feet. At Archambault's good log house, I buy two antelope skins at $1. We had fried antelope for supper; tough.

"Tuesday, October 11.— Morning fine. Camped at noon on Fish Creek, fourteen miles from Devil's Gate, which we can still see. Bridger comes up and talks big; a long and resultless discussion about Mormonism. On a hard-trotting iron grey horse, I suffer agonies; up and down very fast. Call the horse Duretrot. He bounces the bliss out of me. Nothing can be finer than these nights, and the broad sweep of soft light over the desert, whose barrenness it tones down. We have been rattling down hill at a slapping pace, and at last, at 10 p. m., the Platte comes in sight.

* Macho, (Spanish) a he mule.— *Standard Dictionary.*

"Wednesday, October 12.— Eph rides on for a horse for me, and I drive six miles to the bridge. Get prog, but no swop critter. Hence I take a mule; easy but slow. Down the Platte Valley, and camp sixteen miles at 11 o'clock, in an ice cotton-wood grove on the river. The country begins to realize my idea of this prairie. The Platte is beautifully blue through the sand. The cotton-woods with their scanty yellow leaves look quite wintry. Come among the hills; nothing of notice. Ride with very fine moon at night. Camp on Little Deer Creek at 11 p. m. I am tired, but the last mule was prime.

"Thursday, October 13.— Among the Black Hills, up and down, with sweeping views over the valley, and among scattered cedars like that of the Naches. Laramie Peak on the right is a fine, bold mountain, dark with trees. Prairie dotted with herds of buffalo. Buffalo beef same to other beef that venison is to mutton. I walk along with pistol, and get within 100 yards of herd. Have first good view of these animals. Over the rump the hair is lighter, so as to form a complete stripe division from the short hair of the quarters. I fire at random; they run, then turn and look, and turn and look again.

"Friday, October 14.— Start at 8, and drive slowly to the Fort. The squaws have a party at a buffalo-skin lodge for Garnett.* Sell my saddle to Francois. Pleasant day with Garnett; splendid bed, with robes, etc. All very kind and pleasant. Beautiful sunset."

The remaining entries are very brief and fragmentary. Leaving Fort Laramie on October 15, Winthrop reached the South Fork of the Platte on the 18th. Four days later, the party had an exciting experience in fighting a prairie fire. On the 24th, they crossed the Big Blue River. The next day brought them to the Black Vermilion, in northeastern Kansas. Here the entries stop short, with a characteristic bit

*Lieut. Richard Brooke Garnett, Sixth Infantry, then temporarily in command at Fort Laramie. During the Civil War, he rose to the rank of Brigadier General, and was killed at Gettysburg.

of philosophy, in which, quite casually, our young author points the moral of his half-year's excursion into the wild:

"Wheel of new wagon breaks. The lesson of patience and self-containing may be learnt in these trips."

Winthrop's Grave, in the New Haven Cemetery.

APPENDIX.

A.

WINTHROP'S GREAT MOUNTAIN.

Winthrop's insistence upon the Indian name of the mountain, as well as his great interest in the mountain itself, makes proper some notice of the history of the peak. The story recalls one of the most famous neighborhood rows in the annals of American cities. The quarrel of St. Louis and Chicago and that between the Twin Cities of Minnesota were never more bitter. A well-known humorist, praising the salubrious climate of Tacoma, declared that the only occupants of Tacoma cemeteries were Seattle people who, while visiting the "City of Destiny," had inadvertently alluded to "Mount Rainier!"

The old quarrel has lost its venom. The people of Tacoma find satisfaction in the growing sentiment among geographers, scholars and writers everywhere against the historical absurdity of "Mount Rainier;" those of Seattle, so far as they know the facts, have grown rather ashamed of that unpatriotic name, and are proposing to compromise by renaming the mountain "Tahoma." Hence it may be possible to tell the facts about the mountain's names without offense. There are some misconceptions on each side.

The author's error on page 37 as to the name given by the whites was not an uncommon one in his time, and has persisted till our own, even among those who should know better. In his diary and letters, Winthrop uses "Mount Rainier," the only name then current among the whites; but his statement on the page mentioned indicates, no doubt, that he thought "Regnier" the original or proper form. His assertion that this "perpetuates the name of somebody or nobody" also shows that he was ignorant of its origin.

The fact which Winthrop had not learned is now known to nearly everybody in the Northwest. Yet we still hear it asserted that the name of the British admiral whom the explorer Vancouver honored was actually "Reginier." A recent scholarly history of the State of Washington, which in most matters is accurate and trustworthy, even says that Vancouver himself, in his journal, spells the name in that

fashion. Such mistakes it may be worth while to correct on authoritative testimony, namely, that of Vancouver's journal itself and the records of the British Admiralty.

Captain Vancouver's account of his great exploration, published in 1798, after his death, under the title "Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean and around the World," tells us that in the spring of 1792, soon after he sailed up the Strait of Fuca, he discovered "a remarkably high round mountain, covered with snow, apparently at the southern extremity of the distant snowy range." Making no inquiry as to the Indian names, he had already honored his third lieutenant, young Mr. Baker, by placing his name on the peak which the Indians called by the splendid name "Kulshan." A few days later, on May 7, he notes that he has also given a name to the greater peak: "The round snowy mountain now forming the southern extremity, and which, after my friend Rear Admiral Rainier, I distinguished by the name of Mount Rainier, bore N 42 E."

I have examined the several early editions of Vancouver's work, beginning with the first and including the French reprint, and in none of them does the spelling "Regnier" appear, either in the text or upon the maps which accompany it. Examination of British naval histories and biographical dictionaries also fails to show anything different from Vancouver's spelling. They indeed mention the well-known fact that Admiral Peter Rainier's grandfather was Daniel Regnier, a Huguenot refugee, who fled to England late in the seventeenth century, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. There he prospered, and there the family name seems to have been anglicized into "Rainier" soon after the migration from France,— certainly before young Peter Rainier, the grandson, entered the Navy, during the reign of George II. This is established by the following letter from the Admiralty, which answers my inquiry regarding the name by which he was carried on the rolls of the Navy, and covers the whole period of his service, from his enrollment in 1756 to his retirement with the rank of Vice Admiral in 1799:

"The Secretary,
Admiralty,
Whitehall,
London, S. W. 6th August, 1913.

"Sir,

"In reply to your letter of the 11th ultimo inquiring whether Admiral Peter Rainier's name ever appears in the Navy records as Regnier, I am commanded by My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you that, between the dates of this Officer's entry into the Navy (1756) and of his promotion to Lieutenant (26th May, 1768), his name appears on the Ship's Books of His Majesty's Ships

in which he was borne as Rainier and Ranier, and that from the latter date the name appears in the Sea Officers' List as Rainier.

"The spelling Regnier nowhere appears.

"I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
"J. H. Williams, Esq. W. Graham Greene."

These quotations dispose of the assertion that the mountain was named "Mount Regnier." Winthrop's mistake seems to have been an honest one, but for later errors of the sort there is less excuse, as Vancouver's "Voyage" is in all our public libraries and the passages cited above have been quoted in nearly every newspaper and magazine published in the West. Those who hope to see the ancient Indian name restored to our maps — and of these I am one — will not gain their end by misrepresenting the name given by Vancouver, any more than those who are interested in tourist travel will induce tourists to visit the mountain by misstating its height, as some organizations continue to do, in spite of government surveys, the Dictionary of Altitudes and other well-known authorities.

"Mountains," avers Winthrop, "should not be insulted by being named after undistinguished bipeds." Whether the man whom Vancouver bestowed upon this mountain as a godfather for its rechristening falls in that category must be left to the facts. England's great national compendium, the "Encyclopedia Britannica," has been unable to find room for an account of him; even its index fails to mention his name. Certainly, then, he must be held "undistinguished" in his own land. In American history, he appears on no field of exploration or progress. It is not till we reach the footnotes to the chronicles of our infant Navy that we find him, during the American Revolution, in command of two British ships of war, with which he captured the brig "Polly," a privateer commissioned, I believe, by the State of South Carolina.

Vancouver's friend, no doubt, was a good fighting man in his day. Allen's "Battles of the British Navy" (London, 1872) gives this story of the hard-fought but unequal fight that won Rainier promotion and such fame as his own day awarded him:

"On the 8th of July, 1788, the 14-gun ship Ostrich, Commander Peter Rainier, on the Jamaica station, in company with the 10-gun armed brig Lowestoffe's Prize, chased a large brig. After a long run, the Ostrich brought the brig, which was the American privateer Polly, to action, and, after an engagement of three hours' duration (by which time the Lowestoffe's Prize had arrived up and taken part in the contest), compelled her to surrender. * * * Captain Rainier was wounded by a musket ball through the left breast; he could not, however, be prevailed upon to go below, but remained on deck till the close of the action. He was posted, and appointed to command the 64-gun ship Burford."

It will be remembered, in connection with the names that Vancouver plastered so thickly over our northwestern landscape, that these were designed to mark his attempted annexation of the country to the realm of George III. The explorer records his commemoration of the king's birthday, which he celebrated by "taking formal possession of

ADMIRAL PETER RAINIER.

all the countries we had lately been employed in exploring in the name of, and for, his Britannic Majesty, his heirs and successors."

Nor can we forget that Vancouver, too, after he had failed to discover the Columbia River, sent his lieutenant, Mr. Broughton, to explore it and take possession for the king; and that he then tried to rob the Yankee sailor, Robert Gray, of the honor of his discovery, declaring his belief that "subjects of no other civilized nation or state had ever entered the river before," and that "it does not appear that Mr. Gray either saw, or was within five leagues of, its entrance." Vancouver is hardly a fit subject for American hero-worship.

Defenders of the name "Mount Rainier" have made much of the alleged right of Vancouver, as the discoverer of the mountain, to name it. A man of Winthrop's patriotism would have been amused by the sophistry of this argument. Although apparently he was not acquainted with Vancouver's book, he has not left us in doubt as to his reply to such a claim made on the explorer's behalf. "Vancouver might name the northwestern landmarks what he pleased," he would have said, "but his names, given to establish the British title, cannot bind Americans. We have repudiated the British claim of sovereignty, based on his exploration. Equally, we repudiate his right to deprive us of such unique and significant place-names as 'Tacoma,' 'Kulshan' and 'Whulge,' given by the primitive Americans who inhabited the land. Our obligation is to our own history. It binds us, first, to preserve the native names, where these have beauty and worth. In the absence of such names, if we must call any of our landmarks after individuals, we have some heroes of our own whose service to the country and the world entitles them to this honor."

Without mentioning Vancouver, this is indeed the burden of Winthrop's argument for the native names. They are unique and beautiful; they are part of the history of the land; respect to our own environment and a proper regard for its traditions call upon us to see that they be not displaced to commemorate "somebody or nobody," be he Smith or Jones or Brown,—"Mr. Baker," or "Mr. Puget," or "my friend Admiral Rainier." Winthrop's argument merely anticipated the modern movement, which is growing in all parts of the country, for the preservation of native place-names. This is a movement inspired alike by patriotism and by the historic sense, and its value to the country is more and more commanding the support of thoughtful men everywhere.

The publication of Vancouver's work placed the name "Mount Rainier" on British maps, from which it was copied upon American maps for sixty years and more, or until the publication of Winthrop's book, in 1862. "The Canoe and the Saddle" was the first popular book to recognize the Indian name for the great mountain of the Northwest, and to call for its restoration. Its appearance here, indeed, is often said to have been its first use in print. Winthrop has even been called the inventor of the word "Tacoma." Neither of these statements is correct. The United States Government anticipated our author in recognition of the name. One of its gunboats bore it, in the equivalent form "Tahoma," for a year before "Canoe and Saddle" was published. There is abundant evidence for the authenticity of the name as an Indian word, and for the fact that it was the Ancient Indian name for this mountain.

The new book, however, with its large circulation, made the name

generally known to the country, and especially gave it a vogue in the young Northwest. During the next thirty years American and foreign books of geography and travel increasingly used it, and a long list of such works might be compiled. Curiously enough, two Washingtons, the National Capital and the Territory, adopted it, the latter at one time considering the substitution of it for the name originally selected. In the District of Columbia, it became the name of a suburb, Takoma Park. In Olympia, the capital of the Territory, it gave a title to an early lodge of the Good Templars, and later to a hotel. In 1866 a movement was started to rename the Territory, using the Indian name of the mountain. This found many supporters in the East, one of the most active, I am informed, being the eminent lawyer, David Dudley Field. The movement came to nothing, however, owing to jealousies born of the founding of a town called Tacoma, and its selection as the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway. Had there been no city of Tacoma, there would doubtless be no "Mount Rainier" on the map today.

The authenticity of "Tacoma" as the name of the mountain is now fully established by the investigations of Indian philologists. Occasionally, as I have said, this has been called an invention of Winthrop's; at other times, it is alleged to be Chinook jargon; and still again the form "Tahoma" is said to be the correct name for the mountain.

As to the last statement, let it be said at once that "Tahoma" is just as correct a rendering of the Indian name as "Tacoma," and no more. Neither form exactly reproduces an Indian's choking, retching pronunciation of his combination of gutterals,—"Tachk-ho-mah." Both approximate it more nearly in fact than most of our place-names of Indian origin resemble their originals. The spelling of all Indian words is phonetic, of course, and those who know by observation the defective linguistic equipment of the siwash will understand the difficulty of putting his vocal sounds on paper. Further, different tribal dialects had different forms of the name in question. The root of them all is "ko" or "ho," meaning water, snow,— that is, fresh water, as distinguished from salt water, "hwulch" (Winthrop's "Whulge"). Hence "Tacoma" and "Tahoma" are merely alternatives of the same word, just as "Nook Lummi" and Nooh Lummi" mean the same.*

Neither is "Tacoma" a concoction of the Chinook jargon. It is found in none of the vocabularies, although the similar form "T'kope," meaning white, is found there, as also in the Chinook language proper. This is in fact, practically the same word, because the Indian dialects frequently interchange the labials b and p with their cousin m.

The charge that Winthrop invented the name was never heard until

* See Dr. Buchanan's explanation, page 264 note.

after the little sawmill hamlet Tacoma had won the coveted prize from its older and larger neighbors, and was selected in 1872 as the terminus of the long-expected railway. Prior to the coming of the Northern Pacific and the neighborhood jealousies it bred, no one in the Territory questioned the authenticity of the name. Thus the *Seattle Intelligencer*, on November 23, 1868, announced that the founders of the new town on Commencement Bay had named it "Tacoma, after the Indian name of Mount Rainier." This was matter of common knowledge then, and undisputed.

Winthrop was a genuine and scholarly student of the dialects, and not an inventor of pseudo-siwash place-names. His advocacy of "Kulshan" and "Whulge" was based on fact, and his insistence upon "Tacoma" had behind it the general usage of the tribes, and the knowledge of those white men who studied the Indian speech. The most important of these investigators was Dr. George Gibbs, the geologist and ethnologist of the McClellan survey. Gibbs remained in the Territory until shortly before the Civil War, engaged with the Boundary Commission and in other government service. Then he returned to Washington D. C., where he organized the ethnological work of the Smithsonian Institution. During his stay here, he compiled his "Dictionary of the Chinook Jargon," which is the basis of all later works of the sort, and also vocabularies of a score of distinct Indian languages. His industry and thoroughness are well described by General Hodges and Colonel Allen.* Our country owes a large debt to this unassuming but brilliant scientist.

Gibbs's vocabularies furnish what Snowden has called "the best evidence to support Winthrop's representation as to the name." In that of the Winatsha (Wenatchee) dialect, Gibbs entered: "T'koma, snow-peak," and in the Niskwalli (Nisqually) list he has: "Takob, the name of Mt. Rainier."† These definitions exactly coincide with Winthrop's statement (page 36), that "Tacoma" was not only used generically for all snow-peaks, but emphatically for the greatest of them known to the siwash tribes. Those who are familiar with the Indian's method of stretching his limited vocabulary by means of emphasis and prolongation to make a word do unlimited service, will understand that "takoma," pronounced without emphasis, meant any snowy mountain, while prolonged, "Ta-ko-o-o-ma," it meant the great chief of the mountains.¶

* See Appendix C and D, following.

† The fact, which Gibbs points out, that b and m are often interchanged makes "Takob" equivalent to "Takom."

¶ See Dr. Buchanan's explanation, quoted on page 223; also that of General Hazard Stevens, p. 40 n.

But other evidence that the Indian name for the mountain was well known before Winthrop's book was published has recently come to my attention. In the Civil War Diary of Gideon Welles, President Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy says, on July 15, 1864: "Mr. Faxon, my chief clerk, is ill, and leaves for New York on the Tacoma." Curiously, Mr. Welles, in this entry, testified to the influence of "Canoe and Saddle," which he had no doubt read, and which left this form of the name in his mind. The real name of the vessel referred to was "Tahoma." For her record I am indebted to Mr. Charles W. Stewart, librarian of the Navy Department. Mr. Stewart writes:

"After some search, we find that two vessels have borne the name about which you inquire: (1) the TAHOMA, 4th-class gunboat, built at Wilmington, Del., by W. & A. Thatcher; launched Oct. 2, 1861; commissioned Dec. 20, 1861, and sent to the East Gulf Squadron; (2) the protected cruiser TACOMA, built at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, commissioned Jan. 30, 1904.

"From the Tahoma's log, we learn that on July 16, 1864, Mr. Faxon, chief clerk of the Navy Department, came on board at the Washington Navy Yard, whence the vessel went to New York for repairs. The vessel was sold at New York Oct. 1, 1867, for $13,000.

"We have not found anything of record as to the choice of the name 'Tahoma.' The giving of Indian names to a certain class of vessels was a custom in the first years of the Civil War, and it became a settled policy with Assistant Secretary Fox to continue this practice. There was probably no particular reason for this, except that Indian names were considered to be exclusively American. In the appendix to 'The Blockade and the Cruisers,' by Prof. James R. Soley, you will find a large number of vessels built during the War with Indian names."

Here, then, is testimony to the authenticity of the name from Uncle Sam, whose character as a witness is seldom impeached. The true explanation of his use of it is doubtless that given by General Hodges:

"In early days there were ships of our Navy in Puget Sound, and it is likely the officers knew the name which the Indians gave to Mt. Rainier, and when opportunity offered that name was selected. A fine name, too!"*

Thus clearly is the fact established which Winthrop stated, but which the United States Geographic Board denied, when, shortly after its organization in 1889, it rejected the Indian name in favor of that given to honor Vancouver's now forgotten friend. The story of that ruling has yet to be told. It would not make pleasant reading for those who employed a young newspaper man of Portland, Oregon, to pose as an expert, and without reference to existing evidence of the Smithsonian publications and other Government records, report against the authenticity of the Indian name. This man has since told the story, professed repentance of his performance, and offered to endeavor to

* See Appendix C.

undo the work then done. As to the Government's Geographic Board, which accepted such a report and ignored the real evidence at hand in the official files, I leave my readers to form their own opinion.

The purely commercial mind, which sees reason in nothing that does not bear the dollar mark, asks: "Why dispute about the name of a mountain?" The answer is: The nation that does not respect its own history cannot hope to have a history worthy of respect. We should not have waited for the recent reprimand in this matter from the late British Ambassador, the Mr. Bryce, one of the many writers who have preferred to use the Indian name.

The following account, condensed from "The Mountain that Was 'God,'" may be of interest to those who would know more about America's noblest glacier peak:

"Our stately mountain, in its youth, was as comely and symmetrical a cone as ever graced the galaxy of volcanic peaks. To-day, while still young as compared with the obelisk crags of the Alps, it has already taken on the venerable and deeply-scarred physiognomy of a veteran. No longer the huge conical pimple which a volcano erected on the earth's crust, it bears upon it the history of its own explosion, and of its losing battle with the sun, which, employing the heaviest of all tools, is steadily destroying it. It has already lost a tenth of its height and a third of its bulk. The ice is cutting deeper and deeper into its sides. As if to compensate for losses in size and shapeliness, the mountain presents the most important phenomena of glacial action to be seen in the United States.

"In its dimensions, however, it is still one of the world's great peaks. The area occupied exceeds three hundred square miles. Of its surface upwards of 32,500 acres, or about fifty-one square miles, are covered by glaciers or the fields of perpetual snow which feed them. Its glacial system is the most extensive on the continent, south of Alaska. The twelve primary glaciers vary in length from three to eight miles, and from half a mile to three miles in width. There are as many 'inter-glaciers,' or smaller ice streams which gather their snow supply, not from the névé fields of the summit, but within the wedges of rock which the greater glaciers have left pointing upward on the higher slopes.

"That the glaciers of this and every other mountain in the northern hemisphere are mere pygmies compared with their former selves, is well known. What their destructive power must have been when their volume was many times greater may be judged from the moraines built along their former channels. * * *

"Even now, diminished as they are, the glaciers are fast transporting the mountain toward the sea. Wherever a glacier skirts a cliff, it is cutting into its side, as it cuts into its own bed below. From the overhanging rocks, too, debris falls as a result of 'weathering.' The daily ebb and flow of frost and heat help greatly to tear down the cliffs.

"A glacier's flow varies from a hundred to a thousand feet a year, depending upon its volume, its width, and the slope of its bed. As the decades pass, its level is greatly lowered by the melting of the ice. More and more, earth and rocks accumulate upon the surface, as it travels onward. At last, in its old age, when far down its canyon, the

glacier is completely hidden. Only at its snout, where it breaks off, as a rule, in a high wall of ice, do we realize how huge a volume and weight it must have, far above toward its sources, or why so many of the crevasses on the upper ice fields seem almost bottomless.

"These hints suggest how much of the mountain has already been whittled and planed away. But here we may do better than speculate. The original surface of the peak is clearly indicated by the tops of the great rock wedges which have survived the glacial sculpturing. These rise from one to two thousand feet above the glaciers, which are themselves several thousand feet in depth.

"Wherever lava flows occurred in the building of the mountain, strata formed; and such stratification is clearly seen at intervals on the sides of the cliffs just mentioned. Its incline, of course, is that of the former surface. The strata point upward — not toward the summit which we see, but far above it. For this reason the geologists who have examined the arêtes most closely are agreed that the peak has lost nearly two thousand feet of its height. It blew its own head off! Such explosive eruptions are among the worst vices of volcanoes. Every visitor to Naples remembers how plainly the landscape north of Vesuvius tells of a prehistoric decapitation, which left only a low, broad platform, on the south rim of which the little Vesuvius that many of us have climbed was formed by later eruptions.

"Like Vesuvius, too, Rainier-Tacoma has built upon the plateau left when it lost its head. South Peak, or Peak Success, and Liberty Cap, the northern elevation, seen from Seattle and Tacoma, are nearly three miles apart on the west side of the broad summit. These are parts of the rim of the old crater. East of the line uniting them, and about two miles from each, the volcano built up an elevation now known as Crater Peak, comprising two small adjacent craters. These burnt-out craters are now filled with snow, and where their rims touch, a big snow-hill rises — the strange creature of eddying winds that sweep up through the great flume cut by volcanic explosion and glacial action in the west side of the peak.

"This mound of snow is the present actual top. Believing it the highest point in the United States south of Alaska, a party of climbers, in 1894, named it 'Columbia's Crest.' This was long thought to be the mountain's rightful distinction, for different computations by experts gave various elevations ranging as high as 14,529 feet. Even upon a government map published as late as 1907 the height is stated as 14,526 feet. In view of this variety of expert opinion, the flattering name, not unnaturally, has stuck, in spite of the fact that the government geographers have now adopted, for the Dictionary of Altitudes, the height found by the United States Geological Survey in 1902, 14,363 feet. That decision leaves the honor of being the loftiest peak between Alaska and Mexico to Mt. Whitney in the California Sierra (14,502 feet). This, however, will not lessen the pride of the Northwest in its great peak. A few feet of height signify nothing. No California mountain masked behind the Sierra can vie in majesty with the lonely pile that rises in stately grandeur from the shores of Puget Sound."—*Williams: "The Mountain that Was 'God.'" Chap. III.*

B.

THE "CITIZENS' ROAD," LATER THE "MILITARY ROAD."

The problem of roads was very early attacked by the handful of whites in northern Oregon. The pioneers in that part of the territory either came by ship from California or the Columbia, and entering the Straits of Fuca, sailed up to Steilacoom and Olympia, the first villages established on Puget Sound; or they came from the Willamette Valley by boat down the Columbia to the Cowlitz, up the latter stream to the head of navigation, and thence overland to the Sound settlements. By either route the trip was long and costly; and few homeseekers, after once reaching the Willamette, had money or courage left for it. Thus arose the demand not only for roads connecting the widely scattered and slow-growing settlements one with another, but also for a highway across the Cascade Range to old Fort Walla Walla, the Hudson's Bay post near the junction of the Columbia and the Snake,— a road that should encourage "emigrants," as the prospective citizens were popularly called, to come directly to the Sound, without going first to the Willamette and lower Columbia.

Several years prior to 1853, the ambitious settlers had begun a road over the mountains, but actual construction had not proceeded far. The records kept by the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Nisqually, with almost every number of the first newspaper north of the Columbia (*The Columbian*, established at Olympia in September, 1852), show the zeal of the pioneers. Thus as early as August 6, 1850, the "Journal of Occurrences" at the Fort has the following entry: "A party of men here to-day on their way to cut a road across the mountains to Wally Wally, the expenses incurred [to be] paid by a subscription among the settlers. Mr. Robertson, the deserter from Ft. Victoria, was among the working party."

That spectacle, I take it, can hardly be duplicated among the historical pictures of any other people since Gideon's lilliputian array against the hosts of Midian. The squad of settlers, supplemented by one "deserter from Ft. Victoria," going out to battle with the giants of the northwestern forest, the canyons of the White and Greenwater, and the wooded heights of the Cascades, in faith that the supply bill will be paid by their struggling neighbors, is characteristically American. To a foreign student of the new West, indeed, it might well have seemed an illustration of "American humor." But to the willing actors, there was no humor in their confident undertaking. Unfortunately, mountain highways are not built on faith; and as more substantial support could

not be had from the infant community, it was three years before the "road to Wally Wally" advanced much beyond the Puyallup.

Late in 1852, shortly before the passage of the act creating the Territory of Washington, Delegate Lane of Oregon, secured an appropriation of $20,000 from Congress for the long-desired highway across the Cascades. Undoubtedly there was real American humor in the size of this appropriation for so vast an enterprise,— the kind of humor that Congressional pork-barrel distributions so often illustrate; but with the strict constructionists opposing every internal improvement, sturdy "Joe" Lane had a six-months' fight for even this niggardly grant, until the Democrats discovered a way to sidestep their own constitutional theory, and, assuming that it was required by the Army, voted the money for a "military road." Although President Fillmore signed the bill in January, 1853, word reached the Sound that the money would not be available that year. The *Columbian* of April 23, therefore, urged the settlers, in view of the large westward migration expected during the coming summer, to begin work themselves within thirty days. On May 7, that newspaper published a call for a meeting two weeks later. The meeting was held, and two committees were appointed, one to select the route, the other to provide the outfit. Those present subscribed $128.00.

The Columbian of June 11 contains a letter from the newly appointed Governor, Major Isaac I. Stevens, announcing that the $20,000 appropriated had been placed in his hands, with authority to build the road, and saying: "This labor, together with the exploration of the Cascade Range, has been entrusted to a vigorous and energetic officer, Capt. McClellan, who served with gallantry in Mexico, and is distinguished for his great professional ability." Governor Stevens expresses the hope that the road will be built this year, to accommodate the incoming homeseekers.

More than a month passed with no word from or of Captain McClellan, and the settlers determined to wait no longer. About $1,200 was collected in money, besides many contributions of supplies. On July 10, two parties of men who had agreed to give their labor took the field. One composed of Whitefield Kirtley, Nelson Sargent and others, crossed the mountains, to begin at the Yakima and work westwardly; the other, led by Edward Jay Allen, a young engineer who had come to the coast the year before, began by improving the six miles of "trail road" built across the Puyallup in 1850, and then pushed a clearing through the forest along the White and Greenwater, to the foot of the range. Winthrop fell in with their first work near the Puyallup, and in his Journal for August 25 and 26 good-naturedly damns their achievement with faint praise: "The Indian trail is very bad, blocked with logs everywhere.

The road is bad, but better. It is very pleasant to see white men's handiwork."

Allen, though only twenty-two, was the real head of the road-makers. Evans calls him "engineer, contractor and soul of the enterprise." So vigorously was the work prosecuted under his direction that early in August he was able to write to a friend that besides clearing out the old road, they had located their route up the White, so as to avoid the worst hills, and that he had reports of rapid progress of Kirtley's party across the Cascades. "The Indians," he adds, "say that Captain McClellan, who is now east of the mountains, is coming through on this route."

The east-side party built, before the end of summer, what was called optimistically a road, leading up the Naches River to its source in the Pass. Winthrop's account shows that it was no boulevard: "My friends the woodsmen had constructed an elaborate inclined plane of very knobby corduroy down the steepest slope. Klale turned up his nose at it. Oxen might clumsily toil up such a road as this, but quick-footed ponies, descending and carrying light loads of a wild Indian and an untamed blanketeer, chose rather to whisk along the aboriginal paths."

West of the Cascades, the other party met greater difficulties. In the heavier forest along the upper White and on the Greenwater, little more was done that summer than to cut a way to the foot of the steep ridge leading up to the Pass. Here Winthrop found Allen and his company of prime fellows gathered about their riverside camp-fire on the evening of August 26. And here he was their guest for the night, made note of their competency for the job in hand, shared their leader's blanket and roof of stars, partook of his enthusiasm for the new Commonwealth and his breakfast of salt pork, and then, names still unknown, bade his hosts farewell, and attacked the arête that brought him to the summit, "La Tête," and the noble view of Tacoma which inspired one of the best pieces of descriptive writing in American literature.

Shortly after Winthrop passed, word came to the road camp that the expected immigration had been diverted to the Willamette. The fund was exhausted and their supplies had run low. Expecting that the Congressional appropriation would be available in another year, the road-makers returned to the Sound, only to learn later that they had been misinformed, and that a large immigrant caravan was coming up the Naches. Some of them hastened back to the mountains. There they found thirty-six wagons slowly toiling up the east slope, where the Naches had been crossed eighty-six times before reaching the Pass, and were able to render needed aid in getting them down the still steeper west side. A route had to be selected and a road made as the party advanced. Their way is still traceable; indeed, it is the only practicable

wagon route from the summit down to the Greenwater. Two branches of that stream flow out of the Pass to a junction near Bear Prairie. Between their deep canyons a long ridge projects to the west, and down its sharp chine the wayfarer must clutch and slide. This was the route of both "Siwash Hooihut" and "Boston Hooihut,"— of Indian trail and white man's road. One may easily discover the tracks worn in the rocks, the bark torn from aged trees, the remains of stout plugs driven into giant firs to aid in snubbing the wagons down grades of twenty to thirty per cent.

"The eastern slope," says Judge Evans, "presented no great difficulties, but through the mountains a trail had been blazed, nothing more. Over huge logs, bridges of small poles had been constructed, passable for horses, but obstructions really to wagons. * * * To call it a road was an abuse of language; but over it and by it those immigrants of 1853 traveled to Puget Sound. With axe in hand, they and the road-builders, led by Allen, hewed their way through a mountain gorge. Some days they accomplished three miles; but they came through with their wagons, over a road built as they marched."*

James Longmire, one of the best known of the immigrants, left an account of their overland trip, in which he describes this descent: "One end of a rope was fastened to the axles of the wagons, the other thrown around a tree and held by our men. Thus, one by one, the wagons were lowered gradually a distance of 300 yards, when the ropes were loosened, and the wagons drawn a quarter of a mile farther with locked wheels. All the wagons were lowered safely save one, which was crushed by the breaking of the rope. * * * We made the road as we went along. We crossed the Greenwater sixteen times and the White six times."†

In his interesting reminiscences printed on a later page, Colonel Allen tells of his completion of this road during the next summer, made possible by the $15,000 which was left of the appropriation made by Congress. His account leaves it clear that Captain McClellan, to whom had been entrusted the expenditure of that fund in road-making during the summer of 1853, but whose delay in reaching the Columbia and his masterly inactivity thereafter were only too prophetic of his career in the Civil War, accomplished nothing that deserves commemoration by the people of Washington. This is the testimony of Colonel Allen, of Governor Stevens, whose confidence in his friend was sadly shattered, of Gen. Hazard Stevens, his father's biographer, and even of General Hodges, whose valuable recollections, following this article, make what apologies they may for his superior officer's failures. It is evident from

** History of the Northwest, I., 341-2.*

†Transactions of the Oregon Pioneer Association for 1904, 344.

the testimony of both General Hodges and Colonel Allen that McClellan built no road; and it is equally well established that he traversed no passes. Instead of obtaining the data which he was sent here to get, and which other officers later obtained without serious difficulty under the more trying conditions of winter, Captain McClellan merely approached the Naches and Snoqualmie Passes on the east side, and then, taking the word of Indians, who of course wanted no white men on their trails, reported to Governor Stevens that the Cascades offered no practicable pass for a railway because of the great depth of snow. It is a sufficient commentary on his methods that three trans-continental railways now cross the Cascades north of the Naches, and a fourth is likely soon to be built over that Pass.

Captain McClellan's disappointing record in the Territory has been made the subject of honors quite misplaced. The last Washington Legislature, acting on the tradition that he built the "Military Road," and inspired by enthusiasm for a great reputation, named one of its proposed mountain roads "McClellan Pass Highway." Never was a name more a misnomer. The route of this road lies through Bear Gap, a pass which McClellan never saw. He failed the settlers in their hour of need, and it is a mistake to honor him for building the Naches road, in which he had no active part. On the other hand, the Legislature, unfortunately, rejected a proposal to name the road in question "Pioneer Highway," in honor of the men who constructed the only wagon road as yet built across the Cascades in this State.

Although the road over the Naches Pass was used by many immigrants during the years immediately succeeding its construction, on the whole it proved of far less value to the Territory than its projectors expected. This was mainly due to the introduction of steamboats on the Columbia, making it easier for homeseekers to reach the Sound via that route through the Cascades.

In building the "Citizens' Road," the settlers contributed more than $6,600 in money, supplies and labor. Governor Stevens urgently recommended that Congress repay this sum, but his request was ignored.

C.

GENERAL HODGES AND WINTHROP.

Brigadier General Henry C. Hodges, U. S. A., retired, now living in Buffalo, New York, has favored me with an interesting letter of reminiscences of Winthrop's visit to the Northwest, of the McClellan expedition, and of George Gibbs, the famous enthnologist and linguist.

General Hodges takes issue with those historians who have charged McClellan with undue delay in starting upon his survey of the Cascade passes. But he makes it plain that McClellan did not cross the Cascades, and did not reach or explore any pass south of the Naches. Thus he exposes the historical inaccuracy of the Washington Legislature in naming a road through a pass which McClellan never saw the 'McClellan Pass Highway.' General Hodges writes:

"My acquaintance with Theodore Winthrop began in April of 1853, at Fort Vancouver, now Vancouver Barracks, where he was my guest. His arrival there was about the time Captain Wallen's company of the 4th Infantry, to which I belonged, was preparing to go to Fort Dalles, Oregon, to reinforce the garrison of that Post, as it was thought by Major Alvord, commanding, that Indian conditions were not satisfactory. At the same time, Captain T. L. Brent, Depot Quartermaster, was preparing to cross the country to Salt Lake City, under orders from the Quartermaster General of the Army. An arrangement was made by which Mr. Winthrop was to join Captain Brent's party, en route to the East. Captains Wallen and Brent, with their commands, left Fort Vancouver on the same boat. There was no steamboat above the Cascades, and we did not arrive at The Dalles until late the sixth day. At Fort Dalles my company went on duty, and Captain Brent started for Salt Lake, while Mr. Winthrop was quarantined in the quarters of Major Alvord with smallpox. As he had occupied the same tent with the three officers on the trip, there was some apprehension the disease might spread. It did not, though; and Winthrop recovered in due course, but missed his trip across the Plains with Captain Brent. He went back to Portland, when able to travel.

"Not long after he left Fort Dalles for Portland, my company was sent back to Fort Vancouver. Here I was detailed on Captain McClellan's survey as Quartermaster and Commissary. The party left Fort Vancouver in July, going north and east, via Yakolht Prairie, and following an Indian trail that led east of north to the pass in the Cascades by which we crossed the Range. This is doubtless the route you took up the Lewis River. We built no road, but merely cleared the trail, which was much obstructed by fallen timber. We camped on top of the Cascades for two days at a place called 'Chequoss,' between Mts. St. Helens and Adams. We then descended into the valley, reaching a river called the 'Topinich.' Then to the Atanum, where Kamiakan, Scloom, and Oyehy lived, chiefs of the Yakima nation.* On this stream was a Roman Catholic mission house in charge of Father Pandozy. Here I bought cattle from Schloom, and jerked the meat. These Yakima Indians had superb horses. It was said these were the result of

*Winthrop's "Atinam," "Kamaiakan," "Skloo" and "Owhhigh."

mating stallions stolen from the emigrants with the tribes own mares, which were of a fine quality. From the Atanum we went to the Simcoe, the Nachess and Wenass. Here it was determined to reduce the party. I was sent to Fort Steilacoom, Lieut. Mowry to Fort Dalles, etc. I went back to the Nachess, and followed that river up to a point where the newly constructed 'emigrant road' left the river abruptly and began the ascent. I camped on the summit in the midst of fine and abundant grass. Mt. Tacoma was in full sight. Two days after, I camped in a place where there was no grass, and had to tie up my animals. As I was writing up my day's work, Winthrop and his guide rode into my camp, en route to the Dalles. As he had to push on rapidly to his camping place, we had time to say little. I did not see him again until December, 1856. I proceeded to Fort Steilacoom, filled up my 'larder,' and started back to join Captain McClellan, on the upper Yakima. When Lieut. Mowry and I rejoined the party, all then went on north looking into the passes. We crossed the Columbia at old Fort Colville, went south over the Spokan Plains, crossed the Snake at the mouth of the Palouse, went up the Touchet to Whitman's Mission, thence to what is now known as Wailatpu and down the left bank of the Columbia to Fort Dalles, and by steamer to Fort Vancouver. Thus ended a very interesting work; one I have never forgotten. I am the only officer connected with it now living.

"I knew George Gibbs well, but do not believe that he and Winthrop ever met. Gibbs and I occupied the same tent on the survey expedition and became intimate. After the disbanding of the survey, he had a tract of land near Ft. Steilacoom, where he built a log house and lived rather the life of a hermit. It was there perhaps he compiled his vocabularies of the Indian languages, the Chinook jargon included. In this work he was an enthusiast and great worker, going to the bottom of anything of that sort he undertook, and was an authority. He was a brother of General Alfred Gibbs of the Army and classmate of General McClellan.

"The vocabulary of the Chinook at the back of 'Canoe and Saddle' shows much industry by Mr. Winthrop. I imagine he obtained it by questioning the Hudson's Bay Company people, old settlers and the Indians. It is not so accurate as Gibbs's, however, since Winthrop had not the time or leisure to give to it. I am not surprised that the Navy Department named one of it's vessels in 1861 'Tahoma.' In early days there were ships of our Navy in Puget Sound, and it is likely the officers knew the name which the Indians gave to Mr. Rainier, and when opportunity offered that name was selected. A fine name, too! You may remember one of our vessels was called the 'Monadnock,' from the mountain of that name in New Hampshire.

"I always thought Captain McClellan an able man and a zealous officer. I am of the opinion, too, that Gov. Stevens and he did not think alike on many points.

"In my own mind I do not believe Captain McClellan delayed getting to Ft. Vancouver. If I am not mistaken, he was in Texas when ordered on the survey. For the delay at Fort Vancouver in getting ready, he was in no way responsible. We had a large pack train, and the only pack saddles we could purchase were poor, breaking easily and frequently. Recourse was had to some old dragoon saddles, and finally we made some, at Yakolht Prairie, a short march from the Fort. This delayed the start. If any one was responsible, I am the man, for I was the Quartermaster. But I was not to blame, and don't think I was ever considered to be dilatory. I have always thought the settlers deserved great praise for cutting the road through the Nachess Pass, and it is a hardship that they never were paid for their work.

"Winthrop's trip in Washington Territory was due to a great fondness for adventure and a desire to find out the condition of our Indians. I wish great success to your new edition of his book. As to the 'Macassar,' there was none in my stores. It may have been in some of the stores Captain McClellan had to give the Indians. But this is all surmise. I know nothing of it. The Hudson's Bay Company carried on its business at Vancouver to the close, or nearly so, of 1860. Soon after General Harney assumed command of the Department of Oregon, he began to annoy the officials of the Company, which gradually removed its stores to Victoria. When this was done the Fort was abandoned by the Company. In my early days at Vancouver, there was the most cordial and pleasant intercourse between the officials of the Company and the garrison."

D.

COLONEL E. JAY ALLEN'S REMINISCENCES.

Colonel Edward Jay Allen, who was the young engineer and contractor at the head of the road builders in whose camp on the Greenwater Winthrop spent the night of August 26, 1853, is now a highly respected citizen of Pittsburg, Pa. His active part in public affairs in the Territory of Washington during the years 1852 to 1855 make his recollections of Winthrop and the "Citizens' Road" of especial interest and value:

"My acquaintance with Winthrop was limited to one delightful night in the Nahchess Pass, but as I was afterwards secretary to General (then Captain) McClellan, and as McClellan, George Gibbs and I were together in the same old shack in Olympia for several months, my recollections may have some interest.

"A chapter in 'Canoe and Saddle' tells of Winthrop's visit to my camp in the Nahchess Pass. His description of the camp is very good, and his description of the scenery of the Pass is worthy of the highest praise. He bunched us all together as a whole; detail might have impaired the rare literary flavor. I personally was red shirted, and a pair of buckskins about completed my mountain wardrobe. While I was the possessor of an ill-earned degree, I was negligible as a woodchopper; and save for a high appreciation of my grand environment, I did not fit into the scene. The fine literary sense of Winthrop staged the camp as a whole, and forgave my own lack of woodcraft, or overlooked it.

"A nearly all-night talk under the same blanket developed some tastes in common, and made me cognizant of his subtle companionship with nature, though I did not suspect his powers of expression. It was not etiquette, in those days, to ask a man's name when not voluntarily given. Indeed, that it was Smith in one locality was no guaranty that it had not been Jones in another. So I never knew until years afterward, when I read the chapter in 'Canoe and Saddle,' who had been my guest of a night. When I went up to New Haven to see my youngest boy matriculated at Yale, I did not want to go to his apartments before going to the cemetery where Winthrop lies buried.

"At the time of my meeting with Winthrop, the Indians were in that unrest which some two years later resulted in the Indian war and the descent of the Klickitats and Yakimas upon the settlements. For anyone in such a time to be traveling alone seemed strange, and some of my men, with a distrust not unreasonable, thought we should prevent his going farther. They had a vague suspicion, which was in the minds of the early settlers, that the Hudson's Bay Company's people held relations with the Indians that were inimical to the Americans. Not all the kind consideration of Dr. Tolmie, at Ft. Nisqually, had removed this suspicion. Regretfully I accompanied Winthrop on the trail next morning, feeling that I was losing a link that temporarily connected me with a fuller civilization. Winthrop's name was unknown then, and would not have enlightened me had I known it, but there was a charm in his personality that was sufficient. One does not lose the joy of the night because he cannot name the stars.

"You say: 'One personage in "Canoe and Saddle," Capt. Geo. B. McClellan, will, of course, always be a subject of debate.'

"I had a certain intimacy with Capt. (by brevet I believe) McClellan, arising from my acting as his secretary for some months, and the intimacy that would come from occupying the same cabin in Olympia. In the fall of '53, the district was about to poll its first vote. It was overwhelmingly Democratic. Some enthusiastic friends set up a Whig ticket on which I was one of the two candidates for the Territorial Senate. Capt. McClellan told me that he had never voted. If he was anything, he said he was a Democrat, but he was going to vote for me. I am compelled to say I do not think McClellan's survey of the Cascades for a railway route was very thorough. When after one summer of volunteer work by the citizens endeavoring to make a passable road through the Nahchess Pass, Capt. McClellan gave me the contract to expend what remained of the $20,000 appropriated by Congress for that purpose, he suggested that he could make an engineer's examination of the Pass. I replied that such an examination would exhaust the whole amount, and then would only demonstrate that it would require at least $500,000 to construct what would be but a faint approach to a 'Military Road.' Hence that idea was abandoned.

"I found that $5,000 of that amount had been expended in his general examination of the Cascade Range, leaving but $15,000.

"Lieut. Arnold, of what was then called the Dragoons, was detailed to go over the route with me. I think the amount of $15,000 and a passable road for about 135 miles did not seem to him to have any close connection with each other. I really forget whether McClellan was of the party, but think not at that time. He however, came later, when we had reached a seeming 'impasse,' where the open, if rough, Pass ended, as all Cascade passes do, in an abrupt mountain closing up the gap. He said I had done well with what I had expended, but, of course, I could do nothing to overcome this obstacle. To which, in the heat of youth, and with some ideas of what would be deemed possible by an emigrant that would seem besotted ignorance to an engineer, I replied: 'I will make up that almost perpendicular 1,200 feet not only a road that an emigrant can get down, but one that six yoke of cattle can haul 1,000 lbs. up.' To which he gave a kindly but incredulous shrug of the shoulders. My difficulty, of course, was not an engineering one, but simply a matter of finances. I had but a few thousand dollars left. When he came back later, at my request, we had constructed a road up which I hauled, with four oxen, 1,500 lbs. It was buttressed up an average of fifteen feet, and in some places forty feet, with the huge trees that covered the mountain-side, and was stayed down the mountain, from tree to tree, with thousands of braces. It was impossible, but we were ignorant, and not fully conscious of this impossibility; and so we did it. McClellan stood on the highest point of the buttress and said:

'Young man, do you know what you have done here? Under the conditions, Napoleon's passage of the Simplon was an engineering feat no greater than this.'

"I wonder how much of that road exists to-day. It did not seem to me very extraordinary then, but I was only twenty-two. I am now in my eighty-fourth year, and have learned that youth and its inability to recognize obstacles are great factors to success. Some large measure of McClellan's opinion of our work in the Nahchess Pass went into his report. I remember looking over a map of his reconnaissance of the Cascades, and noticed a camp designated 'Hellis-del-ight.' I could not recognize any Indian dialect in this nomenclature, but McClellan explained that the camp was an unusually unpleasant one, and that the name was a disguise for 'Hell's Delight.' I presume that map is on record in the War Department. It is a testimonial at least to McClellan's sense of humor.

"Concerning the name of our mountain: 'Tahoma,' undoubtedly! If you are conversant with the Indian pronunciation, you will recognize that if an Indian heard for the first time the English 'Tacoma,' he would render it, with his guttural, 'T'homa.'

"I knew George Gibbs well. He was a likeable man and a learned student. I was with him while he was compiling his Chinook jargon dictionary. He made it quite complete, but it was less expressive than would have been one gotten together by illiterate Michael Simmons of Tumwater. With some one to write out the difficult Indian pronunciations, Simmons would have given the jargon just as it was actually used. The scholarly Gibbs, I think, could not refrain from treating it as if it had tense, whereas it had none, and the meaning of a word was decided by emphasis. This is very apparent in the word 'si-ah,' for example. This negligently uttered has a different meaning from the emphatic pronunciation of the word, with the last syllable prolonged. Then, too, the distinct French, Spanish and English words in the jargon would, in scholarly hands, insist on a meaning closely allied to their originals; whereas with the greater vulgarism of an illiterate people, having no written records, the root meanings 'of the best usage' became greatly corrupted. Gibbs did not sufficiently consider this. The men like Mike Simmons, who were innocent of all knowledge of tenses and cases, and entirely untrammeled, and who used Chinook as a necessity of their daily life, gave it as the Indian rendered it. For my coming volume, 'The Oregon Trail,' I have in manuscript perhaps the fullest vocabulary of the jargon yet offered. It is compiled from all the vocabularies to which I could get access, together with the pronunciations as I knew them. It is likely that in different localities these pronunciations differed slightly, though not anywhere to my knowledge in what now

constitutes Washington,— the territory which in 1852, at the Convention of Monticello, we petitioned Congress to call 'Columbia.'

"A Chinook vocabulary was published by the *Columbian*, edited by McElroy and Wiley, the earliest paper, I believe, issued north of the Columbia.* Others were published later. There were several sources from which Winthrop might have secured his vocabulary. Certainly he could have got it at Fort Vancouver. As to the origin of 'Tacoma,' I have no information, but if Gibbs's Indian vocabularies give the word, he must be regarded as the best authority.

"I was in Washington Territory from 1852 to 1855. During the War of the Rebellion, I was on the staffs of Generals Fremont and Sigel, and afterwards recruited and commanded the 155th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

"At the time the road through the Nahchess Pass was being built by citizens of the new Territory, it seemed of great moment. There was no entrance by land to the Puget Sound country. Immigrants came to Portland, and from there, in their wagons, could make their way anywhere south of the Columbia River. But to reach the Sound they had to go by boat to the mouth of the Cowlitz River, take their wagons apart, and have them and their contents taken up that stream in Indian canoes; then, there being no road, drive their cattle up the rough trail over the hills, till they came to the prairies, and there putting their wagons together, strike across to 'Whulge.' All this required money, which few of them had, and involved more adventure, of which they had all had too much already. Hence few came. But by intercepting the overland trail near Walla Walla and opening up the Nahchess Pass, a direct road was offered to the Sound. This seemed then of greater importance than the dream of a railroad, which, admitting its possibility, the most sanguine deemed might be built in ten years after its beginning. For the highway a ferry would be needed over the Columbia at Fort Walla Walla. The records of the first Legislative session at Olympia will show a charter granted to E. J. Allen and Shorly Ensign for such a ferry, and a scow was with great difficulty built for that purpose. It is difficult now to conceive how valuable such an inlet would have been

*The first number of *The Columbian* was issued on September 11, 1852, and was printed on an ancient Ramage press that had started nearly every other printing establishment on the coast. "The governors of Mexico had used it to print their proclamations before 1834, when it was taken to Monterey, where for a time it served a similar purpose. In 1846 it went to San Francisco, where the *Star* and afterwards the first issues of the *Alta California* were printed on it. Finally it moved on up the coast to Portland, where it served to get out the earlier issues of the *Oregonian*, and from there the "Mary Taylor" brought it to Olympia. It was subsequently used by the publishers of several other newspapers in the Territory, and finally it found a permanent resting place among the most valued relics in the museum of the State University."—*Snowden*: *History of Washington*, III., 148.

to Washington, which had none at all. But it seemed a tangible thing to me, and into the project I threw the enthusiasm and energy of youth."

E.

"WINTHROP GLACIER" AND OTHER LANDMARK NAMES.

The name of Winthrop Glacier is now happily established by force of northwestern sentiment, after an attempt at Washington, D. C., to displace it. It illustrates what I submit is the correct and logical rule to be adopted in naming our great unnamed landmarks.

The east slope of the mountain's broad dome is covered by a vast névé, which, in its descent, divides upon the wedge known as "Steamboat Prow" into two famous glaciers. One of these feeds the main or east branch of White River, and has long been named by general northwestern usage "White River Glacier," or more briefly, "White Glacier." This is the largest glacier in the United States, outside of Alaska; it has an ice area of about fifteen square miles. Several other names ("Blaine Glacier," etc.) have been proposed for it, but the original name has stuck. The other glacier, which feeds the west branch of the White, was long ago named "Winthrop Glacier," in honor of the brilliant writer who first led his countrymen to appreciate their noblest mountain.

No other names for these glaciers have ever been current among those who visit the Rainier National Park. But to make room for the name of S. F. Emmons, an employee of the Geological Survey who climbed the mountain shortly after Van Trump and Stevens had shown the way, the Geographic Board several years ago transferred the name "White Glacier" to the smaller ice-stream, and dropped "Winthrop Glacier" from the Government's maps. A united protest, however, from those who know the mountain best has secured the restoration of Winthrop's name. It will doubtless remain undisturbed hereafter. But the Board still insists upon "Emmons Glacier." Professor Emmons is a reputable geologist, but he has rendered no service in connection with this peak that is remembered by those who know and visit it; and the attempt to rename its greatest glacier in his honor, at the expense of established neighborhood usage, can only result in the confusion of tourists and the irreverent query: "Who is Emmons, and why 'Emmons Glacier'?" Further, this attempt to fasten his name on White Glacier violates the Board's own rule against naming landmarks after the living.

The Geographic Board recently refused to accept the name "Forsyth Glacier," given to the north-side glacier on Mt. St. Helens by the Mazama Mountain Club and the Washington Legislature to commemorate the finest bit of heroism in the annals of American mountaineering, —the saving of a human life on that mountain in 1908 by a party of the Mazamas, led by Mr. Charles E. Forsyth of Castle Rock, Wash., at the cost of almost incredible hardship and peril to the rescuers. This was such a public service as ought particularly to be honored in the St. Helens nomenclature. The reason given for refusing the name proposed by the Mazama Club and the Legislature was that "the Board dislikes to adopt the names of persons still living." A few months later, the Board placed the names of four "persons still living" on glaciers in the Rainier National Park! The only one of these persons recognized by the Northwest as in any way entitled to such honor is Mr. John B. Flett, the Tacoma botanist, whose work in classifying the remarkable flora of the mountain "parks" is very properly commemorated in naming a hitherto unnamed glacier for him. This was done in response to a local request.

There is a better rule, as geographers in general will no doubt agree, than that which the Geographic Board proclaims, but violates. In naming the great natural features of our country which do not already bear significant Indian names, public service in connection with them is first of all entitled to recognition. On every ground of patriotism and public welfare it is important that such service be honored. This can best be done on the spot where the service is rendered, and often in the place-names of the district which has profited by it. Indeed, such service is pretty sure to be recognized and commemorated by neighborhood sentiment and local usage. The people of a state or district are certainly entitled to be heard in the matter of their place names. Important landmarks, of course, should not be burdened with personal names at random; but the Geographic Board's assumption of a right to ignore the reasonable request of responsible organizations, or even of a state through its legislature, and to fix landmark names arbitrarily, was no doubt not contemplated in its creation.

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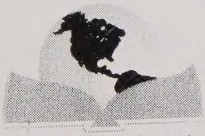

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